

RVB Reassemble

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## 1. Prologue

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Rating: T for **strong** language, strong violence, crude humor, sexual humor, a lot of nut shots (sorry, guys), and sexist remarks.

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><p><strong><em>Prologue<em>\*\*

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><p><strong><em>UNSC Detention Facility-0500 hours<em>\*\*

"So...why are we getting this prisoner again?" The UNSC Private asked once again even after just five minutes from before as he had his partner walked down the dark halls of the UNSC Detention Facility. He was a rookie; only been on the job for only three months and was still learning the basics of how to work in a Detention Facility. So far, all he was doing was annoying the senior officers.

Private Prolo groaned for the fifth time as he turned a glare onto

his partner. He couldn't believe he was even paired up with someone like Private Logix, whose name did not suit him at all. "Oh, for god's sake, Logix! I told you five times already! We were ordered by the Commander to get the prisoner and take them back to Briefing Room to meet with the Councilor. How many times do I have to tell you?" He asked with irritation.

There was a brief pause.

"Well, excuse me. But I just don't understand why." Private Logix remarked dryly as he glanced at the bright lights over head as they walked on.

Again, Private Prolo groaned, shaking his head. How did he end up with this newbie idiot? Oh, yeah. He'd been ordered to work with him. Ever since the newbie joined them at the Detention Facility, he'd been forced to work with him, show him the basics and help him learn how to do things around there. Problem was, the guy just would not stop asking questions. Especially about the types of prisoners they had there. It just made his teeth within his helmet grind together and he shook his head once again. "Fuck, Logix. I don't know why the Councilor wants to see this particular Prisoner. When we get the Prisoner and take 'em back to the Briefing Room, why don't you ask him?" He asked once again in irritation.

Within his helmet, Private Logix puffed his cheeks, squishing them against the cool metal from inside. "Like I want to get yelled at by the Councilor. Why can't you just tell me?" He asked dryly.

Groaning again, Prolo was itching to just use his semi automatic handgun on his partner. The guy was always asking questions even though he should have known the answers already. "Because I don't fucking know, Logix! The Councilor wants to speak to the Prisoner! Now shut up and stop asking questions!" He snapped.

There was another brief pause as Logix watched his partner from a side view as they continued down the hall before turning down the D Section hallway to find Cell Block D 144 where the Prisoner was awaiting to be gathered to meet the Councilor. "Yeah. But why? I mean, isn't the Prisoner one of those fucking Freelancers? I thought..." He was saying.

"ARGH! Logix, just shut the fuck up! I don't know! And I don't care to know! Now let's just get this over with!" Prolo snapped once again.

"Well, excuuuuuse me, Mr. Grouch. Someone definitely didn't get his coffee this morning." Logix grumped right back.

Oh, yeah. Prolo really wanted to shoot Logix.

After another few minutes of walking, the pair finally found D 144 where they were to get the prisoner. They stopped right in front of the door, looking at the large reinforced steel door and the control panel right next to it. There was a four inch thick square window looking into the obviously darkened room. So it was obvious that the Prisoner was probably still sleeping. It was early morning as it was, so it was to be expected.

"Okay. Here it is. Logix, don't say a word to the Prisoner. Let me do

all of the talking to 'em, all right?" Prolo told him as he walked up to the locking mechanism and began typing in the code to open the door.

"Why you? Why can't I talk to the Prisoner?" Logix asked in offense.

Because I fucking said so! Now shut up!" Prolo snapped before swiping his card through the key card slot.

The door rumbled loudly before swishing upward into the ceiling, allowing light to pour within the darkened cell room. It was like any typical cell room, really. Metal walls all around the entire room with a sleeping cot sticking out of the wall. There was a toilet and a sink on the other side of the room. There was only one window and it had been on the door of the room that was now up in the ceiling. It was rather dark with low lights in the ceiling, barely revealing the dark corners of the cell. There were a few buttons on the walls, where personal belongs was hidden, as well as a locker door. The problem was, the Prisoner would not be able to get into it but stare at the contents through another four inch thick window. It was always locked and could only be unlocked by the control panel outside the cell.

And on the sleeping cot was the Prisoner with a thick blanket on top of them, hiding them from view. They could only see the bare feet sticking out from the blanket, along with the black pants that prisoners usually wore around there.

Taking a deep breath, Prolo stepped into the door way, looking at the Prisoner. He knew he'd better tread carefully with this one. He knew the Prisoner's reputation of having a rather bad temper. "All right..." He started to say.

"Wakey, wakey, Freelancer Scumbag! Time to get your fucking ass up, worthless piece of shit!" Logix immediately blurted out as he marched right over to the cot and jabbed the prisoner with his finger.

There was a growl from under the blanket before the Prisoner turned over, still not revealing their selves to the two UNSC guards.

"Hey, fucker! Get your fucking ass up!" Logix tried again, jabbing the Prisoner again with his finger, only sharper.

"Logix! Will you fucking stop it! You're going to make 'em pissed off! And didn't I tell you to not fucking say anything to 'em?" Prolo snapped, as he stomped closer and grabbed his partner's shoulder plate to force him turn around.

"What? It's a fucking worthless Freelancer who's a prisoner! We can do whatever we want to them! Hey, dumbass! Get the fuck..." Logix was snapping.

There was a rather dark growl from under the blanket.

Slapping his helmet with his hand, Prolo stepped to the side, knowing exactly what was about to happen. "You fucking idiot! You don't fucking insult Freelancers! Now you just piss 'em off! Nice knowing ya." He merely stated.

"Huh? What do you mean by that...!" Logix asked, looking at him with confusion.

Suddenly the lump under the blanket whirled around on the cot and a foot slammed into the Private's stomach, causing his air to whoosh right out of his lungs. But if that wasn't enough, the impact of the kick given to him sent him flying backwards at a high speed and slamming into the opposite wall. Logix had only been able to grunt in pain before slumping to the ground.

Sighing, Prolo shook his head before he raised his semi automatic rifle, pointing it at the Prisoner as they stood up to face them with ice blue eyes glaring at him, in a rather sleepy way. "Cool it, 144. I warned him not to do that. He's a fucking rookie, all right?" He then jerked his head towards the locker as he slowly backed towards the door way and pressed a button.

There was a hiss and a beep before the locker door swung open, revealing dark armor hanging up on pins in the wall. A dark helmet sat on a shelf right above it while thick armored boots sat under the rest.

"The Councilor would like to speak to you. Sorry it's so early for it. But he said it's rather important. Get suited up. You wanna look pretty for the big boss, know don't ya?" Prolo asked, calmly.

Glowering at him rather darkly, the prisoner finally turned towards the locker, staring intensively at the armor inside the locker.

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><p>Ten minutes later, after dragging his stupid dim witted partner out of the cell block to allow the Prisoner privacy, and calling a medic to check on the dumb ass, Prolo was now leading the former Freelancer down the hall with a new partner to escort them to the Briefing room. The Freelancer's armor was rather dark with a blue shine to it. It looked like a standard issue of the UNSC armor; nothing too special really. The functions of the suit were nonfunctional, however, just to avoid a situation. It was just a safety standard after all.<p>

Along the way, both the Private Guard and the former Freelancer ignored the stares they got as they passed by people. Everyone knew about this Prisoner. They knew the reputation that dealt with the formally named Agent Tennessee.

Finally reaching the Briefing Room, Prolo lead Agent Tennessee into the room, where a holographic form of the Councilor was waiting. The reflexion of the transparent man merely reflected off the shiny amber colored visor of the helmet as the former Freelancer turned their attention onto him.

"Ah, Agent Tennessee. We meet at last. It's good that you could join us for this meeting.

I have heard a great deal about you. You must be wondering why you were brought to see me." The Councilor spoke in his soft, calm voice.

"..."

There was only a brief pause before the Councilor nodded, as if figuring out why the former Freelancer was saying anything. "Why don't I just get to the point then?" He glanced to his right and a file jumped forward, showing information of Agent Tennessee. "I have gone over your files, Agent Tennessee and I am surprised to see that you were never really used in combat. It says that you are very efficient in your training scenarios. Mostly with the Intelligence Gathering specialties, as well as Holographic Illusionary Programs. I do not understand why you were never allowed out on the field during the war. May I ask why?"

There was another brief pause before the former Freelancer shook their head.

"Hm. I suppose it does deal with this side note that was made by the Director, himself. Still," The Councilor kept speaking as if not bothered by the lack of words from Agent Tennessee. "I do not agree with that opinion that he has made. I think you should have been given the chance to prove yourself with your skills and Intel. The Director of the Freelance Project should have at least tested your skills. And that is why I have asked for your assistance. I am in need of someone of your stature and knowledge for a task that I think you would be most interested in. You see, we are in need of someone to go to Outpost 17 to..." He was saying.

Finally, a cold metallic male enhanced voice came directly out of the former Freelancer, \_"Not interested."\_

There as a startling pause between the Freelancer and the Councilor. The transparent man looked somewhat surprised that Agent Tennessee interrupted him. But then he calmly shook his head looking directly at the Freelancer. "Agent Tennessee, this is your chance to leave the Detention Facility. It's your chance to test out your unused skills and knowledge on the field? Would you not like to see what you are capable of?" He asked calmly.

\_"I know what I am capable of. As it is, I am not a Freelancer. I was never used, remember? Besides, Project Freelance was disbanded and all remaining Freelancers were submitted to forced retirement or imprisoned in Detention Facilities, were they not? Did you not order that?" \_Agent Tennessee asked coolly.

"Yes and no. Project Freelance has been disbanded. But it was not I who ordered the Freelancers to be imprisoned into Detention Facilities. That was by the Chairman. And it was Director's orders before he, himself, was placed within the very same Detention Facility you are in after his trials. As it is, there is a record here of why you were placed into the Detention Facility." The Councilor explained calmly. "And you will not be a Freelancer any longer. We have decided to offer you a promotion to Captain. You will also be offered a salary and you will no longer have to be detained in imprisonment."

\_"Still not interested. I am not a Freelancer. Get another Freelancer to do it." \_Agent Tennessee remarked dryly before turning away towards the door. \_"If we are done here, I will return to my cell."

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"Agent Tennessee," The Councilor began carefully. "For as long as you have been in the Detention Facility, I know you are unaware that you are the Freelancer. There is no one else that can take your place."

Immediately at those words, Agent Tennessee halted from taking that first step to leaving the room. It was clear that those words had startled the Freelancer. \_"What...do you mean I am the last?"

—

"Just that, Agent Tennessee. All of the other fifty Freelancers have been declared deceased, other than yourself and one other. But I am afraid that we cannot accept the other to doing this job we would like for you to do. You are already aware of Agent Nebraska's situation so I do not need to say more than that."

\_"All of the other Freelancers?" \_Agent Tennessee asked very quietly.

There was a rather long pause before a light sigh escaped the Councilor. He knew exactly what was not being said. "I am afraid so, Agent Tennessee. All of them have been KIA against one you may not remember well. Agent Maine, aka The Meta has destroyed all of the Freelancers for the collection of their Artificial Intelligence Units. And that does include your sister's, as well." He then folded his hands together in front of him, still watching Agent Tennessee carefully. "The Meta has been taken care of but we have heard rumors of another that were responsible for your sister's destruction. It has been rumored that he is deceased but I have a suspicion that he is not. Where we want to send you, you may find out the truth behind his demise. And that is one thing we would like you to do. Now, Agent Tennessee, it is entirely up to you for if you take this position we offering. But you are merely the only one who can discover what really happened to the one responsible for your sister's death. We are merely...giving you a chance to extract the revenge that I know that you would like to take for the death of your sister. I am granting you that permission that if you find this particular individual, you may either capture him for us or kill him."

There was a long, unsettling pause for both of them.

But then after nearly five minutes of that silence, Agent Tennessee finally turned around to face the Councilor. \_"What would you have me do?"\_

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><p><em><strong>Author's Notice: <strong>\_

So I started watching the online show, Roosterteeth's Red vs Blue series and I kind of fell in love with it. I had a dream about this story and I was hooked and I had to give it a try. So, fellow RVB fans, please be kind when reviewing this. This is a new thing to write for me. So no flames, please. But do let me know what you think.

Side note; those who are still reading my other stories, I've been suffering writer's block and I will have them updated as soon as I can. As soon as I get this fricken block to hold still so I can smash it. \*grabs a sledge hammer and chases the writer's block\* COME HERE,

YOU!

## 2. Chapter 1

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><p><em>Chapter One<em>

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><p><strong><em>Outpost 17-Red Base<em>\*\*

The day had started out as a beautiful, peaceful day. The sun was shining warm rays of light upon the earth of the planet while a gentle breeze blew through the valley. Birds were actually singing in the trees, and there were gentle sounds of wild life within the woods surrounding the entire Outpost. It was a perfect day to just relax and enjoy.

"AAAAAAAHHHHHHH! YOU SON OF A BITCH! I HATE YOOOOUUUU!"

Or not.

The sound of a man's screams echoed right off the cliffs of the mountains surrounding the valley, causing birds to take flight from being startled and all wild life ceased their sounds. The screams were soon followed by gunfire with sparks of bullets ricocheting off of rocks.

"What the fuck!" Minor Junior Private Negative First Class Dexter Grif exclaimed from where he had been relaxing under a tree when he clearly should have been scouting out the Blue Base for whatever devious plans that they could have been cooking up to finally defeat the Red Team. Looking down from the hill where he sat, Grif spotted the familiar Maroon suited Private running out from behind a cluster of rocks, screaming like a mad man and waving his hands in the air.

Clearly, and totally obviously, something was wrong with Private First Class Dick Simmons. Other than the fact that he was a complete know it all geek.

"What the fuck is he doing now?" Grif asked himself as he shoved himself to his feet and began hurrying down the hill to find out.

"Hey! Simmons! What the hell are you doing?" He called to his fellow Red.

"FUCKING HELL! GRIF! ANYONE! HELP ME! GET IT OUT! GET IT OUT! IT'S WRAPPING ITS EVIL SELF AROUND MY FUCKING NECK!" Simmons only managed to scream as he continued to run around in circles, waving his arms high above his head.

"Wha-?" Grif started to ask, tilting his head to the side.

"What the tarnation is going on here? Is those god damned Blues? Are they finally attacking us?" came the booming voice of Sarge as he came racing outside of the base with his Spanish only speaking robot; Lopez right behind him. Both were well armed and ready for a battle if there was to be one.

Simmons, however, didn't answer but continued to scream and run around in circles, still waving his hands in the air or digging at his armor as if trying to get something out.

"How the hell should I know? I was just doing what you told me to do and he started screaming like a deranged idiot." Grif tried.

Sarge shot him a look before jabbing a finger at the orange suited Private. "That's a load of hogwash, Grif! Ya never do what Ah tell ya! Now what the hell did you do to Simmons?" He snapped.

"Me? I didn't do anything! Why do you always blame me for everything?" Grif exclaimed in offense.

"Because! I can! I am the Commanding Officer! I can blame ya for everything if I want! Now what the hell did you do to Simmons?" Sarge barked.

"It wasn't Grif, Sarge." came the laughing pink armored Private, Donut jogging up towards them. He obviously had seen what happened with Simmons and thought it was just too funny to pass up a good laugh. "Simmons has a snake in his armor. It was that Blue, Tucker." He explained.

"Blues? God damn them! There always trying to kill off mah best men! Why can't they do something a little more productive? Like kill Grif! That would be more productive than trying to kill Simmons! Who the hell am I suppose to order around and follow meh around like a good dog if Simmons dies?" Sarge exclaimed, sounding angry.

Grif just growled to himself.

"GET IT OUT! GET IT OUT! GET IT OUT! IT'S FUCKING COLD AND SLIMY AND I THINK IT'S BITING ME!" Simmons cried out still running around in circles and screaming.

"Hey! Simmons! Follow the safety standards! Stop, drop and roll!" Sarge suggested loudly.

Grif groaned again while Donut doubled over and clutched his sides as he began laughing even harder. "Dude, Sarge. That's for fire."

"What? Simmons is on fire? I don't see smoke! And I don't smell



smoke! Simmons! Put it out! Don't burn to death or anything! Or better yet, run by Grif and set him on fire!" Sarge yelled.

"What the fuck, Sarge? That's totally messed up! And it's not a fire! It's a god damned snake!" Grif exclaimed.

Sarge whirled around to look at him, almost startled. "What? There's a snake on fire? Where? I don't see one." He asked, even looking around trying to find the burning snake.

Again with another groan, Grif sighed in aggravation as he shook his head vigorously. "No! There's a snake in Simmon's suit!" He exclaimed.

"There's a snake on fire in Simmon's suit? Well help him, ya lazy dumbass! Get the snake out of his suit and put out the fire! And if it's dead, we can eat it!" Sarge then chuckled to himself. "I've eaten snake before. It's mm-mm good. And better yet, maybe we'll get lucky. And it'll bite ya. Or light ya on fire! And ya die! Or even better! It'll bite ya and then burn ya and then ya die!"

Grif glared at the Red Leader, his shoulders slumped. He didn't know why the hell he put up with Sarge. Oh, yeah. He was the god damned Commanding Officer of the Red Team. He had to put up with him. "I hate you." He then turned and marched over to where Simmons was still running in circles and screaming and waving his hands wildly in the air. "Simmons! Stop running and hold still, you ass!" He snapped.

"GET IT OUT! GET IT OUT! GET IT OUT! GET IT OUT!" Simmons went on and on, still running in circles and making it very hard for Grif to grab a hold of him.

"WILL YOU STOP MOVING! I'LL GET THE FUCKING THING OUT OF YOUR ARMOR!"

Ten minutes later, Grif was stepping away from the bushes where he had released the baby snake that had been in Simmons' suit, who was cowering behind Sarge and Donut with small whimpering sounds were coming out of the Private as he watched his fellow Red release the evil scaled animal.

"Why are you letting it go, Grif! Kill the abomination! It'll come back for me if you don't kill it! Kill it!" Simmons begged.

Grif turned around and went back to the other three, shaking his head. "Oh, god. You're such a pussy, Simmons. It was just a half an foot baby snake. It wasn't even poisonous or anything!" He grated at him.

"SHUT THE FUCK UP! LET'S SEE YOU ACT SO BRAVE WHEN A \*\*BAT\*\* ENDS UP IN YOUR FUCKING ARMOR! THEN I'LL BE THE ONE CALLING YOU A PUSSY!" Simmons snapped.

Shuddering at the mere thought, Grif shook his head. He didn't even want to think about there being a bat stuffed into his armor. It was already making him start to twitch to think about it. "Don't even say that, you asshole! You know I hate bats! Besides! Bats have rabies! Snakes don't! Don't be such a fucking pussy!"

"FUCK YOU! AND I HATE SNAKES! SO SHUT UP!" Simmons snapped.

"All right! Enough with the bickering about bats and snakes, even though they both give meh the heebie jeebies!" Sarge snapped at both of them. That just made Simmons, Grif and Donut stare at him with Lopez just doing whatever the hell he wanted in the background. And that was usually just muttering to himself in Spanish. "All right! How the hell did a stinking Blue even get close to ya to stuff a snake into yer armor, Simmons?"

Simmons groaned, shuddering at the reminder that there had been a snake in his armor. He shook his head as he turned towards Sarge to explain. "I was doing my rounds like you asked me to, Sarge. And that asshole, Tucker just jumped on me and stuffed it down the crease of my suit and helmet! SOMEONE!" He shot Grif a dark look. "Just had to tell him that I hated snakes! So I guess he just decided to prank me."

Grif just snickered to himself as he held up his hands in his own defense.

"Grif! That's betrayal! Telling a stinking Blue one of yer own team mate's stupid weakness! Are ya betraying us, Private?" Sarge demanded, pointing his shot gun at the orange colored soldier.

Grif yelped and tried to duck behind Donut, who also dove to the side to avoid shielding him from getting shot. "NO! Everyone knows that Simmons is afraid of fucking snakes! Besides, that was a long time ago!" He yelped cringing away.

"God damn it. Ye're suppose to say yes and give meh a reason to shoot yer ass." Sarge grumbled lowering his shot gun. "Or at least yer face. Because I was aiming for yer face."

"God, I'm surrounded by idiots." \_Lopez muttered in Spanish.

"Exactly, Lopez! I'm glad you agree with meh about shooting Grif!" Sarge called over his shoulder.

"I don't fucking care what you do to Grif. Shoot him for all I care. And then shoot yourself and do me a favor." \_Lopez said in Spanish dryly.

"I know! Grif is a dumbass! Ya know, it's almost creepy that you and I are thinking alike. But then again, ya know what they say. Great minds think alike." Sarge chuckled.

"You're an idiot." \_Lopez replied.

Sarge nodded, as he tossed his thumb towards Grif. "I know! Grif is an idiot!" He said chuckling again.

Grif glared at both Sarge and Lopez, who he thought was agreeing with Sarge. He didn't know a word that the robot was even saying and it was starting to piss him off. AGAIN! "Dude, that's so not cool. I fucking hate you all." He grumbled while Simmons was still shuddering about the thought of a snake in his armor.

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><p><strong><em>Blue Base<em>\*\*

Laughing his ass off, Tucker was running back up to the base, slightly doubled over from laughing so hard. He couldn't believe it had worked so perfectly. It was the oldest trick in the book. And it still got that smart ass, Simmons.

Of course, hearing the gunfire from ten minutes ago, it had brought out the rest of the Blue team to find out what was going on.

All four who still had been at the base; Caboose, Church; who was basically a floating ball of metal with a glowing crystal eye in the center and their newest addition to the team; Dave; or better known as former Agent Washington, all came out of the base to look off in the direction of the Reds' base. He was with the Blues after faking his death; with Caboose and Church's help, to avoid life in a prison cell for some of the stupid things he did in his life as a Freelancer.

"Hey! Tucker! What's going on over there?" Wash asked as he gripped his semi automatic. "Why are the Reds shooting? Are they under attack?"

Tucker just grinned as he lift his visor to look at the others and shook his head. He just could not stop laughing as he thought about it. "No. They're not under attack. Unless you mean by the snake I stuffed down Simmons' armor, then yeah. It was great! I can't believe he never even seen me coming..." He cut himself off by spewing laughter again.

Wash stared blankly at him. "You put a snake in Simmons' armor?" He asked just as blankly.

"Yeah! It was great! First I got the drop on him by throwing a rock against the cliffs and then I jumped down on to his back and shoved it into the crease between his helmet and armor! He started screaming and running around in circles!" He laughed, only to be joined in with Church.

Caboose just shuddered at the thought. "I don't like snakes. They're kind of creepy and kind of slimy and feels weird when they crawl all over you. And they bite. I don't like clowns either. They're really scary. Like...like scary clowns! That have evil sharp teeth and a big nose that squeaks when you pinch it!" He prattled on.

But everyone ignored him.

Wash just groaned, shaking his head. He knew that Tucker's prank on Simmons wasn't going to turn out too well with the Reds. He knew that there would be retaliation for it. "Nice going, Tucker. Now you've gave the Reds a reason to come over here and start trouble." He sighed heavily.

"Yeah right, Wash! They're not going to be coming over here! They'll be too busy trying to get the snake out of Simmons'..." Tucker was saying.

"Hey! Blues! Ya stinkin', conniving Bluetards! Ya attacked my Private! Now yer gonna hav'ta pay for that!" came the booming voice

of Sarge from on top of the hill just yards away.

"Um...or not." Tucker remarked uneasily before grimacing. "Does he even know how that even sounds? Talking about gross!"

"Yeah. I don't like Privates either. They look funny. And they're kind of icky. And it hurts when they get hit by someone. And they kind of look like a snake. A really weird snake. That spits when you have to go to the bathroom. I don't like snakes. But I like candy!" Caboose blurted out, while everyone just looked at him with weird looks. "Oh! I gotta go pee!" And he quickly ran for the bushes.

Groaning again, Wash shook his head before shooting Tucker a dark look, who tried to give him an innocent grin from under his visor. It just wasn't easy with it down. Again, shaking his head, the Ex-Freelancer reached over and roughly grabbed Tucker's arm, causing him to yelp. "Church, you stay here and watch for Caboose when he comes back. Tucker, you're with me." He stated.

"What? Why? Where are we going?" Tucker yelped as he dragged after Wash.

"We, you idiot, are going up there to sort this whole thing out. You started this, you get to fix it." Wash said dryly.

"What? No way, man! They'll kill me!" Tucker whined before yelping again as he was dragged up the hill towards the Reds. "Ow! Let go! That hurts and you're pulling my sword arm out of its socket."

Wash ignored him.

Sarge, Simmons and Grif were the ones who were standing at the top of the hill, well armed as if prepped for a battle. It couldn't be helped as the Blues approached them warily. Especially with Simmons carrying a rocket launcher. And that had Tucker wanted to run for it. But he couldn't with Wash gripping his arm so tightly.

"Hey, Sarge! I know what this is about and it's a complete stupid misunderstanding." Wash started.

"Save it, Blue-ass!" Sarge booked jabbing his shotgun towards them. "You Blues are going down today! We gotta great plan that will blow ya away! Off the planet! Out of existence! And all because ya had to go sneaking around on our side of the valley and stuffin' a snake down Simmons' armor! Why couldn't ya have stuffed a snake down Grif's? A poisonous snake! So it'd bite 'em and kill 'em?" He demanded.

Grif growled, his shoulders slumping as he glared at the back of Sarge's head.

Wash just grimaced within his helmet before rubbing the back of his neck as if looking for a scratch there. "Uh...we can try that some other time. But can we avoid a fight today? We really have to get our base cleaned up. Caboose made a mess out of it by attempting to cook breakfast and that didn't turn out so well. Besides," He yanked Tucker forward, shooting him a look. "Tucker wants to apologize to Simmons for his stupid prank."

"OW! What? No I don't! Do you know how long it even took me to even find that snake? Forever, man!" Tucker complained.

Again, Wash shot him a dark look before leaning closer to him. "Apologize, Tucker, or I'll hand you over to the Reds for Disciplinary actions and grant them permission to do whatever they want to you." He hissed at him.

"WHAT? You can't do that! Maaaaan!" Tucker groaned, shaking his head. He slumped a little before looking at Simmons. "Sorry, man. There! Are you happy?"

Simmons gave him quite the dirty look for himself. "No. I'd rather just shoot you in the head with my rocket launcher and watch it blow into chunks." He said darkly.

"There!" Wash immediately jumped in before Tucker could make his snappish retort to Simmons' comment. He looked back at Sarge. "So, is that good, Sarge? Cause we really have a lot to do today. And I'm sure you can think up of some more plans to blow us sky high and all."

Sarge grunted as he thought about it before shrugged. "Yea. I think I can come up with better ideas to defeat you Bluetards once and for all." He then turned to the other two. "All right! Back to base! We need to come up with some better ideas of defeating the Blues once and for all!" He bellowed out.

\*\*\_"Outpost 17, Blue Base, this is Blue Command. Outpost 17, Blue Base, this is Blue Command. Do you copy?" \_\*\*

\*\*\_"Outpost 17, Red Base, this is Red Command. Do you read? Red Base, this is Red Command, come in, roger." \_\*\*

Both teams stiffened when they heard both of the incoming messages from both of their Command Centers. They couldn't help but glance at one another before turning away from each other. Sarge moved further away from the Blues so they couldn't overhear what Red Command had to say to him. "This is Sarge from Outpost 17. We're reading ya loud and clear, Red Command!"

"Tucker, answer that, will you?" Wash asked, looking at the other Blue.

"Why me? Why can't you answer the damn thing yourself?" Tucker asked, still quite sour about having to apologize to a Red for a well deserved to be rewarded prank.

Wash gave him a dark look. "Because I can't. Command thinks I'm dead, remember? If I answer it, they might recognize my voice and then we're going to have some problems coming our way." He growled the obvious at him.

Snorting, Tucker folded his arms and turned his back towards him. "Well, you should have thought of that before forcing me to apologize for the most awesomest prank ever! On a Red! To a Red! And you should have thought of that before you faked your death and joined us." He said quite smugly thinking he won that argument.

\*\*\_"Outpost 17, Blue Base, this is Blue Command. Is there anyone

there? Come in, Blue Base!" \_\*\* Another transmission came through.

Growling at him, Wash shook his head. "Tucker, just answer it!" He demanded.

"Nope!" Tucker remarked, making the p pop loudly.

Glaring at his back for a moment, Wash finally turned around to face Simmons and Grif who were watching Sarge as he tried to ask Red Command about any shipments that he ordered and it sounded like he was annoying the hell out of the officer making the transmission. "Hey! Simmons, Grif," The former Freelancer said, getting the two's attention. "Want a Blue Prisoner to beat up on and interrogate and maybe get a little revenge for the snake prank?" He offered, shooting a look over his shoulder.

"Sure!" Both Reds immediately piped up with huge evil grins on their faces.

"I fucking hate you, Wash." Tucker growled at him before turning away from them again, even as the two Reds were snickering to each other. "Blue Command, this is Outpost 17 Blue base. We're reading you clear. What do you want?" He said, quite irritated.

\*\*\_"Finally! Blue Outpost 17, we thought we'd just give you a warning. We have a Special Agent coming in to Outpost 17 for instructions for you and the Reds. Repeat, we have a Special Agent coming in to Outpost 17 for you and the Reds. Prepare for retrieval." \_\*\*said Blue Command.

\*\*\_"Sarge, we can't send you a nuke just to blow up the Blue Base! And no on the multiple missile launcher! And we don't have any Soldier poison for you either! We just want to give you a heads up, Sarge. But we have a Special Agent coming your way with orders from Command and get this. It's for you and the Blues. So be ready to receive, got it? They should be there in ten to fifteen minutes." \_\*\*came the Red Command's reply rather dryly.

Hearing both of the transmissions, everyone froze before looking around at each other. Sarge had even spun around and looked directly at Wash, who was quite still with horror. They knew that wasn't good news whatsoever for him, the Blues or even the Reds; since they knew that he was alive when he was suppose to be dead.

"Oh, shit. I'm royally fucked." Wash groaned dropping his helmet into his hands.

### 3. Chapter 2

Title: RVB-Reassemble

Genre: Action/Humor/Romance

Rating: T for strong language, strong violence, crude humor, sexual humor, a lot of nut shots, and sexist remarks.

Pairings: Red Team/Ooc/Blue Team

Summary:

With a rivalry still going on between Red and Blue, Command Center finally gets fed up and sends in someone to straighten them out. A former Freelancer named Tennessee.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Chapter Two<em>

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>Outpost 17<em>\*\*

The orders were received by both the Reds' Command and the Blues' Command and it sounded like they were for both of them. That wasn't exactly normal for them but it wasn't good either. Especially for Wash. Because if the so called Special Agent even noticed him, recognized him or anything, there would be an inquiry.

"God damn it, Blues! Look what you fuckers did! You got us dragged into your mess!" Grif complained loudly as both of the teams; all of them were standing around on the hill to figure things out. "This is so bad! And it's so your fault!"

"Not my fault! Even though I don't know whose fault it's suppose to be." Caboose suddenly blurted out.

Once again, everyone ignored him.

"Our fault? How the hell is it our fault?" Tucker exclaimed, waving his hands into the air above his head.

"Well, it's the fact that you're fucking harboring a Freelancer criminal, who faked his god damned death when he should be rotting in a Detention block cell. That's one." Simmons remarked with irritation as he folded his arms across his chest. "And two, you just had to let us know about it and we didn't even report it in when we should have."

"Hey! It wasn't me! It was Church and Caboose! They're ones who helped him, not me!" Tucker ranted.

"Not my fault! Wait...what? Who did I help again?" Caboose asked.

Huffing loudly and hovering above all of their heads, Church just kept bobbing up and down. "Knock it off, you guys! Yelling at each other isn't going to help right now. We have to figure things out and fast. It's already been five minutes and the Command Centers said that the Special Agent is going to be here in ten to fifteen minutes! So let's stop arguing and come up with something."

"Ah, why don't we just hand Wash over to them and we won't get into trouble?" Grif suggested, looking over at Wash, who hadn't stopped pacing since the words, \_"I'm fucked" \_left his own mouth.

"No! We can't do that! Then he'd go back to being in a cell for the rest of his life! And that's not cool! Besides, we'd have to explain why he was here for about six months without us even noticing! And

you know the Special Agent will ask you the very same thing if they ask us!" Church immediately said loudly.

"Dab nab it." Sarge remarked with a groan. "He's actually right. If Wash's been hidin' here for six months, we would'a noticed him by now and reported it. Hate to say it, but we gotta hide 'em. Or something. Cause the Agent's coming. I can hear the Pelican already." And he wasn't kidding.

In the farthest distance, they could hear the whup whups of a Pelican approaching. It sounded like it was still a ways but it was coming and would be there soon.

"Hey, Wash! Ya gonna do that all day or ya gonna help us come up with a plan to hide yer ass!" Sarge barked out to get the pacing former Freelancer's attention.

Wash stopped pacing as he turned back towards both groups. He sighed heavily before shaking his head. "That's what I'm trying to figure out. I'm trying to come up with something but the only thing I can think of is hiding. Anyone know any good places to hide?" He asked.

"Without the Agent seeing you before you actually get to it, no." Simmons said dryly.

The whup whups of the Pelican was starting to get closer. "Shit! I've got to do something! If they catch me, then I'm a goner!" He then whirled around and booked it back towards the Blue Base. "Hey! Church! I'm going to use your armor! That's my only chance!" He called over his shoulder.

"Oh, the hell you are!" Church yelled as he took off right behind him. "I can't be seen either, you know! Not in this body!"

"God damn it! Then what the hell am I suppose to do?"

Sarge sighed shaking his head before he turned around and looked right at Lopez. He figured it was time to quickly get a professional on it. "Lopez, hurry it up and go after Wash. Paint his armor Blue or something. I really am kickin' mahself in the ass for even thinking about it but we gotta do something to help him. If he gets caught, we're all screwed." He grumbled.

"Si, idioto." \_Lopez remarked before hurrying towards the Blue Base.

"Uh, Sarge. Shouldn't we do something in the mean time? Like performing some kind of diversion?" Simmons suggested. "Cause if the Agent lands before they get back from painting Wash's armor, and sees Lopez coming out of the Blue Base or sees us just standing around like we're having a friendly chat, which we're totally not, wouldn't he get suspicious that something's up?"

There was a pause.

"Dammit. Ya have a point, Simmons. Any ideas?" Sarge asked, hating himself for even asking the Blues for suggestions.

"Well, we can react a fight between Blues and Reds." Wash suggested



as he jogged back towards them; his armor already a Navy blue with lighter blue trims on his arms. Right behind him, Lopez and Church; in his soldier body were also approaching.

"What the hell? Your armor is painted already?" Grif yelled while everyone stared at him with wide eyes.

Wash nodded as he looked down at his freshly painted and already dried armor as if amazed by it, himself. "Ye-ah. It was kind of weird for me too. This guy," He jerked his head towards Lopez as he went back to standing behind everyone. "He's pretty fast. I didn't even get back to the base before it was blue."

"Well, we gotta plan and it's the only plan, even though it's coming from a damn Blue." Sarge remarked quite dryly at the thought. "But let's git 'er done!"

\* \* \*

><p>Pelican 109-inbound for Outpost 17<p>

The pilot was just doing his job like he had been doing for years now. He was just flying the Pelican out to where he was told to go and that was it. But imagine his surprise when the security alarms started going off, making him frown. He looked down at the control panel before looking up again as he flew right over the ridge into the valley. And stiffened at the sight below.

"Uh! Captain! We got a situation here!" Behind him, he heard armor click as his passenger stood up and the pinging sounds of heavy footsteps coming right up to him in the cockpit. He mere glanced behind him at the Captain before nodding to the scene below. "Looks like we caught them at a bad time. They're in a fire fight. I can't put the Pelican down there and get caught in the cross hairs. We'll get blown to pieces if we do. What do you want me to do, sir?"

There was a pause as the Captain looked down at the battle below before turning towards the pilot. \_"Activate the transmission and get their attention. Tell them to cease fire and then land. If they refuse to obey that order, I'll deal with them." \_came the chilling metallic voice of the Captain.

"Understood, sir." The pilot remarked before he turned towards his control panel and flipped a switch as soon as the Pelican moved a little closer but not enough to get hit by the rockets that were flying through the air to hit each other's bases. "Attention, Reds and Blues! This is the pilot of Pelican 109! Cease fire! I repeat! Cease fire immediately! We're coming in for a landing!"

There was only a pause.

\*\*\_"Negative, Pelican 109! Yer not gonna be able to land until we finish up here, blowing these damn Blues off the face of the Planet! We got a real battle goin' on down here! Come back in an hour or so until we're done!" \_\*\*came a rather deep, gruff voice; obviously Sarge of the Red Team.

The pilot groaned shaking his head. "Red Team, no can do. We need to land! So stop your fighting and allow us to land!" He called back.

\*\*\_"God dammit, pilot! We're busy here! Ya try and land that hunk of junk of metal shit and ya'll probably get blown up by one of those damn Blues! Land somewhere else! Away from this valley! And then walk over here! By then, we should be done!" \_\*\*came that gruff voice again.

Again, the pilot sighed, shaking his head.

But before he could say anything else, the Captain leaned over him to speak into the mike com. He had to flinch away, due to him being nervous of this person. These kinds of people always made him feel a little uneasy.

\_"Reds and Blues, you are to cease fire immediately. If you don't, I'm coming down there and I will make you stop."\_ That cold metallic voice spoke.

\*\*\_"Hey! We ain't gonna just up and stop this fight jest because ya said so, Private! Who do'ya think yer are, ordering me around? I'm a Sergeant down here and this is my valley! Ya come down here, ya better be on our side! 'Cause if yer a Blue, I'll blow yer head off! That is an order! Land somewhere else where ya won't get holes in yer puny ass!" \_\*\*that gruff voice of Sarge snapped through the line.

\* \* \*

><p>"There! That should strike the fear of god into 'em." Sarge said, quite proud of himself.<p>

\_"The name is Agent Tennessee, Sergeant. And since you put it that way, you better start shooting at me. Because when I get down there, yer ass is mine." \_came that cold voice again through the link.

Sarge, Grif, Simmons and even Lopez paused into firing their weapons towards the Blues again. All of them looked around at one another.

"Did he just say...?" Simmons was the one to ask.

\* \* \*

><p>On the Blue side, Wash had abruptly stopped firing his weapon and froze stalk still. He wasn't too sure what that so called Special Agent just said because of the loud gunfire and booms of rockets but he got a pretty good idea. He looked over at Church, who also froze, stiffening by what just came out of the comm system of the Pelican. "Church, did he just say..." He was saying.<p>

"Oh, fuck. It's Tennessee." Church groaned, his shoulders slumping.

Wash slumped, himself. "That's what I was afraid of." He groaned.

"Huh? Tennessee? Another Freelancer?" Tucker asked, looking over at him after stopping from firing his semi automatic rifle. But I thought they were all gone because of The Meta. So how can this be a Freelancer?"

Of course, Sarge just had to say something else that Wash and Church both knew would have pissed off the Freelancer in the Pelican.

\* \* \*

><p>"Hey, pansy ass! There ain't any more Freelancers! They're all dead! And even if there were some still alive, they'd be locked up like dogs they are! And if yer a Freelancer, you can kiss mah ass!"<p>

\* \* \*

><p>Wash groaned, dropping his head into his hand. "Shit. He just had to say it, didn't he? All that's going to do is piss h..." He was saying.<p>

\* \* \*

><p>Suddenly there was a loud bang from the Pelican and all heads jerked upward to see what the hell that was from, only to see something jumping right out of the Pelican and coming down fast. It was almost too hard to see because the figure was directly in the line of the sun, blinding all that was looking upward.<p>

Of course, they didn't have to look too long.

Because the dark armored figure came to a crashing thud onto the ground right behind the Reds where they had been hiding behind a bunch of metal crates for shelter from their 'fire fight.' The so called Agent Tennessee landed in a very low crouch, one hand slammed down to keep himself steady.

"Oh, shit!" Grif yelped jumped back and knocking into the crate.

The Agent's head jerked upward and landed right on Sarge. \_"I don't see you shooting holes into me, Sarge." \_came the cold metallic voice before his foot lashed out and kicked the oldest Red in the chest, sending him flying over the crates and landing heavily on the grassy field.

"Sarge! You son of a bit...!" Simmons was yelling.

A flash of a black boot slammed into his helmet's visor next sending him over the crate to join Sarge.

"AHHHH! Don't hurt me!" Grif suddenly yelled before he was flying ten feet up into the air, clutching his nether regions. He landed just as heavily on the ground, knocking whatever air he even had in his lungs right out of him.

\_"MOTHER FUCKER!" \_Here came Lopez next, flying through the air and slamming into a tree.

\* \* \*

><p>The Blues, watching from across the field, all flinched as they watched the sudden beating the Reds had just gotten. They didn't get to see it clearly because of the large crates but after seeing all four of them flying through the air like that, they got the

idea.<p>

"Damn it. What's going on over there?" Tucker asked, wincing when he saw Grif clutching his balls and realized he probably got hit there. "Ouch."

"I don't know about you, but I don't want to know what's going on over there! I have got to get out of here and hide somewhere before sh..." Wash was saying as he spun around to book it.

The problem was, his vision was obscured by a fist straight to the visor and he went sailing backwards over his own protected area. He landed heavily against the ground with a loud, "Oof!" and a whoosh of lost air.

All of the other Blues whirled around with alarm.

"AHHHHH!" Caboose screeched before dropping into a crouch and covering his head. "HE SCARED ME!"

"SHI...!" Tucker was blurting out before he was grabbed by the front and thrown over the shield, right on top of Wash.

Church quickly held up his hands to defend himself, tossing his gun down to the ground to show that he was unarmed. "Ten! No, no, no! Stop! Stop! Stop!" He was shouting as the Freelancer whirled to face him, whipping out a gun and aiming at him.

There was only the slightest pause before a deep metallic growl escaped from the Agent and a loud bang of his gun.

Church then hit the ground, motionless. But it left his ghostly form still standing, covering his head as if waiting to get hit by the agent. But after a second, he lift his head and looked around, still seeing the gun pointing at him. He looked down and slumped his shoulders. "Damn." He groaned, looking down at his bleeding body.

\* \* \*

><p>"God damn it! Who is this asshole?" Simmons yelled as he climbed to his feet, grabbing his gun. "What the fuck is his problem?"<p>

Sarge was up on his feet, holding his chest where he'd been kicked. It had hurt pretty bad, even with his thick armor. So obviously this Freelancer had one helluva kick packed in those legs. "I dunno! But that hurt! Good thing for my armor! I'd hate to see what would'a happened if I was wearing it!" He then reached down and grabbed his shotgun. "But if it's a fight he wants, then let's bring it to 'em! He ain't gonna get away with kicking me like that!" He shot all three of the other Reds a look as they finally got to their feet. "Don' kill 'em. Just hurt 'em. Like we wanna hear it from the Commands for killing their agent."

Grif groaned, his balls still tender. "Ah, man. Why do we gotta fight this bastard? Can't we just watch him beat up on the Blues like he's doing right now?" He asked, watching as the dark armored soldier now going at it with both Wash and Tucker; since Caboose was still crouched behind the crates, his arms covering his head.

"Oh, don't be a pussy, Grif!" Sarge barked. "Can' let the Blues have all of the fun!"

"Yeah. But, Sarge, if we go join them over there, the Agent might realize that we were trying to help them from the beginning." Simmons pointed out.

Sarge thought for a second. "Well, damn. You are getting smarter, Simmons. Ya got a point again! Nice thinking! Grif! Why can't you be smart like Simmons?" He snapped.

"Thank you, Sarge!"

"Oh, shut up, you ass kisser!" Grif snapped with irritation.

\_"Don't really matter. Because the Agent is going to be sending the Blues over this way in a moment." \_Lopez spoke in Spanish.

"I know, Lopez! Grif is a jealous dumbass!" Simmons remarked over his shoulder.

Lopez gave him a withering look. \_"You're a dumbass, yourself."\_ He remarked again in Spanish.

\* \* \*

><p>"SHIT!" Tucker yelped before he went flying near a few barrels of fuel. He was holding his stomach from getting it kicked by this crazy maniac that was now spinning Wash around in very fast circles.<p>

"FUCK! STOP IT, TEN! I'M GETTING DIZZZZZZZYYYYYYY!" Wash bellowed before having the last of his words drawl out as he was thrown right into Tucker, knocking him back to the ground.

The Agent rotated his neck, cracking it before turning slightly to see a trembling Caboose standing up. He dipped his head down and took a step forward, making him whimper. But he stopped again when Church quickly stepped in between them, even though it would have been pointless because he was transparent and ghost like. "Tennessee! Stop! Not this one, all right? He's not much of a fighter as it is! As much as I would love watching you pummel him, he's not going to be doing very much fighting back!" He quickly said.

The Freelancer just stared hard at him before dropping down into a crouch as Tucker tried to come up behind him and hit him with a pole. He jerked his head around before lashing out a foot and slamming it into the Blue's stomach, knocking him back into Wash as he tried to climb to his feet.

They went crashing against the fuel barrels, catching their selves on them to keep their selves from flying to the ground.

"Son of a...what the hell is his problem? How the hell did he get so fast?" Tucker yelped, holding his side.

Wash shot him a look as he leaned against the barrels. "I thought you were in an expert!" He huffed.

"I am!" Pause. "An expert in what?" Tucker asked, breathing hard,

trying to replace his air into his lungs.

"Women." was Wash's dry reply.

Tucker froze as he turned his head towards the other. It sounded like Wash was trying to point something out. "Ye-ah. I'm a lover of women, not men! What the hell does me knowing women have anything to do with...?" He was demanding.

Wash gave him a pointed look. "Because Ten isn't a man, Tucker." He merely stated as he looked back at the dark figure and jumped. "Oh, fuck!" He exclaimed.

Tucker whipped his head around to see what had Wash's attention and he too froze up before looking down at the barrels next to both of them. "Oh, shit! Run!" He yelped now booking it as fast as he could away from the barrels. And Wash was running right after him.

Suddenly, the Agent's gun went off and the bullet slammed into one of the barrels and they exploded, just as he jumped over the metal containers, yanking a startled Caboose down behind the protectors.

The explosion was huge, throwing fire and the two fleeing Blues into the air.

"SHIIIIIIIIIT!" Tucker was yelling as he went flying twenty feet into the air, his arms flailing along with Wash's.

And then both of them landed hard right at the Reds' feet.

"Damn. That must have hurt." Sarge remarked.

"N-no...shit...!" Wash choked out from his lack of air from his lungs. "That fucking tickled."

"OH! FUCK! HE'S COMING BACK THIS WAY!" Simmons yelped now backing away quickly.

All of them jerked their heads up and saw that Agent Ten was racing their way, moving very fast. They didn't even have time to bring up their guns or their guard as he ducked under the barrels of the rifles and spun around in a full circle. His foot first hit Grif and sent him flying into Tucker as he finally got to his feet and sent them into Simmons and Lopez, which sent them flying five feet away from where they had been standing.

Flipping once on the ground, the Agent spun around and kicked Sarge's feet right out from underneath him, sending him crashing down like a fallen tree and a loud thud. A airless groan was all that the Red CO could even manage to escape out of him.

Again, Agent Ten flipped, this time feet over head before landing on one knee between Sarge and Wash before two Energy blades crackled to life in his hands, pointing right at both their throats, close enough to let them feel the heat of the blades.

"Oh, god damn it." Sarge groaned from his lack of air.

Agent Tennessee kept the blades very close to both the Red and Blue Leaders' necks before leaning down between them. \_"So, you ready to listen to me this time, Sarge,"\_ Then the Agent switched the hidden eyes towards Wash. \_"Washington?"\_ \_

Wash stared up at the Agent for a moment before hissing and turning his attention away from his former fellow Agent. "Fuck. How did you know it was me, Ten?" He asked grumpily.

The Agent finally swooped upward, deactivating the Energy blades before hooking them onto the belt. Then both hands reached up and grabbed the helmet before pulling it off to reveal quite the pretty face of a woman. She smirked down at him with her icy blue eyes while her deep strawberry blonde strands fell over them. "Puh-lease, Wash. You and Tex trained me for a little while, remember? I know most of your moves after you pulled them on me." She remarked dryly before she stepped back and looked around at all of the Reds and Blues staring at her, clearly froze stalk still.

Tucker was even pointing a finger at her, as if stunned into becoming a statue. "Holy...fuck! I didn't even...I mean...I didn't...he's a girl? The Freelancer is a girl!" He yelped.

Wash snorted as he pushed himself to sitting up. "No, shit. What gave that away, Tuck? Right after I just told you that she was?" He asked dryly before looking up at Ten as she offered her hand to him. He shrugged and took it allowing her to pull him half way up before she shoved him hard back down to the ground again with a thud. "Ow!"

If that wasn't enough, Ten placed her foot right on his chest and pressed down, keeping him from getting up again as she pulled out her gun and aimed it right at him. She ignored the fact that he raised his hands between them to let her know he surrendered.

"Ten!" Church suddenly spoke up, now back in his soldier body and carefully approaching with Caboose hovering right behind him. He ignored the sharp look she gave him. "Don't shoot him. That's not why you're here, isn't it?" He said with a grimace.

"Fortunately, for his god damn sake, no." Ten remarked with dry humor before she slid her gun back into place. "Hey, Alpha. Nice to see you again, you son of a bitch."

Church sighed heavily, shaking his head. "Actually, it's Church now. I don't go by Alpha. At all!" He added rather loudly.

"So...this Freelancer...is...a girl?" Tucker muttered out loud again, sounding completely stunned.

"Oh, god, Tucker. Yes! Agent Tennessee is a girl! Get over it already!" Wash said as Ten took her heavy boot off of him and allowed him to finally get to his feet. He looked back at Ten, who eyed him dryly. He heaved a heavy sigh. "Though, seeing you is a surprise. Didn't think they would ever send you out. So what are you doing here?"

Ten folded her arms, raising an eyebrow at him as she held her helmet tightly in one of her hands. "It's a long story. But in a way, it deals with you. And the Reds and the Blues. Sit down, boys. This is going to take a while to explain."

#### 4. Chapter 3

Title: RVB-Reassemble

Genre: Action/Humor/Romance

Rating: T for strong language, strong violence, crude humor, sexual humor, a lot of nut shots, and sexist remarks.

Pairings: Red Team/Ooc/Blue Team

Summary:

With a rivalry still going on between Red and Blue, Command Center finally gets fed up and sends in someone to straighten them out. A former Freelancer named Tennessee.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Chapter Three<em>

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>Just outside Blue Base<em>\*\*

Finally, everyone was settled down after being introduced to Agent Tennessee, who was standing off a few feet away from everyone else. They were still quite stunned to have learned that the agent was a she. Of course, they had met female Freelancers, of course. Tex and South Dakota mostly being the only ones that they had ever met. But still, they had been expecting Agent Tennessee to be a man. Tucker, however, was the most stunned as he leaned against a tree, shaking his head. He still couldn't believe that he couldn't see past the armor. He usually could tell if there was a girl around; hidden by armor or not. But he hadn't had a clue.

"So...how come you sounded like a guy when you have your helmet on?" Simmons asked, looking at her curiously.

Ten gave him a lazy look but shook her head with a one shoulder shrug. "Voice changers. Almost all of the Freelancer armor has them. It just depends if we use them or not. When we're on missions, we have to disguise our voices. It avoids problems that way. So sometimes just creates them. It's a standard protocol that not everyone follows. It's not a really big deal if we use them or not." She explained. She saw Wash nod in agreement, never really having to explain it to the Reds and Blues before. That was because they never really asked.

"So...you and Wash know each other, eh?" Sarge asked, his big arms folded across his chest while staring at the new arrival.

Ten just shrugged the question off as she glanced at Wash, who was grumbling a little. "Yes, we're somewhat acquainted. We've known each other since the day that Tex became a Freelancer. Ten didn't become an official Freelancer, even though I kind of helped train her before I was reassigned to the whole retrieving information about the AIs that were going missing because of the Meta. Of course, our



encounters were never really that pretty." He stated.

At the sound of the Meta, Ten's eyes had darkened. But that thought wasn't all that made her snort and toss her long strawberry colored bangs out of her eyes. "Well, there was that and the fact that you hit on me the first time we met until Tex nut tapped you. Hard." She said smirking.

Almost all of the guys winced and covered their nether regions as if feeling the pain. Wash just sighed, shaking his head.

"Aw, man! Does that mean I can't make a move on her, then?" Tucker suddenly groaned, slouching.

Shooting him a look, Ten gritted her teeth before she reached over and shoved him hard off the tree, sending him flying to the ground with a loud yelp. There were a few snickers at the very sight of him going flying like that. That is, if the look on the Freelancer's face wasn't scary enough.

"I wouldn't even try it if I were you, Tucker." Wash warned him, quite seriously. "Not only does she not tolerate men very well, she doesn't tolerate flirting games, pick up lines, or anything like that. She's got her sister's temper after all." He added smirking towards the highly irritated look she shot him.

"Sister, huh?" Simmons asked, glancing side wards at Ten. "Anyone we might know? She's a freelancer, right? Your sister, I mean? And what did Wash mean that you're not an official Freelancer?"

Ten shot him a look next before she turned her icy gaze away from all, staring off towards the trees. It didn't take a genius to figure out that something might have happened to her sister. Something bad. "She was. And I never became an official Freelancer, even though I have the name." She said rather coolly.

"Uh..."

"She was never used in the Freelance Project. She wasn't exactly as proefficient as the rest of us were." Wash said, recieving a rather cold look from Ten. "As for her sister, she was Texas, Simmons."

Everyone stiffened at the very news. They couldn't all help but stare at Ten with alarm and shock. They figured exactly what had her looking like she wanted to kill someone.

"Look." Ten said rather impatiently, looking back at everyone else. "I'm not here to share stories about the past with you lot or tell you why I wasn't an efficient Freelancer like Washington." She said that in a rather sarcastic way, earning a dry look from him. "I came here because I was ordered to by High Command. Red and Blue Commands." She shifted her weight, tossing her bangs out of her eyes again. "They sent me here to end your little spat with each other. They think your little rivalry war has gone on way too long. The fight between Reds and Blues are over." She told them sternly.

"Over? Whattya mean? It's not over! We haven' won yet!" Sarge boomed.

Ten turned her cool look onto him next and shook her head. She looked like she was about to kick him somewhere he didn't want to know. "Yeah, it is, Sarge. The Red and Blue battles stop right now. It's orders from Command. They're fed up with your little spats with each other. You keep destroying equipment and messing up your own bases, you keep asking for more and more supplies to be sent to you and they're really getting tired of it." She told them darkly. "High Command sent me to end it between you two. They ordered me to reassemble your teams. Guess what that means? It means Reds and Blues are becoming one team."

"What?" Many exclams echoed all around her.

"Are you fucking kidding me? Reds with Blues?"

"Blues with Reds?"

"Oh! That sounds like fun! We'll have so much fun together! Does that mean we have a party to celebrate! Oh! I want cake! Chocolate cake! With chocolate ice cream!" Caboose cheered, jumping up and down in happiness.

"Shut up, Caboose! It's no time to celebrate! We're not joining together! Forget that! Reds and Blues together! Totally not cool!" Simmons bellowed out.

"Yes, you are!" Ten snapped, shooting him a look before looking around at the others. "It's orders from Red and Blue Command. Not more rivalries. Not Red vs Blue battles. We got a higher priority going on right now. And your little fights can wait. If you want to refuse the orders, you get tried for insubordination."

Wash stood up from the crate he had been sitting on, looking at her seriously. He could tell that something was up that she wasn't telling them. "What's going on, Ten?" He asked, raising his voice a little over the protests. And just by the sound of his voice, it made everyone shut up to listen.

Ten glanced at him from a side view before shaking her head. "Honestly? I'm not even supposed to tell you, Wash. You," She paused for a second. "You aren't even supposed to be alive. I've read the reports about your so called death. And yet, you're right here. That's a big no-no. You lied to Command about your death. They think you're dead. So I'm guessing you faked your death."

"Yeah, that was my fault." Caboose spoke up, nodding thoughtfully. "And Church's."

"Caboose!"

Ten rolled her eyes shooting both Caboose and Church a look and folding her arms as she shifted her weight. "Actually, I don't fucking care about Wash's so called death or his reason for faking his death. Yeah, there have been rumors about him and I was sent her to track him down, but right now, I'm more worried about something else." She said dryly before looking back at Wash, who was watching her carefully. "I should turn you in, but right now, it can wait. You being here with the Blues is a blessing in disguise for me right now. Guess what, Wash. You were right about C.T."

And Wash stiffened, his head coming up sharply. "What?" He asked quickly.

The other Freelancer just nodded, a hard look still on her face. "Yeah. You were right about C.T. She was selling information to someone." She shrugged lightly as if she didn't care though. "We don't know who she was selling the Freelance Project Intel to, but Command's trying to find out. They're still having trouble figuring out who it was. And it didn't exactly help when The Meta went and killed her for her enhancements. We could have found out if he just would have let her live. But..." She cut herself off, shaking her head. She didn't need to say any more. Instead, her expression darkened and she looked away. "There's that. And the fact that..." She cut herself off.

A feeling of dread passed over Wash and he glowered at her suspiciously. "What? What is it now?" He asked wearily.

Ten kept her eyes averted away from him before she shook her head. "Neb." She nodded just once when Wash gave a sharp breath. He, obviously, knew that name and did not look too happy about hearing it. "Right after they released me from the Detention Facility, assigning me to coming here to work with the Reds and Blues, Neb broke out. Apparently he was pretty pissed about my release." She told him.

"Who's...Neb?" Tucker asked slowly, sharing a confused glance with everyone else.

Wash's expression darkened, though they couldn't see his face from under his helmet. But they did see his hands ball up into tight fists. "Remember the Meta and how crazy he went because of all of the AIs he was trying to gather for power?" He sent a glance in Church's direction, who dipped his head down. But it was clear he was sharing the exact same expression that Ten and Wash had. "Well, basically, Nebraska is just a little bit crazier. He's been trying to kill me, Tex and even Ten for a long time. Although, it's mostly Ten that he's after..."

"Don't even go there, Wash!" Ten said sharply, shooting him a dark look. "You tell anyone my business, I'll shoot you! I mean it! It's not for them to know! The point is," She looked sharply around at everyone around her. "Red and Blue Command wants me to work with you on this whole thing. I'm to get you trained up and ready for a battle that is more than likely coming your way. Apparently," She now sounded darkly amused, tilting her head to the side. "You guys have a bad habit of getting into things that you shouldn't and coming out on top."

"Heh, if you want, you can be on top any time, sweetheart." Tucker said, grinning at her before pumping his fists into the air. "Bow chicka wow..."

WHAM!

"OW!" Tucker yelled when Ten's foot connected with his head and sent him flying through the air, several feet away, right into a tree.

"I didn't do it! I didn't kick Tucker! It was Ten! And you saw it!

Right? You saw Ten kick Tucker, right? So you can't blame me!" Caboose suddenly blurted.

Ten merely glanced at him with a raised eyebrow before sighing and shaking her head. She figured it was best to ignore him like everyone else was doing. "Anyway, because of you guys, we found out a lot of information that was being hidden from us and everyone else. And that was because of the Director." Her eyes darkened at the sound of that title and the guys figured that she had bad history with him too. She shrugged and glanced over at Church. "Also, we found out about Alpha. You stopped him from getting into wrong hands."

Church's head dipped down a little and his shoulders slouched as he gave her an annoyed look. "Why are you talking about me as if I'm not even here? And it's Church now, Ten! Or should I call you by...?" He was saying.

"Say my real name and I'm using an EMP bomb on you." Ten warned darkly. The AI in a real body grimaced and held up his hands in surrender. But she ignored him and looked around at everyone again. "Anyway, if you thought the whole thing; fights with Freelancers or that kind of stuff was over, think again. Because it's not."

"Of course not." Grif grumbled, shooting the sky a look. "Cause the script writers like making our lives a living hell by giving us so much to do."

Ten stared at him, along with everyone else. Then she impatiently shook her head and decided against it. "Okay. Whatever."

"So basically we got to go out there and fight for our lives again, just like always, huh?" Simmons asked, just a little wearily much like Grif.

Ten made an impatient sound as she eyed both of them before shaking her head and turning towards Sarge, who, surprisingly hadn't said a word during the entire time. Almost, anyway. "Look, Sarge, I know you hate Blues and all. But orders are still orders and..."

A loud snore cut her off.

"What? He's fucking asleep?" Ten exclaimed in disbelief.

"Oh, yeah! He does that sometimes. Falling asleep on his feet when it gets really boring and he doesn't understand a single thing." Simmons said, eyeing his CO.

Growling, Ten whipped out her semi automatic hand gun and shot at the ground right between Sarge's feet. Everyone around her jumped and yelped in alarm as they quickly backed away from her.

"What? What is it? Are we under attack? Is it those damn Bluetards again? Are they...!" Sarge burst out, looking wildly around and holding up his shotgun. He stopped pretty fast when he found a hand gun barrel pressed against his visor. "Oh."

"Sarge," Ten began warningly as she reached up and tapped the side of her helmet. She uploaded the files and sent them right to Sarge's so he could see what she was talking about. "Like or not, I'm in charge because of Red Command. And even Blue Command. Code A, Section 32."

Line 44. I may be a Captain but the Commands put me in charge of Red and Blue Teams. Fall asleep again when I'm talking to you and you won't ever wake up again. Ever!" She warned him.

Sarge grimaced, pulling his head back a little before reaching up and carefully pushing the gun away from his helmet. "Damn, woman. All right. I get it. Don' need to get so testy about it." He remarked almost dryly.

Giving a sharp nod, Ten put the hammer back right where it belonged and slid her gun back into place behind her back in its holster. "Good. Now for starters," She looked around at everyone and folded her arms. "This Outpost is being closed down for a while. Nothing has been happening here for a long time now. It's only been used for your little spats. So you're both being relocated for a while."

"What? Another relocation again?" Grif groaned.

Ten shot him a look. "Do you always complain about everything?" She asked testily.

"Yeah, actually he does. Maybe you can just shoot him." Simmons added before getting sharply nudged by the person in question.

"Yeah! Good thinking, Simmons! Shoot Grif and all of our problems will go away, Agent Ten!" Sarge said chuckling rather evilly.

Grif glared at both of them.

Sighing heavily, Ten shook her head and threw her hands up into the air. She honestly couldn't believe this lot. Well, it was mostly the Reds. The Blues had yet to complain about anything. Though, she was starting to wonder if she knocked that Tucker one out because he hadn't gotten up yet. "No more complaining, people! Start packing your bags! We're moving out in three hours! We have to be at the new base by sundown." Ten told them.

"Sundown? The sun never goes down here!" Simmons finally complained.

Giving him a raised eyebrow, Ten flipped her wrist and pointed towards the sun, which clearly had moved and was reaching the peak of the mountain. "In this story, it does go down. Now move it!" She told them.

"Ooh! We're going on a road trip? I love going on trips! Is it a vacation? Where are we going? Are we going somewhere sunny and warm? I like the sun! It's warm and pretty but sometimes when I stare at it, I can't see." Caboose asked excitedly.

Ten gave him a weird look before jabbing her thumb towards him and opening her mouth to say something.

"Trust me, Ten. You're better off not knowing." Wash warned her as he was already moving towards the Blue base to help get things packed up.

Church nodded as he folded his arms, looking slightly weary. "Yeah. Let's just say that Caboose has a few loose screws in his head. You just got to go with it with him. It'll save you from an even worst

headache." He told her.

"Heeeey. I don't have any screws in my head." Caboose said, looking at Church before he gasped and clutched his helmet. "Wait! Did someone put screws in my head! Ahhhhh! Get them out!" And he began running around in circles.

Ten only groaned, throwing her hands up into the air as she turned and marched towards the Pelican to speak to the pilot.

"Okay, Caboose. That's enough with the screaming and yelling and craziness. You're just pushing Ten's buttons and making her mad." Church said grabbing his fellow Blue's shoulders and making him stop running around.

"Oh! I love pushing buttons! Which button do I get to push? Is it a nice button? Or is it a button like that button that I pushed when I was told to push the button and when I pushed the button, bad things happened?"

"Trust me, Caboose. That's a button you don't want to push because bad things will happen. It'll just get you killed." Church said wearily.

"Yeah. We don't like those buttons. So I won't push that button. But I would like to push a button where good things do happen! Can I push that button? What will that button do? Will it make candy and cookies fall out of the sky?"

There was a unison of groans from everyone. This was going to be the longest three hours of their lives of trying to pack everything out.

## 5. Chapter 4

Title: RVB-Reassemble

Genre: Action/Humor/Romance

Rating: T for strong language, strong violence, crude humor, sexual humor, a lot of nut shots, and sexist remarks.

Pairings: Red Team/Ooc/Blue Team

Summary:

With a rivalry still going on between Red and Blue, Command Center finally gets fed up and sends in someone to straighten them out. A former Freelancer named Tennessee.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Chapter Four<em>

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>Inside Red Base<em>\*\*

"So...where do you think they're relocating us this time?" Grif asked

as he helped Simmons packing up a of their things, since it was mostly their personal belongings that they needed anyway.

Simmons glanced over his shoulder at her before shrugging. "I don't know. Who knows where they send us? And I'm not going to ask Ten. Like I want her shooting me or kicking me or something." He remarked dryly before making a face from under his helmet. He looked over at Grif. "Hey. What do you think her story is anyway? What is up with her and Wash? You think they might have history together or something? And what about Church? You think they know each other? They kind of seem like they do."

Grif snorted, giving him a look from over his shoulder. "Hell if I know. Why don't you go ask them?" He asked him.

"Hell no. I don't want to get shot."

"Hey, Lopez! Make sure ya pack all of my shotguns in the same crate and then mark them down as mine! I don't want anyone stealing my shotguns!" Sarge called over to the brown armored robot. He was in the process of just sitting back and watching his creation work.

Lopez just growled to himself. \_"Someone just put a fucking computer virus in my system and destroy me." \_He spoke in Spanish.

"Thanks, Lopez! I knew I could count on ya!" Sarge then looked around and jumped. "Dammit! Someone took my favorite shotgun! Dammit, Grif! Where'd you my favorite shotgun?" He bellowed, spinning around the room to see if he could find it.

"I didn't fucking take your shotgun, Sarge! Have you even bothered to look on your back where you seem to be able to hang it?" Grif shouted from down the hall.

A quiet \_"dammit"\_ came back to him from down the hall and seemed to echo through the entire base.

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>Blue Base<em>\*&

The Blues were doing exactly what the Reds were doing and that was packing all of their things up and getting ready to relocate. They had been told by Ten that they just needed their personal belongings, since there was more than likely a full supply of whatever they needed at the new base.

Wash was checking his submachine gun, however, making sure it wasn't going to jam up before taking it back apart and putting it into its case he carried it in. He wanted it in working order, after all.

However, hearing foot steps behind him, the former Freelancer glanced over his shoulder to see that Tucker had finally awoken from getting knocked out by Ten. He was rubbing his helmet as if his head was killing him. It just made Wash smirk to himself and shake his head. He remembered a time where he had pissed off Ten and she kicked him like she had done to Tucker. He remembered how bad his head had been hurting for days. That was why he did what he could to avoiding

getting her mad. She was just like her sister. They both had wild tempers.

"Finally awake, huh?"

Tucker looked up at him before shrugging, still rubbing his helmet as if trying to massage his head. "Yeah. That kind of hurt. She got me pretty good, didn't she?" He asked, a slight chuckle managing to come out.

"Hmph. That's why I told you not to pull any pick up lines on her." Wash told him with amusement.

There was a short pause as Tucker stared at Wash before moving over so that he could look right at his visor. "Hey, Wash. Can I ask you something? Something kind of personal?" He asked carefully.

"What?"

"So..." Tucker began still rather carefully. "Are you and Ten...like...together?"

Wash's head jerked up and he looked right at him before shaking his head. "What? No! Not even close!" He said rather hurriedly.

"But you want to be, right?" Tucker asked, kind of skeptically.

"Tuck," Wash said slowly as he put his submachine gun into the case and closed the lid. He turned to face the aqua colored soldier, a fist on his protected waist. "You are way off. Maybe a long time ago I had a thing for her. But that was ages ago. Too many concussions ago for that matter." He grumbled then turned away again, picking up the case and then a big duffle bag with his stuff in it. "And if I were you, I wouldn't even try it with her. She'll do worst than knock you out."

"Oh, come on! What's the problem? I mean, I'm, like, totally hot. And she's definitely hot! We can be totally hot together! I'm so hitting that! Bow chicka wow wow!" Tucker said grinning as he began moving his hips as if riding something.

Wash just rolled his eyes as he turned away. "Ye-ah. Good luck with that then. You're probably going to end up dead. I promise to come to your funeral when she kills you." He told him dryly.

Tucker stopped the whole air humping dancing routine and stared at him as he started to leave. Then he quickly followed after him so he could continue the conversation about Tennessee. "So, what's that suppose to mean? She'll dig me, man! All girls usually do! She won't kill me!" He told him.

"Yeah." Wash said slowly glancing side wards at him. "She will. That whole air humping, dancing whatever that's suppose to be thing that you just did, it pisses her off. The last time someone did that, he ended up with his head shoved through a three inch plated window and had to have balls operated on because of how flat she made them after kicking them in about ten times. She could have killed him for that matter."



"Aaaaaand that was you, wasn't it?" Tucker said, snickering at the thought.

Wash shot him a look, somewhat stumbling over his feet from trying to shoot him that look. "What? No! Definitely not me! Actually, it was Nebraska! That's why he hates her so much. Because she nearly killed him by crushing his balls." He told him, shuddering at the memory.

There was a pause.

"So...this Neb guy. He had a thing for her then? He's, like, a Freelancer like you, right?" Tucker asked, frowning.

There was almost a cold chill in the air as Wash dipped his head down a little as if glaring forward. It was like there something in front of him that offended him. But he shook his head. "No. He's nothing like me. That's for sure." He said rather coldly.

Tucker had to do a double take to see if he could see how pissed Wash looked by how he just sounded just now. "Uh...so what's his story then? He is a Freelancer, right?" he asked trying to be careful with his words this time.

"Was." Wash said, still sounding a little cold. "But that was before Tex got a hold of him for what he did to Ten..." He quickly shook his head, cutting himself off. "Forget it, Tucker. Forget I said anything."

"Uh, kind of late for that." Tucker remarked dryly. "So what did he do? Did he, like, have a threesome with Tex and Ten? I thought Tex went out with Church."

Groaning as if disgusted, Wash stopped in the hall and faced Tucker. "Is that all you ever think about?" He asked with irritation.

"No!" There was a pause as Tucker thought about it. "Uh...well...sort of...maybe...But only with chicks!" He said quickly.

Snorting, Wash shook his head as he looked away. "Figures." He looked back at Tucker, giving him a warning look. "Look, Tucker. You're cool and all. You are pretty good with girls, from what I've seen. You're totally in love with women. I get that. But don't do anything stupid with Ten. Don't even try it. She'll probably kill you."

Tucker paused to think about it. "Is she, like, a lesbo, then?"

"What? No! At least I don't think she is. I've never really seen...oh, fuck it!" Wash groaned giving Tucker a look. "Tucker, I really shouldn't say anything because it isn't any of your business. And if Ten finds out, it'll be my head that goes through plated glass, if not blown off my shoulders. But let's say...that Neb did something pretty bad that makes her leery of guys."

Now, there was an unsettling pause.

"You...want to elaborate." Tucker asked, his tone starting to get serious. "What did he do? Did he...uh, attack her or

something?"

Wash snorted darkly at him before he turned and started walking again. "Do you really need me to spell it out for you?" He asked darkly before he just walked right off.

Tucker, however, stopped short from following after him. It was like someone flipped a switch in his head and he didn't want the damn light on. "It starts with an R, doesn't it?" He called after him. But he didn't get an answer other than Wash just turning the corner and waving a hand over his shoulder, still holding onto the duffle bag.

And he didn't need to say anything.

"That mother fucking piece of shit!" Tucker suddenly lashed out to no one as he realized what Wash had been trying to point out.

"Huh? Who? You're not talking about me, are you? Is it me? Oh, god! It is me, isn't it? You think I'm..."

"No, Caboose." Tucker said wearily as he turned around to see his fellow Blue coming out from the bathroom. He frowned, thinking of something not so pleasant. "Hey, Caboose. You didn't happen to hear what Wash and I were talking about, did you?"

"No. Not really. I only heard you trying to play the ABC game, that's it." was Caboose's reply.

"The what?"

"Ah, you know. The game that you were just playing with Wash. You know how you pick out a word and you give a hint by saying what that word starts with a letter?" Caboose tried to explain before he brightened. "Hey! Can we play that game right now? Can I go first? I wanna go first!"

Tucker grimaced before shaking his head. "Uh...maybe later, buddy. We got to get everything packed up, remember? Besides, Church will play that game with you later. Okay?" He asked him.

"Okay!"

"God, he's going to kill me later for that." Tucker then muttered to himself, thinking about Church.

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><p><strong><em>Outside the Red and Blue Bases<em>\*\*

The Pelicans 109 and 156; which had just flown in ten minutes before were getting loaded up with everyone's things. The pilots of each were packing everyone's things into the cargo hold; though one was actually arguing with Sarge about how they couldn't put the crate full of shotguns on the Pelican. They just didn't have room for that kind of stuff.

Ten was watching with her fists on her hips; her helmet back on. She was shaking her head as she watched Sarge trying pretty hard to getting his shotguns on the Pelican and was failing. "...". She then

hummed before turning her head to look at who was standing behind her. "What?" She asked impatiently.

"Uh...nothing." Church said, carrying basically the only thing he needed and that was the Forerunner body that he used when not in his soldier body. "Just...kind of...wondering if you knew about..."

"Yes." Ten said, her tone quite hard as she looked away. "I know about Tex. The Councilor told me about what happened to her."

Church's shoulders lump and his head dropped. "I'm sorry." He then murmured. "I wished I could have done something to stop it from happening. I should have but...I just couldn't stop it from happening. I am so sorry that I couldn't save her." He told her.

Ten didn't reply for a moment before turning her head back into his direction. She stared at him for that awkward moment then shook her head. "It couldn't be helped. It was The Meta." She said quietly.

"Wished it could have been different with you and me too, you know? I'm really sorry that happened to you..." Church was saying.

Giving him a sharp side glance, Ten shook her head at him. She did not want to even go there. "Don't, Alpha. Don't even go to that. It wasn't even you. It was that damn Director, remember? He's the one who did it. I wasn't even supposed to be a part of the program." She looked away, her tone growing quite icy. "I didn't even pass those damn tests. I wasn't strong like Tex or Carolina or even that bitch, South." She growled. "So it doesn't matter."

"Yeah, but, it was kind of my fault that..." Church started.

"Drop it. It's all in the past. It doesn't matter anymore." Ten warned him.

Church stared at her for a moment. He didn't ever remember her being this cold before. Things really must have fallen apart after that...day. Something definitely happened to Ten that turned her kind of frigid. "What happened to you, Am? Why were you put in the Detention Facility, anyway?" He asked carefully.

Again with a cool look, Ten shook her head before she turned and walked towards the Pelican. She didn't even answer as she went over to reprimand Sarge for threatening to shoot the pilot for continuing rejecting his crate full of shotguns.

"Ah, man." Church groaned, watching her go.

"She's not forgiving you either, huh?"

Church turned to look over his shoulder at Wash before shaking his head. "Nope. She's still pissed off about that whole thing that the Director did." He then dropped his head, almost glaring at the ground. "Not that I could blame her. She wasn't ready for it."

"I know. Tex told me and she was pretty steamed too. So I can't blame her for being pretty angry about it either. But it's not like it's

your fault either. You were just the AI that was tested out on her." Wash said quietly before he lift his head and headed straight for the Pelican to put his things in.

"Yeah." Church said quietly before shaking his head before following after.

Finally, the Pelicans were up in the air and they were finally leaving Outpost 17. Ten had split up the groups, of course. She had wanted each groups to have Reds and Blues mingling together; just for them to get to know each other. She had nearly made the mistake of letting Grif stay in the Pelican with Sarge but after overhearing Sarge chuckling evilly and plotting to push his own Private First Class out in mid air, she switched them.

So it was her riding in Pelican 109 with Wash, Tucker, and Grif and Church. Sarge, Simmons, Lopez, and Caboose was in the other Pelican.

"So," Wash asked from the other side of the Pelican, sitting directly across from Ten. "Any ideas of where we're being relocated to?"

Ten looked away from the window she'd been staring out of, looking across the Pelican at him before nodding. "Outpost 13. The old training facility for the big guys. They have high technology and advanced simulations there. It's the big one, Wash. I know you always wanted to go there." She said with a shrug.

"No shit. They're sending us there?" Wash asked, almost in awe.

"What's Outpost 13? Is it totally awesome like me?" Tucker asked grinning towards Ten.

Ten rolled her eyes at him but shrugged. "Yeah. You can say that." And she ignored the whoop from him. "It's where they trained the Legends, their selves. And the biggest Legend in history. He and his squadron spent years there, training." She told him.

"Uh...what legends are you talking about?" Grif asked, looking at him.

"Spartans, of course." Wash said, with an amused chuckle. "We're going where they trained Spartans. And the biggest legend, himself. But I don't think I need to tell you who that was. Everyone knows who the MC was."

A choking squeak was the only reply Grif could give them while Tucker pumped his fist. "Right on! Spartan City! Here we come!" He cheered, thinking that was the coolest thing he'd ever learned. Besides learning that Agent Tennessee was a girl; and a cute one at that.

## 6. Chapter 5

Title: RVB-Reassemble

Genre: Action/Humor/Romance

Rating: T for strong language, strong violence, crude humor, sexual humor, a lot of nut shots, and sexist remarks.

Pairings: Red Team/Ooc/Blue Team

Summary: With a rivalry still going on between Red and Blue, Command Center finally gets fed up and sends in someone to straighten them out. A former Freelancer named Tennessee.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Chapter Five<em>

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>Outpost 13-Spartan Training Base<em>\*\*

"Whoa! This is our new base?" Simmons suddenly blurted out as he stared at the entire area all around them. And like the others, they were all impressed with what they were seeing.

The new Base; Outpost 13 was pretty big. It was bigger than they had expected anyway. And what they were used to. It was just almost the same size as the Zanzibar, if not just a little smaller. It was more like the Red and Blue bases times six. It had twenty foot high stone walls with watch towers looking out for any intruders. The main yard was pretty wide, like a small field. There were two square black tops big enough for four Pelicans to land, which was where they did land. The main building was just one building but it two stories high but quite wide. It was probably big enough to house about sixty soldiers and let them roam as they please.

The effect on the Blues and Reds, however, was expected.

"Holy shit. This is all ours?" Tucker asked, right along with Simmons, looking around like everyone else and admiring what they were seeing.

Ten smirked under her helmet and nodded as she folded her arms. She was enjoying this a little too much. This was probably the biggest base these guys had even come across to staying at. So she expected their surprised and awed expressions. "Yup. This is where we'll be staying until further notice. Where we're training, living at, running, working on our team work. It's our base for a while." She told them before she started leading the way towards the main doors.

"Do we still have to clean it and all? You know, like basic duties like we always do?" Grif asked, not sounding too happy to even question it.

"Of course, ya lazy ass! We gotta maintain the base in perfect condition!" Sarge snapped at him before following after Ten. "It'll be just like what we haf'ta do every fucking day! So don't ya start complaining now!"

Grif groaned, looking around with almost misery. "It's a cool base and all. But why did it have to be so big? Now we have our work doubled for us." He grumbled.

"Bow chicka wow wow." Tucker just had to remark at Grif's big complaint. He recieved very dry looks from everyone else.

Finding amusement in Grif's misery, Ten gave a light laugh before shaking her head as she looked over her shoulder at him. "Actually, we don't. Yeah, we have to clean up whatever mess we make out of it, but at the most part, the guards who live here too take care of everything else. We're just here training." She informed them.

Everyone looked at her with surprise.

"Guards? There's guards here? Where?" Tucker asked before looking around. "But I don't see any guards."

Ten looked over her shoulder again, shaking her head. She was clearly too amused. "Well, there used to be OSTs running this place. But about a year ago, they were shipped out. We have new guards running this place." She then halted, her face falling as if she just remembered something very important. And because she stopped, the men had to do the same. She turned around, looking at them very seriously. "Oh. About that. I should let you know that there's probably going to be a few surprises you're going to encounter here. Something you're not exactly going to be used to. But under no circumstances, none whatsoever are you to shoot any of the aliens here. Got that?"

And then she was walking off again.

"ALIENS?" Everyone suddenly yelped in surprise.

"What aliens?" Simmons called after her, still standing there in surprise.

Ten stopped at the doors, pushing it open before turning back. "The ones who live here. And yes, the Command Centers know they're here. Don't worry about them, though. They won't bother you as long as you don't bother them." She told them before disappearing inside.

No one moved for a moment as they let everything she just said settle in. They were wondering if she could have been joking. She couldn't possibly be serious about there being aliens there.

"Hey...uh...Wash?" Grif asked, looking over at the former Freelancer. "Does she ever joke often?"

Wash grimaced as he glanced over at him before shaking his head. "Uh...no. Actually she doesn't. And I don't think she was joking about there being aliens here either. I think she was actually being serious. As usual." He said sounding quite uneasy, himself.

"Oh, Fuck me." Tucker groaned. "Please tell me that I don't have to go through that whole alien thing again. Let it be someone else this time. Not me!"

"Huh?" Wash asked, clueless. He had no idea what the other Blue was even talking about.

"Oh, yeah. That. He means the time he was impregnated by an alien

parasite and had to give birth to its offspring. That was actually kind of funny." Church said, with a light chuckle ignoring the evil glare that Tucker shot him.

"Fuck you, Church! Let's see you give birth to an alien and see how you feel about it!"

"WHAT?" Wash yelled, looking wide eyed at Tucker, who was now quickly walking away. More like storming away while everyone else just snickered as they watched him go. "He gave birth? To an alien?"

"Yeah. That was fun. Though, probably not for Tucker. He did a lot of screaming when Junior was born. Junior was kind of scary and he needed blood to drink so he wouldn't starve or anything like that. That wasn't so much fun. Doc told me I had to let Junior bite me and drink my blood. I got kind of dizzy and I couldn't stay on my feet. I think I died." Caboose told Wash, who just stared at him with alarm. He honestly didn't know what to even say about that.

\* \* \*

><p>The tour of the new base began as soon as they stepped through the doors. Ten began leading the guys around, pointing at the rooms as they went. She figured that was the best way of doing things for now while taking them to the Soldiers Quarters.<p>

"That room is the medical facility. It's run by an AI named Amelia. She controls all of the equip..." Ten was saying.

"Amelia! I dated her! She sent me all kinds of things on the internet! But she got mad at me cause I forgot our secret code and wouldn't talk to me anymore." Caboose blurted out, getting quite a few weird looks again.

"For the last time, Caboose! You didn't date anyone name Amelia! I told you! It was email!" Church said dryly.

"Okay!" Ten quickly interrupted, sensing an argument of some sort about to begin. "Moving on!" She lead them further down the hall, even while Caboose paused to pop his head into the Medical Facility to see if Amelia was in there. He ended up getting dragged back out by Church, however. Ten pointed at another room that was just next to the medical facility. "Okay. That's the weapons storage facility. We keep most of the weapons stored inside there..."

"OH! I wanna see that!" Sarge blurted and dove past Ten to see the room. He had just barely stuck his head into the room before a gasp of aw escaped him.

Not to be out done or just downright curious, all of the guys but Wash pushed past Ten next to see what exactly had Sarge's attention like that. They were soon following him in gasping in awe to see all of the pretty toys that they would have loved getting their hands on.

"Shotguns!" exclaimed Sarge excitedly.

"Energy blades! Look at them all!" Tucker cheered pumping his fists into the air.

"Oooh! Sniper rifles! I need a new one. My old one keeps missing my targets!" said Church.

"You always miss your targets, Church! You can't shoot for shit!"

"Shut up, Tucker!"

"Oh! Sweet! Look at those rocket launchers! I wouldn't mind getting my hands on one of those!" Simmons said with a chuckle.

Wash just shook his head, chuckling as he gave Ten a side glance. She was looking a little impatient but amused as she folded her arms and shook her own head, watching as the guys had a little too much fun looking at what was in the storage facility. She glanced over at Wash, who shrugged as if telling her, \_"What can you do? Boys and their toys." \_

After a few minutes of letting the Reds and Blues look around at the weapons inside, Ten finally managed to herd them away. It took a little time trying to drag them but she finally managed it with Wash's help.

They came to another room, which did have a sign next to the door.

"What's the Training Simulation Room?" It was Grif to ask before Ten could even begin her explanation.

Ten smirked, folding her arms across her chest as she nodded towards the door. "That is where we're going to doing team work operations. We'll be doing a lot of our training in there, working on our team work and everything. We'll get to start that first thing in the morning. I'll wait till tomorrow to go on with the explanations on it though. It'll be easier to just show you than tell you." She told them.

And they moved on, even with questions swimming around everyone's heads.

Soon, Ten brought them to a T junction hall and the sign stated the obvious of what she was about to tell them. But the guys were polite enough to keep their mouths shut just so she could talk. "The Male rooms are down that way," She said, pointing to her left and then to the right. "And that way is the Females. I'm staying down there and no one is allowed down there unless it's an emergency." She gave them a very sharp warning look. Mostly directing it towards Tucker, who was looking down the women's hall, bouncing on his heels. It was obvious of what he was thinking.

"Each side has shared bathrooms and shower rooms." Ten went on to explaining.

"Ew. Does that mean we have to shower together? Us guys, I mean?" Grif asked, lamely.

Ten gave him a very blank look but bobbed her head into a nod. "Yeah. Unless you want to take turns. That's fine by me. I don't care what you guys do. But if I catch you in my shower room," Again she shot



Tucker that look. "Prepare to have extra holes in your ass. Because I will shoot you."

"Bow chicka wow wow." Tucker said with a grin aimed at her and she returned it with a dark look.

Caboose then held up his hand, bouncing a little. "Ten! Can I go to the bathroom now? I really, really need to go!" He asked, wriggling.

Again, a blank look.

Church, however, shoved Caboose down the Male's hall. "Just go! You don't need to ask her for permission, Caboose!" And when the dark blue armored soldier booked it down the hall for the bathrooms, he sighed, shaking his head. "Geez." He groaned.

It couldn't be helped that an amused chuckle escaped her, Ten shook her head and turned slightly away from the guys. She wouldn't admit it but Caboose was amusing. "All right. The night is all yours to do whatever you want. Explore the base if you want. Just don't blow anything up and stay out of the weapons storage facility. We don't want holes in the walls, guys. And no fighting if you can help it. I know you Reds and Blues didn't get along in the past too well, but from now on, you have to." She told them with a slight warning. "I suggest you guys get some rest. The day starts at 0500 hours and your asses are all mine." She told them, trying to be a little intimidating.

"Heh! My ass can be yours any time you want it, baby. Bow chicka wow wow." Tucker remarked cheerfully.

While everyone else rolled their eyes or shook their heads, Ten glared at him. If looks could kill, Tucker would be a smoldering pile of ash right about now.

"Dude, Tucker. She's going to kill you." Church warned Tucker before grabbing his arm and dragging down the hall. Just to make sure that the former Freelancer didn't kill his team mate.

Sighing heavily, Wash shook his head as he watched the two already starting to argue about it. "Just ignore him, Ten. He's an idiot and he's crazy about ladies. He makes it a goal of his to score as many girls as he can." He told her wearily.

"Then warn him that I'm not a lady, Wash." Ten warned him rather coldly before she turned away and started walking down the hall.

There was a long silence as the remaining guys watched her go before they glanced at one another and then to Wash. It was Grif who decided to ask what was on everyone's minds. "If she's not a lady, then what...?" He was asking carefully.

"Hmph." Wash hummed shaking his head before turning down the men's hallway. "She's not a lady. She's a bitch." He told them.

"Dude, that's not really nice, Wash." Simmons said right after him.

"Yeah? Well, it is to her. You try calling her a lady or a ma-am or whatever else. She'll shoot you in the ass or cause you some real pain. Believe me, guys. I don't like saying it but once you get to know Tennessee, you'll see what I mean." Wash told them from over his shoulder. "She is just like her sister. And you knew Tex. She might not be as bad as Tex was, but she sure tries to be."

Down the hall, Ten turned back around to look down the men's hallway, frowning. She had heard slightly of what everyone else had said. But she honestly didn't care too much. The fact that Wash did admit that she was a bitch, she felt like that was the nicest thing he'd ever said about her. But she also knew that he did mean it as an insult too. They hadn't gotten along all that well back when the Freelancer Project was still running amuck. Even though, technically, she hadn't been a Freelancer.

It didn't mean she didn't TRY and train with some of them. She never did get along with anyone else but Tex, York, North and sometimes Carolina; though it was a mutual feeling with her. She hadn't been the easiest person to get along with. And heaven or hell knew how well she and South Dakota got along. Now, that was one person that Ten had not cared about when she found out that she was dead; killed by Washington, actually. But still, no one had the nerve to call her a bitch to her face back then because of Tex. Her older, but half sister had never tolerated any bad names pointed at her at all.

Sensing movement right beside her, Ten didn't bother to turn around. "They're an interesting lot, I'll tell you that much. Working with them is going to be a little difficult. They're loud, obnoxious, kind of annoying and very rambunctious. I think I'll have my work cut out for me." She said rather quietly.

"Hm. You can do it. You're tough enough to take on whatever they throw at you." came the deep, kind of gruff voice right beside her.

Taking a deep breath, Ten finally turned her icy blue eyes onto the invisible form next to her. She couldn't see him well, but through him. But she could see the heat wave coming off of him and even seen him shift a little when he moved. "But keep an eye on them, though. I don't really trust any of them right now. Especially Washington. Someone who pretends to be dead just to avoid having to be locked up for the rest of his miserable life because he killed a lot of people, tried to steal the Alpha and all of that stuff, he can't have been doing it for the good of people. And the Councilor did say he might have had a hand in killing Tex. Watch him, will you?" She asked the invisible form.

She barely even saw that tall unseen head bob up and down. "I will. Get some rest. I and the others will take the night watch as we always do. No one will get past the walls into this base. Especially that \*\_Blarg.\_\*" The guttural word of another language was more of a growl than anything else.

But it had Ten smirk as she looked up at the taller figure; at where his head would be. "All right, Bear. Good night." She told him before she pushed past her door into her quarters.

"Good night, Ten. Rest well." The invisible form told her.

A sharp snort escaped Ten as she glanced over her shoulder at him but shook her head. "Yeah. Right. I haven't been able to rest well for a long time, Bear and you know it." She then closed her door, looking around her darkened room with a forlorn look. She eyed her bed in the corner of the small room almost with disgust. She hated sleeping for numerous reasons. It was due to the fact that when one slept, they always revisited the past memories. And she despised her memories.

After climbing out of her dark midnight blue armor and into some sweats and a tank top, Ten allowed her eyes to close to drift off into the past. It was time to just get it over with and relive her past.

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>Freelance Command Central-<em>\*\*

\*\*\_Nine years ago\_\*\*

\_Heart thumping, slight erratic breath, pearls of sweat running down the nape of her neck only to be soaked up into the dark blue tank top, there was really only one thing that she felt as she listened to the test advisors with the others. And that was hope and nervousness.

\_

\_She desperately hoped that this would be the day. She, like everyone else there, hoped that this would be the day that she would become very important in goings on war. She wanted to be useful just like those amazing people were. She wanted to be a part of it. That was why she had worked so hard to taking this test. These tests, actually. She really wanted to become thing truly important and special and this was her chance. \_

\_So after three days of brutal work and trying to impress the test advisors, she would see if she had what it takes. \_

\_Feeling a hand brush against hers, her mouth curved a little as she glanced side wards at her older sister, who shared the smile right back. \_

\_ 'Okay. I hope that WE become something special.' She renewed her thoughts. She would have done anything just be as tough, courageous, hard working, strong just like her older sister. And they both had worked really hard together to get this far. \_

\_ "Ladies and Gentlemen," The Test Advisor in charge began, pacing before the long line of hopefuls. He was a tough looking bastard, serious as the grave. He wore a dark uniform with three stars on his shoulder. He was a soldier then, which was no surprise. All of the test advisors must have been a part of the military. "You all did very well. We have seen some great talent out of all of you. However, we are only in need of a few of you to proceed onto the next level. I will say four names and you will step forward and those who are not called will be excused immediately from the room. No excuses." He said sternly. "Is that clear?" \_

\_ "Yes, sir!" All twenty hopefuls barked, including the sisters.

\_

\_"Good. Now we shall begin." The test advisor remarked before looking down at his clipboard. He read off the first name; which was not any of the hopeful sisters. The second name, however, was and that made both of them squeak happily and squeeze each other's hand in happiness before the older sister stepped forward, returning to her very serious tone like she should have kept. The third name was not the younger sister's. \_

\_Nor was the last name. \_

\_The younger sister's name had not been called.  
><em>

\_Heart nearly stopping, the younger sister saw her older sister's head whip around as she looked back at her with wide eyes. Both of them could only look on with horror and alarm. The younger sister had not been chosen. It felt like someone had dumped icy water right on her head; soaking her to the bone. And it stung badly. \_

\_"Those who have not been chosen, please leave immediately." The Test Advisor ordered. \_

\_With disheartened moans and groans, the other fifteen trudged away but the younger sister stood there, staring back at her older sister with hurt, horror and disbelief; who mirrored her exact look. \_

\_"I said, those who were not chosen must leave." The Test Advisor immediately said when he noticed that one of the failures had not moved. He sounded irritated and highly annoyed that she hadn't listened. \_

\_The older sister tore her gaze away from her younger sibling and looked almost hard at the Test Advisor. "There must be some kind of mistake. Why didn't she pass?" She asked, her tone very hard. \_

\_The Test Advisor gave her a stern look. "Because she doesn't qualify. And if I have to tell you," He warned the younger sister again. "To leave again, you'll be forcefully removed." \_

\_The younger sister lowered her head, tears stinging in her eyes. She didn't qualify. That meant she failed. She wasn't going to be just like her sister. Even after they both had promised that they would fight alongside each other. They would train together. Her older sister would watch her back and the younger would watch her sister's back. But...it wasn't going that way. \_

\_"If she doesn't qualify, then I don't either!" The older sister snapped before she whipped around and wrapped her arm around her younger sister's shoulders. \_

\_"Wh-what are you...! You can't leave!" The Test Advisor said, bewildered. \_

\_The older sister shot a dark look over her shoulder before sticking her nose up into the air and started to lead her younger sister out. "Yeah? Try and fucking stop me, douche bag! She was just as good as all of us still here were! She should qualify! She was the fastest one in the obstacle course! She beat all of us and you're trying to tell her that she failed! Bull fucking shit! If she doesn't get to

join, then I don't!" She snapped before leading her sister towards the door. \_

\_"If you walk out that door, you will never be a part of the Project!" The Test Advisor yelled after them. \_

\_The younger sister began to hesitate, looking wide eyed up at her older sister. She knew that if she walked out with her, she would never get this chance again. "Al, maybe you should..." She began to whisper to her. \_

\_"Not without you, Am! Fuck them! We can join the Marines instead! But it's either both of us, or none of us!" The older sister said harshly over her shoulder, aiming that anger directly at the Test Advisor. \_

\_"I'll see that you don't ever get into the military, you stubborn, stuck up bit..." The Test Advisor began to say sourly. \_

\_"Hold it!" a new voice called out. \_

\_Both sisters immediately stopped, as well as the Test Advisors. They all turned around to see the figure walking out of the shadows. It was hard to make out his features but as he moved closer, they got to see what he looked like. And see the interested smile on his face.

\_

\_"Mr. Director, sir!" The Test Advisor yelped, quite surprised to see the man before them. "But I thought you were not going to..."

\_

\_"Yes, yes. I changed my mind without even letting you know. I can do that, you know. Now shut up." The Director shot at him. Then he turned his attention back to the sisters. "I admire the devotion that you have for your sister, my dear." He spoke directly to the older sister, who lift her head up defiantly. "Unfortunately, she does not qualify for the Project. But I think I can find something else for your sister to do. That is if you will both agree to it. That way, you will not be separated from each other." He spoke in an almost kind way. \_

\_The sisters glanced at one another, hope returning in both of their eyes. They figured that it was worth a try. At least they would be together. That's all that mattered to them. So with a smile, they both looked at the Director and nodded.

><em>

## 7. Chapter 6

Title: RVB-Reassemble

Genre: Action/Humor/Romance

Rating: T for strong language, strong violence, crude humor, sexual humor, a lot of nut shots, and sexist remarks.

Pairings: Red Team/Ooc/Blue Team

Summary: With a rivalry still going on between Red and Blue, Command

Center finally gets fed up and sends in someone to straighten them out. A former Freelancer named Tennessee.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Chapter Six<em>

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>Outpost 13-Spartan Training Base<em>\*\*

It was dead in the morning; the sun hadn't even risen yet. Everyone was still dead asleep in their rooms. All except for one. While everyone was still sleeping, she was pushing the button that would wake everyone up.

And that's when the alarm started going off.

A deafening alarm began to blow out of all of the speakers, jolting all of the guys up out of their sleep and causing them to cry out in alarm.

"WHA-! Wha'zat? What...?"

"Ahhhhhhh!"

"What the fuck? Who set off the alarms?"

"God dammit it, Grif! Turn off that god damned alarm of yours! I'm trying to sleep!"

The alarms did not stop for a solid minute before it finally died down, allowing the dead silence to echo all around the guys as they sat up in their beds, holding their ears or what not.

A moment later, there came banging on each and every one of the guys' doors, making them jolt up again. It did not help with each bang on the doors, they swung open allowing light to flood inside the room onto the guys.

"Holy shit!" Many of them yelped before there was a series of thumps as a lot of them fell right off their beds onto the floor.

"Wakey, wakey, gentlemen!" Ten merely sang out as she threw the doors open and flipped on their lights. "Time to rise," She then grimaced as she looked at one of the men before shaking her head and moving onto the next room. "And definitely not shine. Don't some of you guys wear anything to bed?" She asked pausing in one of the door ways.

"Damn it, woman!" Sarge boomed from within the room. "We're men! Some of us like to sleep in the nude! Have ya no shame? And why are you just standing there starin' at me?"

Ten rolled her eyes as she shook her head and stepped back out into the hall. She began moving towards the last room, ready to bang on it. "Puh-lease, Sarge. I used to help out with the medical officers with physical exams during the Freelancer Project. I've seen it all." She called over her shoulder and raised her fist to bang on the door, only to have to stop when it swung open and Wash stepped out, fully

dressed in his armor. She only snorted, shaking her head as she met his dark eyes. "I see you're still the same. You were always one of the first one to rise." She then made her way back down the hall, ignoring all of the groans. "Get some clothes on, men! It's time to start the day!"

"Dude! I'm so not wearing anything to bed next time! Especially if Ten is the one waking us up like that! Bow chicka wow wow!"

"Shut up, Tucker!" Several of the others yelled, while Ten rolled her eyes and kept on going.

\* \* \*

><p>As soon as everyone was up and going, still rubbing the sleep out of their eyes, Ten took them straight to the mess hall for breakfast. It actually amazed all of the guys to see that they actually had breakfast made out for them. Eggs, bacon, ham, sausage, pancakes, things that they weren't used to getting for breakfast and actually not being burnt to a crisp.<p>

"Eat up, guys! You're definitely going to need all of your strength today." Ten said already making her way to a counter where there was a coffee maker with three pots of coffee already made and ready.

"Whoa...who cooked breakfast?" Simmons asked, actually sounding excited about having an actual breakfast meal.

"Yeah? We got cooks or something then?" Donut asked, just being happy that he wasn't the one who had to cook. Even though, he was the only one on the Red team that could and was usually always on breakfast duty.

"I did." Ten stated as she poured herself a cup of coffee.

The guys stared after her, though Wash nor Church didn't look surprised at all to hear that.

"You cooked all of this? Since when?" Grif asked, joining the others as they went to get their selves something.

Ten smirked at him from over her mug before shrugging. "Since I got up. I had help so I didn't do it by myself." She told him. And was stared at or the guys were looking around to see if they could see who helped her make breakfast.

"Really? Who?" It was Sarge who asked as he joined her to getting some coffee. The only answer he got was a shake of Ten's head. She wasn't going to tell him and he got that. So he didn't push her for the answer. He just dug in like all of the other guys and sat down at one of the many tables that were even in the room. It was quite empty, however with only the ten of them in the entire room.

But as the guys dug in, they couldn't suppress the groans of pleasure as they enjoyed the meal.

"God! Totally hot, smart, sexy beyond all reason and a good cook! I think I'm in love! Ten, will you be my girlfriend?" Tucker called over to her. There were a few groans from the others as they glared

at him while Ten gave him a blank look before giving him the finger. "Aw! I feel the same, babe! Meet ya later tonight then! Bow chicka wow wow!"

Then he got shoved off the bench by Church, toppling heavily to the ground with a loud yelp.

\* \* \*

><p>Once breakfast was eaten up, Ten took the guys outside and began having them run laps around the large yard. They weren't completely happy to learn that they were starting with the basics of training but they didn't complain too much.<p>

Sarge even belted out in a military song. "Repeat after me, men! I don't know but I've been told!"

Some of the guys groaned, wondering if he was serious but Simmons was the only one to repeat after him. "I don't know but I've been told!" He belted out.

And Grif decided to finish it for them. "Sarge is ugly and he's old!" He belted out.

"GOD DAMN IT, GRIF! COME HERE! I'MMA KILL YOU!" Sarge roared and ran even faster after his Minor Junior Negative First Class Private, who ran even faster with a yelp of alarm. It was the first time that any of the guys heard Ten snorted with laughter as they ran right past her.

"Do...huff...I...have...huff...to...keep...huff...running...? I'm...huff...puff...getting...ti-tired..." Caboose called from somewhere in the back before he ended up collapsing after completing the tenth lap. Ten didn't reprimand him for it. She told him to go ahead and stop until they were done. She didn't want to waste the time or the effort to yelling at him, even if it were just the first day of training. She mostly just wanted to see what the men were capable of anyway.

The other guys tried to pull the same thing as Caboose but she immediately was on them, snapping at them to keep running. She knew they were just trying to get out of running. They didn't like that but they didn't argue. It was probably because Sarge was actually backing her up on running the laps.

After finishing a hundred laps, they finally stopped and rested for five minutes. All of the guys, except Church and Wash were out of breath.

"Some...one...get...me...an ox-oxygen...tank! I'mma going to be passing...out...right...here." Sarge huffed and puffed as he sat down. He was definitely a little out of it.

Ten just shook her head as she looked on the guys, not impressed at all. "God, all of you are out of shape. What the hell do you guys do for training back at Outpost 17?" She asked, looking at all of them. They didn't answer but gasp for breath. She sighed to herself. "Looks like I have a lot of work to do with you guys." She added mostly to herself.



\* \* \*

><p>After running laps and eventually doing some work out routines, which included jumping jacks, stretches and all of that kinds of crap, and it not working out so well, Ten took everyone back inside and to the Medical Facility. It was there, however, she told them that they needed to do a physical exam with Amelia. None of the guys were too happy about that.<p>

"Why do we need to do physicals?" Grif asked as they stood outside the medical facility, not looking happy one bit.

Ten rolled her eyes but shook her head. "We have it on your files that it's been awhile since any one of you had physical exams done on any of you. And usually to have a physical done every year." She pointed out to them. She looked into the room. "All right, Amelia. Who's first on your list?"

\_"Agent Tennessee, I think it is best if we shall start with Caboose, Michael J." \_The AI spoke up.

There was a loud squeak at the very sound of that name and Caboose began to cringe back. "Me? I don't wanna go first! Doctors scare me!" He turned and made a move to book it but Ten reached out and caught his shoulder and held him into place. "I don't wanna! I don't wanna!" He whined trying pretty hard to run away but it seemed that Ten had a pretty good grip.

"Caboose, if you want, I'll go in with you and you can hold my hand the entire time if you're scared." Ten immediately said rather calmly.

That actually surprised everyone to hear her even say that. Caboose especially. He stopped trying to run away and looked at her. "Re-really? You'd do that?" He asked with a short sob mixed in with his fear.

Ten nodded with a light smile before she steered him into the room.

"Bow chicka wow wow!"

Before shutting the door, Ten whipped it back open and glared at Tucker, who looked rather mischievous at him. Again, she gave him the finger before slamming the door.

And it went on from there. Church ended up being next, even though a physical exam wasn't exactly what he had to go through, really. Because he was an AI, the medical AI, Amelia ran diagnostics on his systems and he came up pretty clean. There hadn't been too many problems, thankfully. Wash ended up being next and he eventually asked why he was next when he should have been last. It was due the fact that his surname was unknown so he was called by his first name, which was revealed as David. Not everyone knew what it had been. So they were pretty surprised when they learned what it was. And it moved on to Donut then to Grif. Lopez ended up going in just to run diagnostics on his systems just like what happened with Church. Then Sarge was called in with Simmons being right after him. And Tucker ended up being last.

However, he tried to pull the same thing that Caboose had, saying that he had been scared and he wanted Ten to hold his hand during the exam. Not that she would have done it for him at all, but he did kind of blow it but muttering, "Bow chicka wow wow. And everyone knew he was just trying to get her to see him naked for the physical.

Ten extracted her revenge for his perverted thoughts by tell Amelia that maybe she should give Tucker a booster shot while at it. Just to make sure he didn't get sick. He protested loudly behind the closed door but the loud yelp of pain alerted all of the others that he had gotten that shot. And when he came out, limping and rubbing his left butt cheek while everyone else just laughed at him.

\* \* \*

><p>Finally, Ten took them to the Training Simulation Room.<p>

The room they were lead into was more like a control booth of some sort, with a large window looking into the actual training room. It was the size of a football field and even as tall as a small stadium.

"Okay. This is how this whole thing works." Ten began the explanation as she began messing with the control panel. "The Training Simulation creates the perfect background for our training uses. For one, it can change the scenery." And in the large training room, the entire walls and even the floors exploded with many lines and diagrams before it flickered into something very familiar. The Blood Gulch, where everything had started for them. Then the scenery changed into Zanzibar before flickering on to becoming Valhalla. And then it flickered into becoming in to some kind of jungle scene. There were huge twisted trees with plant life all around the room.

"Cool." The guys had to blurt out as they looked around at the change of scenery. Everyone but Wash, however. He was actually very used to this kind of simulation. "Just like back at the Freelance Compound." He muttered.

Ten heard him and nodded as she shared a glance with him. She turned her attention back onto the changing scenery as it kept shifting into different kinds of places. "Exactly, Wash. So you already know the programming that the Simulation has. Each scenario has its own purposes. But the same reasoning and that's training." She then messed with controls again and the scenery vanished, leaving an obstacle course or some kind of maze. It had ten foot high stone walls with twists and turns throughout the entire structure. There was even a high wall with a wide rope ladder for climbing up while a zip line was on the other side. "The training we'll be starting on today is an obstacle course. I want to see how fast you guys can work together to getting on the end of the course." Ten explained.

\_"Senorita Tennessee, do I have to run the obstacle course? I don't really see the point seeing that I am just a robot. I'll probably blow right through it." \_Lopez suddenly spoke up in Spanish.

Ten frowned in the dark brown soldier's direction but slowly nodded. She actually looked like she understood what he said and even started to say something in return. But Sarge chuckled loudly looking at Lopez. "I know, Lopez! It is pretty amazing, ain't it? And I think

I'll take your suggestion and push Grif off that tower. Maybe he'll die!" He blurted out.

Lopez gave Sarge a very sour look, his head dropping a little as annoyed but discouraged.

Rolling her eyes, Ten shook her head before looking back at Lopez. \_"No, Senior Lopez. You don't have to run it. I see your point." \_She said in perfect Spanish to him.

It went completely silent as everyone stared wide eyed at Ten, while Lopez suddenly threw his hands up in the air and started speaking rapidly in Spanish. It actually looked like he was praying or yelling out his gratitude. But whatever he was saying, Ten had to chuckle and shake her head.

"Dude! You speak Spanish?" Simmons asked in bewilderment.

Ten raised an eyebrow at him before nodding as she folded her arms across her chest. "Yeah. Actually, I can speak quite languages. Before I even joined up in the Freelance Project, I studied many languages because gathering information was my specialty. I needed to know different kinds of languages to do my job." She then looked squarely at Sarge. "Right now, he's thanking God for having someone that actually speaks Spanish. And, Sarge, that is not what he said. He asked me if he had to run the obstacle course and I said no. Why did you build a robot with only a Spanish speaking program if you can't understand what he's saying?"

Sarge really didn't get the chance to answer because Grif then blurted out, "What? Why doesn't Lopez have to run?"

Holding up one finger, Ten looked at him dryly. "One, he's a robot. So he already has everything programmed into his memory data banks. Two, he may be a part of the team but he's not going to be a part of the team. I have other things I need him to do besides train with us. And three, for this training exercise, I'm going to split all of us up into groups of two. Four teams; two on each team. So Lopez is going to be out and I'm going to be in." She told them.

"So...can't Lopez just take my place?" Grif asked, hopefully.

"No."

"Please?"

"No." Ten said darkly, giving the yellow-orange armored soldier a look as if daring him to keep asking her.

"Damn."

"All right. Let's get started then." Ten tried again as she turned and motioned for everyone to follow her into the large training room. And everyone followed her just so that she wouldn't get mad at them and probably start shooting them.

\* \* \*

><p>"As I said before, Reds and Blues need to learn how to work with

each other as a team. So I will split up everyone. One Red with one Blue. Sarge, you'll be with Wash." Ten explained.<p>

"Dammit." Sarge grumbled giving Wash a sour look. "Why the hell do I have to be with a Blue?"

No one paid him any mind.

"Simmons, you'll be with Church."

"..." both Simmons and Church glowered at one another.

"Please tell me that I'm with you, baby doll?" Tucker almost begged, as he gave Grif a dry look. It was clear that he didn't want to be with the lazy ass of the Red team.

"Tucker, you're with Grif."

"Damn it!"

Ten looked over at Caboose, who was busy staring at a crack in one of the maze walls. "Caboose, you're with me." Though she sounded like she was going to regret it for even deciding that.

"Huh?" Caboose suddenly blurted out once he heard his name.

Many of the guys gave her a look of sympathy. Or at least they were giving Caboose a look of sympathy. They knew that he was going to try her patience. That, or they really hoped that Ten wouldn't ask him to help her. They knew exactly what would happen if she tried asking him for some help.

"Uh, Ten. Maybe we should give you warning about Caboose." Church stated, as he eyed his fellow Blue carefully. "Don't ever ask him to help you."

"Why?" Ten asked, frowning at him. "He's a part of the team. He's suppose to..." She was saying.

Wash grimaced as he shared a glance with Church before shaking his head. He stepped forward, just a little closer to Ten. "Ten, did you ever read Caboose's personal file?" He asked, receiving a nod. "Even on how many Caboose's team injuries has caused?"

"..."

Making a face, Wash nodded. "That's what I thought. When you ever need help, don't ask Caboose. He'll probably end up hurting you instead. Or killing you." He warned her.

Not bothering to ask, Ten looked around at everyone. "All right. Let's get started. Get together with your partner and get ready to go." She told them. She had to grab Caboose's arm and pull him over to her side because he hadn't been paying attention. She was already starting to think that this was a bad set up.

A moment later, they were off.

All of the teams were racing through the maze, trying to find their way through. It didn't help that some of the guys started arguing

with each other about which way they needed to go. Ten, however, had to pause several times to get Caboose to follow her. She was definitely starting to lose her patience with him because he didn't seem to realize that he was suppose to be running with her.

Getting through the maze took some time, even while running it. There were some obstacles that they had to face. Now and then, a few traps were set off, surprising the Reds and Blues. There were a few hidden guns in the walls that would go off when the teams approached. But instead of live fire, they were paint balls. So throughout the halls, Ten could hear the guys yelp now and then as they were either shot by the paint balls or nearly shot. There were even a few pits that they had to avoid.

During the entire time, Ten had to watch Caboose very closely. He had been shot with a paint but more or less, they were just minor shots. She had spent most of the time knocking him over to keep him from getting shot any where worst.

Eventually, they made it to the wall.

There, the other teams were struggling to even get up the rope wall. Sarge was complaining about how there should have been an escalator or elevator or something so he didn't have to climb it. Wash was already at the top, waiting impatiently for him. He wanted nothing more than to just go on without Sarge but knew better than to do that. Church was half way up the wall, but having to pause because Simmons was struggling to get his foot untangled with the rope. Tucker and Grif were snarling at each other about even having to climb up the wall.

"All right, Caboose! Let's get up there and beat this!" Ten immediately stated as she was already starting up the rope. She had only climbed up about five feet before realizing that Caboose hadn't even moved. She looked back down to see that he was still standing there. "Caboose! Come on!" She called down to him.

"Uh...um...I'm afraid of heights. I don't wanna climb up the scary wall. What if I fall?" Caboose said, looking rather nervous.

Ten stared at him blankly before going back down. "Caboose, you're a soldier! Sometimes you have to do things that you don't want to do. Now come on. I need your help!" She told him.

"Okay!" Caboose said, now pulling out his semiautomatic hand gun.

Suddenly, Ten was tackled to the ground just as Caboose fired his gun and the bullet hit the wall right where she had just been standing.

Yelping in surprise and anger, the former somewhat Freelancer looked up to see that it had been Tucker who dove over and tackled her to the ground. "What the fu...! Tucker! What are you doing? Get the hell off of me!" She snapped.

"Bow chicka wow...OW!" Tucker yelped when Ten smacked him upside the head for even starting to say his traditional line. "What was that

for?"

"Get off of me! What are you doing knocking me to the ground like that?" Ten snapped, shoving him off of her.

Tucker snorted as he climbed to his feet and shook his head before looking at Caboose, who was looking quite shaky about what he almost just did. "Caboose, under no circumstances, don't help Ten, got that? No matter what she says." He told his fellow Blue.

"Butâ€¦..okay." Caboose said cheerful again.

"What theâ€¦!" Ten started again sounding angry.

"We warned you before we even started this training, Ten!" Wash called down to her from the top, who was still waiting for Sarge to join him at the top. "You can't ask Caboose to help you! He doesn't mean to, but whenever you ask for his help, he kind of blacks out or something like that and ends up accidentally shooting the person who asked for his help! You want him up the wall, you got to bribe him with something."

Ten stared blankly up at him before sighing heavily and looking at Tucker. "Sorry. I guess you were just trying to keep me from getting shot." She told him in a grumpy way.

Tucker just shrugged. "Hey, it's not a problem, Ten. But just don't go slapping me every time I try to help you." He paused before grinning under his helmet. "Bow chicka wow wow."

Rolling her eyes, Ten looked at Caboose. This was definitely going to be a tough thing to work with. She had to find some way of getting Caboose up the wall. But how? She grimaced at the idea but she knew that she'd have to ask one of the Blues about how they worked with him. So she glanced side wards at Tucker. "Any ideas of how to get him up the wall?" She asked. She knew she shouldn't ask another team to help her with her own team mate but she wasn't really seeing herself going anywhere if this kept up.

"Try bribing him with cookies or brownies or shit like that." Tucker suggested.

"Hey! Tucker, you're not supposed to be helping the other team!" Grif yelled, in a grumpy way.

"Oh, shut up, Grif. You try getting Caboose up the wall! At this rate, they'd be stuck here forever!"

"Isn't that kind of the point?"

Rolling her eyes, Ten decided to ignore them before turning back to Caboose. "Hey, Caboose. If you climb up the wall, really fast, I'll bake you some cookies." She told him. She thought this was really lame and it probably wouldn't work but why not give it a try.

"Chocolate chip cookies?" Caboose suddenly blurted out excitedly.

Ten blinked in surprise. "Uhâ€¦..yeah. How about Chocolate chunk

cookies?" She tried again. There was a zoom and she was nearly barreled over as Caboose raced past her and started to climb up the wall really fast. She could only stare after him with shock. "Wow. It actually worked." She remarked before looking at a smug looking Tucker. "Uhâ€¦thanks." She told him.

"Any time!" Tucker said smugly before he turned to deal with his own stubborn partner, who was complaining about having to climb the damn wall.

Immediately, Ten was climbing up the wall after Caboose, who was already at the top by the time she was there to join him. She paused only for a second to see Wash shaking his head, obviously chuckling. "What?" She asked him sourly.

"Bribery. That's kind of against protocol, isn't it?"

Ten gave him a dead stare. "Okay. You know what? The next time I have everyone pair up, you get to be with Caboose." She told him before she made her way over to the zip line. "Come on, Caboose. Let's do something kind of fun. Like sliding down this line and winning this thing. Then once we finish, you're getting two dozen chocolate chunk cookies with chocolate milk." She told him, almost in a friendly way.

"Okay!"

And down he went on the zip line.

Everyone was only half surprised to see that Ten and Caboose had finished the obstacle course before everyone else. And moodily, Wash and Sarge were the last team to finish. It was due to the fact that Sarge needed to take a quick breather after climbing, and in his words, \_"That damn evil wall that was trying to kill meh!" \_

Still, the team work wasn't exactly what Ten had in mind and she was getting a little annoyed by how much everyone was arguing with each other.

Oh yeah. This was going to be a very long day.

## 8. Chapter 7

Title: RVB-Reassemble

Genre: Action/Humor/Romance

Rating: T for strong language, strong violence, crude humor, sexual humor, a lot of nut shots, and sexist remarks.

Pairings: Red Team/Ooc/Blue Team

Summary: With a rivalry still going on between Red and Blue, Command Center finally gets fed up and sends in someone to straighten them out. A former Freelancer named Tennessee.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Chapter Seven<em>

\* \* \*

><p>After the obstacle course, Ten called for a lunch break and lead the men to the mess hall for some lunch. It was to their surprise, the Reds and Blues' surprise at least, to see that hot steaming hot dogs and all kinds of burgers were waiting for them. It was from hamburgers to chicken burgers and even veggie burgers that were waiting for them to devour it all. And on the sides were a lot of bowls full of chips of all kinds, as well as vegetable counter to make up the condiments.<p>

"Okay!" Wash said, now sparing a raised eyebrow look towards Ten as she lead them right up to the counters. "Now, I AM curious. You were with us the entire time. So how the hell did all of this get made? Who else is here?"

All of the guys looked at Ten curiously, also wondering about the answer to that question. They were just as curious as the former Freelancer was.

Shrugging lightly as if it were just a small flake of wood on her shoulder, Ten didn't really give them a straight answer as she grabbed a paper plate and fixed herself two chicken sandwiches. "I told you. I have help here. Don't worry about it." She told them.

"I worry. Who's here with us, Tennessee?" Wash asked, frowning.

Rolling her eyes, Ten grabbed some ranch to put on her chicken breasts before slapping a leaf of lettuce and tomato on the white meat. "It doesn't really matter, Washington. They're friends of mine, all right? The guards of this base." She didn't explain straightly.

"What guards?" Sarge asked, tilting his head to the side, even as he grabbed two buns to make himself a pair of hearty hamburgers. "How come we ain't seen 'em yet?"

"They're kind of shy." stated Ten before she marched over to a table without going further into details. And she refused to say any more, even with all of the guys asking more questions about these so called guards.

Everyone ate mostly in silence with the exception of a few conversations breaking out now and then. Church had plopped himself down right next to Ten, without really getting himself anything. With him being an AI, he really didn't eat anything. It didn't seem like he needed to. He had all of the energy he ever needed by just being around electronics or natural energy sources.

But as everyone else continued talking or eating without paying any mind to anyone really, Church leaned a little closer to Ten. "It's the aliens you mentioned, isn't it?" He asked in a very low voice that it would have been hard for anyone but her to hear.

Chewing her chicken sandwich, Ten just merely glanced at him at the side before lifting her head a little higher and then bobbing it. Her eyes flickered over to Wash, who was watching Caboose try and stuff as many pickles into his mouth without choking. He was too



preoccupied with what was going on with the other Blue to overhear what was being said between Ten and Church.

"Don't worry. They didn't poison the food or anything." Ten murmured nearly under her breath. "I trust them."

"Why? They were trying to kill off the human race, if you don't remember. We're at war with them." Church murmured back just as quietly.

Ten shook her head as she glanced at Church, looking him right into the eyes. "Not these ones. They're cast offs, if you want to say that about them. They never really believed in killing off humans. Besides, I owed one of them my life." She then shook her head, going back to her sandwich. "Don't worry. You'll get to meet him with the others soon enough." She murmured before going back to eating.

\* \* \*

><p>As soon as everyone was done eating and waiting around for twenty minutes for their stomachs to settle, they were off to train some more in the Training Simulation room. And as they went, Ten explained what they were up to next. And surprisingly, there was a large mat in the center of the entire room with a large circle and a line in middle of it.<p>

"Hand to hand combat." Ten began as she looked around at everyone standing on the edge of the mat. She was standing on it, near the center, her arms folded as she looked around at everyone. "Sure, it does take some skill use melee weapons," She motioned to Tucker and his energy sword hooked to his waist. "Or even guns, even though any one can point and shoot something." She remarked.

"Hmph. Too bad that doesn't count Church with his sniper." Tucker murmured, with a slight grin aimed at Grif, who snorted and grinned right back.

Church gave them both a very dark look for that remark.

Rolling her eyes, Ten decided not to say anything at the moment. She lift her chin a little higher, ignoring the two snickering about Church's lack of skill of shooting his damn sniper rifle. "Anyway," she pressed on, loudly to get their attention. And when they shut up, she went on. "What use is those weapons if they get knocked out of your hands and you can't get to them? Or even have the time to pull out another that you might have on you? What are you going to do when an enemy is charging at you? Well, you're going to have to fight hand to hand. So, we're going to see what you can do. Each one of you will get to face off with me. You're going to show me what you got. Don't worry. I won't beat you up too well."

Everyone grimaced. They had already seen some of her skills. So they knew what she had. And she had beaten them up pretty good the first time. But, maybe this time wasn't going to be so bad.

\* \* \*

><p>There was a loud crash as Simmons hit the ground after facing off with Ten. He could only let out a groan as he held his stomach where he'd been punched by her, rolling slowly to his knees. He was sure

that he got some bruised ribs out of that beating he had just gotten from her. It wasn't like anyone else had succeeded too well. Sarge had been first, wanting to show what skills he held as a Commanding Officer and he had gotten his ass handed to him. He claimed it was because he didn't hit girls.<p>

Problem was, he couldn't even land a hit on Ten.

Then after him had been Donut. He didn't last any longer than Sarge had.

The next to take his beating had been poor Caboose. He didn't even last one minute. So Ten figured that Church hadn't been joking that he wasn't much of a fighter. And she learned that he had. Caboose mostly ran away from her, screaming bloody murder as he went. It only made her roll her eyes and shake her head.

The next one had been Tucker.

First, he had tried to do the whole flirting thing, saying he'd go easy on her because he didn't want to hurt her. It didn't help that he did look a little nervous about it. He actually lasted a little bit longer than the Reds had. He wasn't a slouch with his hand to hand skills, either. He moved fairly quickly, dodging whatever throws that Ten had sent his way. He tried to cross chop her a few times, acting as if his very hand was a blade. It didn't help his case when she easily blocked him as if he was moving in slow motion. But, in the end, he couldn't hit her either. He was actually thrown from the mat after getting kicked.

Grif had been way too easy. He didn't even last thirty seconds, due to the fact that he kept complaining about how he didn't want to do this. And because his complaining annoyed Ten, she pegged him across the helmet and he went down, out cold.

Ten could only groan in disgust and shake her head.

"So," Ten remarked finally looking over at Church and Wash, her arms crossed in front of her. "Which one of you wants to go first?"

"I don't see the point, Ten. You know very well that you couldn't keep up with me." Wash remarked dryly.

Her eyes narrowing at him, Ten jerked her head towards the mat. It was an obvious invitation to take position. She wouldn't let him get away with saying stuff like that, blowing her off. She knew very well that this was going to be a longer match than the ones before. She did recall that Wash was an expert with hand to hand.

Everyone stood around the mat to watch as the two former freelancers to take their positions. They knew this was going to be an interesting match to watch. They watched as Wash and Ten faced each other before positioning their selves in a stance.

Wash merely crossed one arm in front of him while holding up another towards Ten, almost like he was beckoning her forward. His legs were spread apart with one back and the other forward, as if he was going to take a running leap. He kept his back nearly rim rod straight. His head was dipped down a little, but eyes straight on Ten.

She, however, had taken a similar stance with her feet but her body was a little more twisted away from Wash while she held one arm across her chest while the other was raised out towards her opponent. It was almost the same as Wash if not for her fists being balled up. She had a fierce look on her face and everyone figured that she was looking forward to this.

As if someone said go, both of the former freelancers sprang into action.

Both launched for the other, fists pulled back before it was Ten who started to launch her fist forward to slam right into Wash's helmet. She had moved so fast that it startled the viewers to see it merely blur as she launched it at the other. They were expecting it to connect with Wash's head and send him flying across the mat.

But to their surprise, Wash skidded to a halt on the mat before ripping up his arm to block the punch from connecting with his head. He didn't even flinch as her fist banged loudly against his armored forearm, echoing off the walls. He just whipped out his fist, aiming directly for his head. And it was a full out punch too. He was not going to pull back anything.

Ten saw it coming and ducked under his fist before swirling in a swift circle and kicking out her leg, aiming for his middle. The power behind her kick would have sent one of the others flying if it had been them. But once again, Wash blocked it with his other arm before he kicked out and swiped Ten's foot right out from underneath her.

With a sharp intake of breath, Ten went down.

But instead of hitting the ground, she arched her back and allowed her hands to slap down against the mat before she kicked right off of Wash's chest, kicking him away from her. She flipped over her head and landed back on her feet. She smirked to herself as she watched the other former Freelancer stumble a little before she launched herself forward again.

It soon became a deadly dance of movement and fists slashing the air. Both of them dodged each other's fists or kicks before lashing out a devastating hit of their own. At the most part, both mostly dodged but when they did connect with each other, the others could tell that it was not pulled back at all. They could only watch the two with wide eyes as they moved rapidly across the match, almost in perfect synch.

"Wow. Look at 'em go." Grif stated as he watched Ten duck under Wash's vicious punch towards her head before sending a rather powerful palm into his chest and sending him staggering backwards.

"Man, I'm starting to think that maybe Ten was just playing with us." Donut remarked, watching the two Freelancers go at it.

"Forget that. It just goes to show that all those times we were fighting with Wash, he was just playing us." Tucker said watching as the spoken sent a pretty devastating kick aimed right at Ten's head. He silently cheered when she moved out of the way though.

"Nice."

The match drew on a lot longer than everyone would have thought it would. Both of the former Freelancers just going on and on. It didn't look like it was going to end any time soon.

However, it seemed that it was going to end a lot sooner than they thought.

Wash had ducked and spun right under Ten's vicious kick, bringing a nasty right hook aiming for her stomach. He expected it to connect with her flesh but to his surprise, his fist slapped right into her palm. He froze for only a fraction of a second before spinning on his heel, jabbing his elbow towards her head.

Again, surprisingly, Ten raised her forearm and allowed him to hit there instead. But with a smirk on her face she kicked off the ground, still holding onto Wash's fist before spinning rapidly in the air and bringing him right with her. Then she flipped in the air, throwing Wash right over her, sending him sprawling out of the mat. She landed heavily in a crouch, jerking her head to look over at him as he too, landed in a crouch, only a little rougher than she did. His feet slipped a little on the edge of the mat, causing him to have to throw out his hands to catch himself from landing on his face.

Breathless, Ten and Wash glared at one another, both chests heaving from their match. They just sat there for a moment before she was the first to stand up. She slowly nodded as she folded her arms. "You still have it, Wash. You've gotten slower but you still have the skills." She told him.

Wash merely shrugged as he folded his own arms and copied her stance. "Yeah, well, that's what a whole year in prison would do to you. But I'd have to say, you have gotten better." He complimented her.

Ten snorted before shaking her head. "Yeah? You still need help with a few other things. Team work for one." She then looked around at everyone. "You guys a lot of work to do. Especially on hand to hand. All of you need to work on that." She then frowned, her eyes lifting away from everyone and aiming at the control box. She seemed to have noticed something right behind them but when the men turned to see what she was looking at, they didn't see anything. "I'll be right back. It seems to me that I'm needed elsewhere." She glanced over at the frowning Wash. "Wash, can you take over for a minute? Show the other guys some hand to hand moves or something?"

"Uh...sure. But where are you going?" Wash asked, frowning suspiciously at her.

Giving him a dry stare, Ten was already heading out of the room. "Don't worry about it. Someone just needs to talk to me." She told them. Even as she left, she overheard the guys muttering to one another.

"I don't see anyone." Grif said.

"Does she have invisible friends too?" Caboose asked.

No one answered him.

"What in the hell is she trying to hide from us, Church? Wash? You guys know?" Simmons was the one to ask.

Neither one answered but watched as Ten left the room into the control panel. They could barely see her through the mirrored glass but they could still see her. She had stopped in the middle of the box and seemed to be talking to someone. But they couldn't see who it was.

Glancing side wards merely with his eyes, Church met Wash's own glance and they both silently agreed. They had a feeling they knew who Ten was talking to. It wasn't exactly hard to figure it out because of the mere wave they could see in the room standing right before Ten. So it just had to be one of her friends.

"Let's not worry about it right now. Let's just see what we can do with the whole team work thing." Wash said before turning towards the others.

\* \* \*

><p>"What do you think, Bear?" Ten asked, staring at the strange wave before her. She watched it shift, merely turning away from her and looking through the window. She turned and followed its gaze, watching as everyone in the room actually started arguing with Wash, who seemed to have tried taking over like she had asked.<p>

It didn't to have sat too well with the Reds and the argument was starting to get a little heated.

Sighing heavily, the invisible form shifted as he turned back to the smaller form of Tennessee. "They do not impress me, whatsoever. Not even your old friend, the AI. He couldn't hit a target with his gun even if he was three feet away from it. The orange one, what was his name?"

"Dexter Grif." Ten answered.

"Hm. He doesn't do anything to contribute to the team. He's always complaining or being slow. Or not doing anything. Somehow you need to figure out how to make him do something other than just complaining constantly."

Sighing just as heavily as before, Ten glanced side wards at him. "I'm trying. He's not exactly an easy person to work with. What about the others? What do you think of them?" She asked her companion.

"Hm. The Red Commander is not terrible. He's actually pretty good. If not a little out of shape. You get him to exercise more, get him back into shape, he'll be a good asset. The problem is he doesn't trust the Blues. He doesn't want to do anything to do with them. Every time he looks at them, he's got a look of disgust or like he wants to kill them. He doesn't even seem to care that they're on the same team. He's made it a goal to destroy them. What you're going to need to do is push him towards the Blues. Make him work more and more with them. They're not going to like it but he needs to figure it out that the only way to make it work is making him work with it.

"The Maroon one, Simmons, I believe you called him. He's smart. He

has some tactics that I've noticed that might provide its usefulness. Now if only he would stop kissing up to the Red Commander, Sarge. He can't always agree with him. There has been a few things that Sarge has done that he keeps egging him on with. You need to get him to think on his own without trying to impress Sarge. Push his intelligence more, if you need to." The invisible form explained.

"What about the other Blues? Caboose and Tucker? And that Donut fellow?" Ten asked. "I've already seen quite the arm on Donut. He can throw pretty far and fast. And he's not shabby with a gun."

The invisible form nodded. "Yes. I saw that too. He'd be very good with grenade launching. He's a bit flighty and he tends to flaunt a little. But he definitely is a good asset with his arm." He told her. "If I were you, I'd work with that. The one called Tucker..." His head dipped down a little. "I'm curious to see that Energy Blade in action. That looks pretty familiar and I'm sure that's the Key of Sangheili. How he got a hold of that, it's a mystery I am curious to solve. I wonder if he knows of the Sangheili prophecy that is suppose to deal with that blade. If he doesn't, he's in for a world full of trouble. He'll be regretting picking that up if the Arbiter finds him with that."

"But...?" Ten asked, merely glancing side wards at him.

"But, I will want to see you push him into using that blade. I want to see his techniques. See if he actually deserves to wield the Energy Blade. Otherwise, he's quite...a curious fellow. He's loud, obnoxious, rambunctious. He fancies you very well. More than once did I catch him staring at you." He said, sounding very amused.

Ten groaned in disgust and looked away. "Please, he's a perve. A ladies man who's looking to getting into my pants. Which is not going to happen. I'll castrate him if he..." She was saying.

"Just by watching him this past week, my young friend, he is not like what you may think of him. True, he does seem to push too far in trying to get your attention, or maybe any lady's attention. He is quite...what is the word I am looking for?"

"Annoying?" Ten offered.

A low chuckle was what answered her. "I suppose if you want to put it that way. He does get annoying with his wise cracks about perverse key words but he is not like how you described Nebraska. He's nowhere near being like that \*\_blarg\_\*. Not by a long shot." The invisible form told her. "But that is only from my observation. He does, however, have some promise in his skills. He's not a bad shot with an assault rifle, or even with a Sniper. But he has more promise in hand to hand than using a loud \*\_honking\_\* weapon like the others use."

Rolling her eyes, Ten didn't look at the invisible being next to her. "What about Caboose? Do you think I should drop him or something? He is a complete idiot. Fast when he's promised something but he can't even think straight. He's the most random person I have ever met." She said in a low voice.

"No. He is quite random and he does distract very easily. But he is

not bad with a gun at all." The being told her, quite seriously. "You get him to focus, he's actually a dead shot. I have been watching him really closely while you have not. He needs to learn how to focus himself. In all honesty, he's the best shot in the entire group. Even a little better than you."

"Really?" Ten asked, actually sounding surprised and not offended. "You really think he has promise?"

The invisible head just bobbed. "Yes, he does. He just needs to find a point of interest to be able to unlock his focus. Have some patience with him. Work with him. He'll do just fine in the team." He told her.

"What about Washington?" Ten asked, her tone now quite dead. "The Councilor said that he might have something to do with my sister's death. And I don't trust him."

There was a brief silence.

"He...seems different from what you used to tell me about him. I think he's come a long way from what he used to be, Ten. I have not seen much of his arrogance. He seems more wary than anything else. He is aware that you are not alone in this room. And so is the Alpha. They both know that I am here. They may not see me, but they know you're talking to someone."

Ten slowly nodded before she reached forward and pushed a button. She watched as a blind screen fell over the window to stop the prying eyes in the other room before turning towards her invisible friend. "I know. But should I trust him? Even if he took part of killing my sister?" She asked him.

"Even if I said yes, you wouldn't. How could you trust him even after that?" The invisible alien asked before a wave of electric currents ran over his entire frame allowing his cloaking device to fall. "He is one of the Blues. And in a way, they trust him. You don't have to trust him completely, Ten. But I assure you that you may want to give him some benefit of the doubt." He told her.

Looking away from her companion, Ten didn't want to do just that. She hated Wash. She didn't trust him for numerous reasons. He was a Freelancer and he had tried doing a lot of harm more than good for anyone. Plus, the Councilor did say that he may have helped kill her sister. Of course she wasn't going to trust him. "Well, I better get back in there before they kill each other." She murmured, hearing as the arguments starting to get a little heated in the room.

"Very well. I think I will check with the others and see where we are at with the upgrades on security detail." The being told her before turning and heading towards the door.

Ten nodded as she watched him go before pushing the button to allow the blind screen to rise again. She frowned deeply to see that it looked like the arguments were getting worst. With a heavy sigh and a hard look on her face, she turned towards the door and headed straight back in. This was going to be very difficult to do, but she knew it needed to be done.

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>UNSC Command Center 3095-Former Freelance Command Station<em>\*\*

Bodies littered the floor, lying in pools of blood. An alarm was going off, drowning out any surviving moans from being heard. There were only a few left alive. But not many at all. It was a massacre if anything else.

The shadow moved across the blood coated, body littered ground, stepping on only a few corpses' hands and not caring whatsoever. The blood splattered metal boots and their owner made their way across the room until he stopped at one particular survivor.

A gravely injured black man in a once white but now blood splattered suit.

An armored hand reached down and grabbed the man by the front of his torn and burned shirt before lifting him up until his face was nearly touching the burning amber colored visor of a helmet. The soldier before him was in a deep green armor, though it was coated in dripping blood at the moment. He didn't seem to care for one moment, though.

\*\*\_"All right," \_\*\*Came a very dark, monotonous but full of dark humor voice from the helmet. He brought the injured man closer to him until his face was nearly touching his visor. \*\*\_"Now, let's try this again. You can avoid any more deaths if you just answer my question. Where are you hiding her?\_\*\*"

## 9. Chapter 8

Title: RVB-Reassemble

Genre: Action/Humor/Romance

Rating: T for strong language, strong violence, crude humor, sexual humor, a lot of nut shots, and sexist remarks.

Pairings: Red Team/Ooc/Blue Team

Summary: With a rivalry still going on between Red and Blue, Command Center finally gets fed up and sends in someone to straighten them out. A former Freelancer named Tennessee.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Chapter Eight<em>

\* \* \*

><p>"ARGH! THAT IS IT! I HAVE HAD IT WITH YOU, PEOPLE!"<p>

Everyone grimaced as they watched Ten really flip out on their latest banter against one another. In a way, no one could blame her for getting really angry like she was right now. They had been pushing it, now that they really thought about it. The rivalry between Reds and Blues was just too strong for it to suddenly diminish though.



It all started the very next day; the second day of training. Two days into the training, and already she severely hated the men.

The day started out just like the first day. All of the men, minus Wash, had been asleep and dreaming about being back in Valhalla. Wash had woken up before all of the other men and met Ten outside the room halls. Therefore, he helped her go banging on doors right after the deafening alarms went off. And like the morning before, all of the Reds and Blues exclaimed in alarm when they heard the alarm and both of the former Freelancers flipped on the lights in their rooms. They yelled out at the two but neither one really paid much attention to them. And then it was off to breakfast, which, once again, the Reds and Blues was surprised to find hot breakfast made for them.

Ten lead the men out to do the usual routine as they had the first day. They started out with breakfast and once they were finished, it was jogging around the large yard. Now and then, Church would glance around the walls, looking for the so called guards that he had guessed about. But he didn't see them. Only a few times did he think he caught sight of a shadow on the walls but he never saw who those shadows belonged to.

After the morning routines of a work out, it was off to the Training Sim Room.

Today, Ten decided to try something a little different than before. She uploaded a new simulation for them to work on. It was some kind of shoot out course, which Wash groaned at the very sight and gave her a look.

"You've got to be kidding me. You're using the very same techniques we used in Project Freelance." The former Freelancer remarked dryly.

Ten merely shrugged as she glanced at him as she lead the men out into the simulation room near the many simulated stone walls. She knew what he was talking about and clearly didn't really care how he felt about it. She, instead, looked at the rest of the guys. "Today I want to see how well you guys do in an actual fire fight. I mean, I saw your guys' fake battle scene the very first day. But I really want to see what you really can do." She then walked over to a pair of stone tables, where there were several semi automatics. She noted the uneasy looks that they guys were giving her though and shrugged it off again. "Don't worry. It's not live ammo. These semi automatics are armed with paint balls. Basically, we're running a paintball simulation. We're going to pair up in teams..." She cut herself just to glare at the Reds when they immediately moved over to the side with each other.

It was obvious they were thinking Reds versus Blues.

"I'll put the teams together, if you don't mind. You don't get to choose your teams." Ten said dryly. "It'll be Reds and Blues together in two teams."

And the Reds and Blues groaned at the thought that they had to work with each other again.

"All right." Ten went on after a moment of scolding the men for trying to protest about being put together with their rivals. "Each

team will have four members. Team one will be me, Sarge, Tucker..."

"YES!" cheered the aqua colored Soldier, pumping both fists into the air.

"Shut up, Tucker!"

"And Grif."

"Aw, man. Why do I have to even participate in this shit?"

"Shut up, Grif! Ya think I'm happy having YOU on my team when I'd rather ya be on the other team so I can shoot you?" Sarge scolded him.

Simmons grimaced as he glanced around at his supposedly team mates. He was not happy one bit that he was going to have a bunch of Blues on his team at all. He was basically surrounded by them. "Do I have to be the only Red on this team?" He decided to grumble.

Ten glared at all three of the Reds, and Tucker when he started creeping over to stand right next to her. "Look! Like I said! You guys need to work on your team work! Reds and Blues are on the same team now! I'm not going to go over it again! There's a reason why I put the teams the way I just did! Keep complaining about it, I'll have you run a gauntlet! One just like yesterday's maze, only harder!" She snapped at all of them, quite irritated. "Now, is there any more complaints?"

Now one spoke for a moment, afraid she might just decide to take out her gun and shoot them if they did complain about the team arrangements.

"Um...what about me?" Donut spoke up, surprising everyone. It seemed that the author of this story kept forgetting that he was even there. It just proved that he was rather forgettable, even though his pink armor was what made him the most pointed out person.

"Damn it." Ten groaned dropping her head into her hands. She had almost forgotten about the "light-ish red" armored soldier. She couldn't believe she even let it pass by her. This was so not like her at all to forget about anyone. It made her wonder exactly what he was even doing the first day of training.

...

Scratch that. She didn't want to know.

"Does that mean I can skip out then?" Grif asked, sounding rather excited.

"No!" Ten snapped, giving him a dark look. She didn't want to deal with his complaints right now. "No! You can't skip out! We all have to participate in this thing! It's the only way we can work on our team work!" She then heaved a huge sigh before looking over at the control booth. "Lopez, can you come in here for a moment?" She spoke in Spanish.

A moment's pause before the door opened and Lopez walked into the

simulation room, joining them on the field. \_"Si?"\_

\_ "I know I said that you weren't exactly going to be a part of the team but to be working on a bunch of stuff but I'm afraid I'm going to have to take that back. Would you mind participating?" \_Ten asked, wearily. Lopez murmured something but nodded as he looked from one team to the other. \_"Thank you, Lopez. You can be on Team One with us." \_The Former Freelancer remarked before looking over at Donut. "Donut, you can be on Team Two."

"Oky-dokey!" Donut said, not feeling the least bit of remorse for being on a team nearly full of Blues. Even with Wash and Church giving him looks. Caboose just cheered, seeing that he didn't mind Donut one bit.

Satisfied, Ten nodded before she motioned to all of the men to move over and get their gun and paint ball ammunition. She then instructed Team One was going to be on one side of the paint ball course while Team Two, which she chose Church to be the leader of, much to Wash's and Simmons' annoyance but they knew better than to say anything to the already irritated Agent Tennessee.

Once everyone was in position, there came a loud buzzer and the simulation began.

Unfortunately, it didn't work out how Ten really wanted it to.

On side of the course, Team One; Ten, Sarge, Tucker, Lopez and Grif were trying to come up with a strategy to beat Team Two; Church, Wash, Simmons, Donut and Caboose. But so far, all Sarge talked about was how he just wanted to shoot Grif.

"Damn it, Sarge! We have to work together and get the other team! You're supposed to shoot at them, not Grif, who is on our team!" Ten growled at the Red.

"But what if he gets in the way of my shot and I shoot him in the head by accident? What then?" Sarge tried to sound innocent. Though, he really wanted to get away with that. It was definitely something he wanted to do right now.

Ten groaned and slapped a hand to her helmet, shaking it. She couldn't believe this. She couldn't believe that these guys were just so pig headed in their own desires and such that they just couldn't work together for one simple little simulation.

"Oh yeah! I am so going to rock this thing like I rock the bed! Bow Chicka Wow Wow!" Tucker cheered.

On the other side of the course, Team Two were actually coming up with something to work with; even though they were a little disgruntled about having a Red and a complete flighty Red on their team. Well...not Caboose. He was actually just staring off to the side not paying a single word to what Wash was coming up with about a strategy.

"All right. Church, you flank them on the right. Simmons, you on the left. Caboose...you just stand there and provide as a distraction." Wash simply said. "Donut and I'll go straight through and see if I can't draw their fire a little."

"That is so not going to work. They'll see right through it." Simmons complained.

"Besides, Ten asked me to lead the team, Wash! Not you!" Church added.

Wash sighed heavily and shook his head as he shared a glare with his fellow Blue. "Do you have a better plan then? And besides, I was a Freelancer a lot longer than Ten was. I know what I'm talking about." He argued.

"Um...Church, I have to go to the bathroom again." Caboose added, even though everyone ignored him.

The situation between Wash and Church, however, only caused a bigger argument.

Unfortunately, arguments on both teams went on for a good long ten minutes, and no progress was made whatsoever.

Except for the fact that Sarge had "accidentally" shot Grif in the back of the head with his paint ball gun, just like he predicted that he would. And Ten caught Tucker checking out her ass and when she threatened him about it, he said that was kind of kinky and she could do whatever she wanted to him. And it did not help her nerves when she heard the other team now shouting at each other; mainly it being Wash and Church fighting about whose idea was better than the others. And Simmons was trying to jump in with his own ideas and they were shot down.

"ARGH! THAT IS IT! I HAVE HAD IT WITH YOU, PEOPLE!"

Everyone flinched at the sound of Ten's loud voice and they all looked towards her. They knew they had pushed it with their fights with one another. It had only aggravated her just because they couldn't get along.

"Simulation, shut down!" Ten shouted and the entire arena vanished with a flicker, leaving her with her so called Team and the other Team on the other side of the room. All eyes were on here, obviously. She glared around at all of the men, though they could only feel it through her amber colored visor. "You are all so...so..." She was trying to think of the right word.

"Uh...hot? At least, I'm hot? You think I'm hot, right?" Tucker asked, trying to diffuse the situation.

"FUCKING IMPOSSIBLE!" Ten nearly shouted at them, glaring at him and then at the others. She slammed her fists onto her hips and shifted her weight to one foot. "I can't work with you! How can I when you guys can't put aside your differences and just get along! We're in a war on the same team! But you just can't..." She then threw her hands up into the air before she shook her head rather vigorously. "Fuck this! I AM SO done!"

And then she stomped right out of the room.

Dead silence for a moment as all of the men just stood there; minus Lopez, looking rather dumbfounded.

"Um...was it something I said?" Tucker asked cringing at the very thought.

Wash and Church both heaved sighs and shook their heads as they glanced at one another. They should have seen this coming. Or done something to prevent it. Now, they and the others had done the stupid and pissed off Tennessee. Not exactly the brightest thing to do. Especially when she did have Tex's temper.

\* \* \*

><p>The door slammed open and Ten stormed out of the control booth and made her way down the hall. She was fuming! She just didn't understand how impossible these men were. They were just so full of their own pride that they just couldn't put it aside and work with each other. It was so...irritating.<p>

Growling threats under her breath, Ten stormed to the Communications Room in the base, slamming the door open. If it were possible, there would have been a raging storm cloud right over her head, sprouting vicious lightning bolts and booming thunder.

"Cella!" Ten said sharply to the Communications AI that ran the very room. "Get me the Councilor!"

An AI of a woman in a suit flickered into view on a small holopad near a large vid screen. She quickly bobbed her head in Ten's direction before flickering again just as the vid screen came alive. "Yes, Agent Tennessee. Connecting with the UNSC Command Post 3095 now. It will only take a moment. Please stand by." She said rather calmly.

Ten didn't have to wait long, thankfully.

A moment later, the holographic form of a woman appeared on the screen. She was wearing a white uniform with her dark hair pulled back. She looked...almost nervous for a moment but was doing what she could to keep herself calm. Ten didn't really care very much as it was right at the moment. She didn't even notice.

\_"Agent Tennessee! Wh-what a surprise! What can I help you with?"

—

Ten reached up and unhooked her air decompression before ripping her helmet off to glare right at the woman. This was not who she wanted to talk to. "I want to speak to the Councilor! Right now!" She snarled out.

The woman flinched at her harsh words before quickly shaking her head. \_"I'm...I'm afraid that is not possible right now, Agent! He is...um...busy at the moment. But maybe I can take a message..." \_She was saying.

"No! I need to speak to him right now! Get him on the vid screen! NOW!" Ten barked, knowing that it was her temper that was causing her to yell at the poor woman. But right now, with the mood she was in, she didn't care at the moment.

The woman flinched before she lightly bowed her head. \_"I...uh...will

get you someone to help. Please hold!" \_And she quickly pushed a button.

"DO NOT PUT ME ON HOLD!" Ten snapped but it was too late. She growled before running her fingers through her short strawberry blonde hair as she leaned against the opposite counter. She was so frustrated right now. She was not used to dealing with things like this. Stubborn men who hated each other and couldn't get along. Being put on freaking hold when she needed to talk to the one who even put her on this god damned assignment! This wasn't something she was used to at all!

She couldn't do this. She just didn't have the patience as she used to. It just was not her virtue like it had been. Before all of this crap even happened. Before she even became Agent Tennessee. She barely even remembered how she used to be before all of this happened.

Absorbed into her own thoughts, Ten didn't even realize that a new holographic form flickered into view, watching her for a moment. She didn't even realize she was being watched.

\_"Agent Tennessee, I presume." \_

Ten's head jerked up and she looked at the green lit man on the holopad. She frowned for a moment. This wasn't the Councilor. He looked rather important by the suit he was wearing. But most of all, he looked oddly familiar, as if she had seen him before. But she couldn't quite put her finger...her eyes then lit up and she immediately straightened, saluting the man. She knew very well who this man was. "Mr Chairman!" She immediately stated with all of the respect she could even muster.

\_"At ease, Freelancer." \_The Chairman spoke, though his tone was a little dry. \_"The Secretary told me that you are seeking the Councilor, and weren't being very polite about it." \_

Ten sighed heavily as she leaned against the counter again before shaking her head. She knew that her temper had gotten the best of her and it wasn't exactly the greatest thing to have done. But did the Secretary really have to get the Chairman of the UNSC Over Sight Committee involved with her rude call? "Please forgive me, sir. I'm afraid I'm a little...stressed out right at the moment. I needed to speak to the Councilor about the mission he sent me on." She told him, being a little careful with how she was going to say it.

The old man in the holopad frowned at her before shaking his head. \_"Agent, I honestly don't care how you spoke to the Secretary. As it is," \_He then chuckled dryly. \_"I'm not fond of her either." \_He then looked as serious as before. \_"And I'm afraid I'm not exactly sure what kind of mission you are. The Councilor did inform me about releasing you from the UNSC Detention Facility to train a few of our troops. That's all that he would give me. He didn't tell me where your location is but it is probably best that I do not know right at the moment." \_His face darkened as if he was thinking of something very serious. And he didn't look happy about it. \_"I am afraid you won't be able to speak to the Councilor, Agent Tennessee. He's...been decapitated." \_

It only took about ten seconds for his words to sink in but when they

did, Ten's eyes flashed open and she looked at him in surprise.  
"What? Decapitated...don't you mean...?" She was asking.

"No. I mean exactly what I just said." \_The Chairman spoke seriously before he blew out a sigh and ran a hand over his obvious gray hair.  
\_"26 hours ago, UNSC Command Center 3095 activated an emergency distress beacon and the UNSC High Command Center investigated exactly why they had set it off." \_His aged eyes bored right into Ten's.  
\_"Our Officers we sent to investigate sent back this reported image."  
\_He looked off to the side and pushed a button.

A moment later, an image popped up on the vid screen right next to the holopad. It was not a pretty sight one bit.

It was a picture of a massacre and it had caught Ten's breath in her chest. It was a picture of many bodies lying around in pools of blood. Women and men were scattered everywhere, covered in dried blood.

"Oh, my god." Ten couldn't stop herself from murmuring.

"That is exactly what I said when I saw this picture, Agent." \_The Chairman said wearily once again running his hand over his grey hair.  
\_"There is a body count of fifty. Most of them are merely UNSC scientists, researchers and administers. There were only a few Soldiers among the dead. The scene of the crime reveals that an intruder broke into the Command Center and killed every single man and woman there. There looks like there had been quite the fight, but in the end, it seemed that they failed to stop the intruder." \_He looked right into Ten's eyes. \_"The Councilor is among the dead. But it appears that he had been tortured. We did recover the security data on the attack, so we do know who did it. It was a soldier in dark green armor. We have..." \_

Ten's eyes darkened at the very thought and her head dipped down a little. She didn't need him to tell her who it was. "It was Nebraska." She said, her tone dark.

The Chairman stared at her for a moment before he dipped his head into a nod. \_"I am afraid so. It appears that he was after the Councilor for information. We did not capture the interrogation on verbal record, however. But we did find this." \_He pushed another button and a video clip uploaded right where the picture had been shown to her.

It was a video of the dark green soldier, sitting right in front of the camera. His helmet was on, so no one could see what he looked like. But it was in plain sight that he was covered in speckles of blood after killing a lot of people.

"Greetings. If you are watching this, then you have realized that everyone in this facility has just been killed by me. The reason of this is because someone pissed me off, badly." \_Nebraska spoke, his voice very dark but full of humor. He seemed to be the kind that enjoyed killing way too much. However, as he stopped himself from speaking, he reached down and lift the Councilor into view. The dark skinned man was gravely hurt but still alive. \_"As you see here, I have the Councilor right now. I came here to ask him a simple fucking question and he refused to give me the answer. In fact, he destroyed everything in the computer data base so I didn't go snooping for what

I'm looking for.\_

\_"Now, he has paid quite dearly for his insolence, and he will pay more. But whoever is watching this, maybe you can be more helpful. The certain object that I am looking for is actually a person. A woman, actually. Whoever finds this video is to show her this video. If you don't, then we're going to have problems." \_Neither Ten nor the Chairman could be sure if it was a threat, promise or a bluff. It was probably all three. Thought a threat and a promise were nearly the same when it came to Nebraska. \_"I need Former Freelancer Agent Tennessee to see this video. So do me a favor and show it to her." \_The dark green Freelancer said with dark humor.

By this time, Ten's head was dipped down and her teeth were grinding together. She could not believe this, but she should have expected something like this would have happened. Nebraska was looking for her. And he had gone after the Councilor to find her. Problem was, it seemed that the Councilor had risked his life to make sure that the bastard couldn't find her.

\_"Tennessee," \_Agent Nebraska spoke, almost startling Ten for a moment into thinking he was actually on the line. But it took her a second to remember it was just a recording. She also could see how smug the bastard was. \_"If you see this video, good. This is just a reminder of what is going to happen if you don't reveal yourself to me of your whereabouts soon. What I did to the Councilor, I'm going to do to you worst. He sure did what he could to defy me, however. I'll grant him that." \_His tone took on a very dark humorous tone. \_"No matter how badly I tortured him, he refused to tell me where you were. He even erased your mission log to make sure I didn't find it. But...not before I did catch a certain glimpse of what you were suppose to do." \_He then snorted. \_"I've heard of the Reds and Blues. Who hasn't really? Them and their ridiculous civil war with each other. And now, because of the Councilor's little mishap, I am going to search every single Red and Blue Base to find you. \_

\_"Sooner or later, I will find you. So why don't you make it easier on yourself. Broadcast your whereabouts so I don't have to kill a bunch of innocent Red and Blue Soldiers. That way, it'll be just you that I take care of." \_Nebraska went on. \_"Of course, it'll be fun killing a bunch of idiots fighting each other for a fucking flag. So don't rush it just yet." \_He chuckled darkly. \_"I'm coming for you, Agent Tennessee. And when I find you, I'll make you scream just like that day. You remember, right? Of course, you do. I heard you had nightmares from it for months. I'm so glad that I made the kind of impression on you. But wait till next time." \_

Ten just balled up her fists tightly until the very metal in her armor started digging into her knuckles. She was trembling from mostly rage but also from a spike of fear. If there was one person that really could get to her, it had always been Nebraska.

\_"I'm coming for you, Tennessee. Get ready to scream, long and loud." \_Nebraska said with a cruel laugh before he turned away from the camera and lashed out. There was blade in his hand and it took only a quick swipe to slice through the Councilor's neck, allowing his body to fall to the ground.

Ten tried not to but she flinched from the sight, closing her eyes and turning her head away. She didn't want to see something like



that. It was horrible enough.

\_"As you can see," \_The Chairman spoke up, letting her know that the video feed had ended. He didn't blame her for looking away like she just had. \_"The attacker, Agent Nebraska did quite the monstrosity and we are already taking precautions to avoid this kind of massacre again. We have already dispatched many troops to all of the Reds and Blues bases to inform them of the danger. We, however, are missing two teams. Reds and Blues from Valhalla. So I take it those are the soldiers you were sent to train and ready for what's to come." \_

Ten looked back at him, her face still hard. But she dipped her head into a nod. "Yes, sir. What do you want me to do about this? Inform them to get to a safe house for their own protection?" She couldn't even imagine what would happen to the men if Nebraska came there looking for her.

\_"No. You are to stay right where you are at. We have no record of where you or these soldiers are. The Councilor went through a lot of trouble to even erase your whereabouts, as well as theirs. He knew that Nebraska would be looking for you and would try to look for the men you were sent to train." \_The Chairman told her, firmly. \_"You are not to tell me anything either. It's for your protection and the Soldiers'. We don't want to accidentally let Nebraska to find out we're even having this conversation. You are to continue doing exactly what you're doing now. Prepare them for Nebraska, if you must. Though, after seeing what he did to these people at 3095, I'm afraid for them and yourself. \_

\_"In the mean time, don't contact me or Command again. We could even being monitored as we speak. Nebraska won't be able to track your location right at the moment. We have several AI scrambling the source codes between our communications systems as it is. But we're pretty sure they won't be able to do it again. From this moment on, you and the soldiers are on your own. You cannot afford to contact us again unless it's a REAL emergency. Is that understood?" \_

"Yes, sir." Ten said, completely stonily.

\_"Very well. Then we'll end this call. But before I do, what was the nature of your call? Why were you so upset and wanting to speak to the Councilor? Is there something wrong?" \_The Chairman asked, quite curious.

Ten looked away, her face darkening. She had been so caught up in the moment with Nebraska that she had forgotten that she'd been angry with the Reds and Blues. Now she had a bigger reason to be pissed off. She couldn't find it in herself to stir up the rage and frustration she had for the men right now. So she shook her head. "It's not really important." She lied smoothly. "I was...just making a report of progress to the Councilor. But that seems kind of pointless now, doesn't it?" She asked her tone still dark.

\_"Yes. It kind of is. And what is the progress of the Reds and Blues' training? Are they giving you trouble? I did hear that these particular ones can do that." \_The Chairman said, actually quite amused in fact. So obviously he had heard a little about these Reds and Blues. He, obviously, didn't know that Washington was one of the Blues, though. If he did, he would have been demanding the former Freelancer's location so they could arrest his ass.

In all honesty, Ten knew she should have told the truth. She should have told the Chairman that the Reds and Blues were complete idiots and they just couldn't get along with each other. She should have reported Wash to him. But all she could even muster was shaking her head and saying, "No. No trouble at all. We're doing very well here in our training. They are amazing soldiers and they will do what they can to help out in the war."

"Excellent. Keep up the good work then, Agent. Over and out and do not contact us again." The Chairman told her before cutting the connection.

Once the screen went blank, Ten whirled around with a scream of rage and slammed her fist against the wall. The stone work of the wall crumbled under her fist, leaving only a spider web crater and her knuckles started burning from breaking the skin under the armored fingers. She was sure she might have broken her knuckles just then.

\* \* \*

><p>Storming out of the Communications room, Ten was holding her arm across her chest as she stomped towards the Medical room. She had taken off her armored gloves to check her hand after punching the wall several times. She surprised herself to find that she hadn't broken her knuckles but had cut them to shit. They were bleeding pretty badly. She felt only a little pain but she knew it would be killing her later. But she had other things on her mind right now. She was furious with what happened to the Councilor and what was going on now. She wanted nothing more than to just leave and hunt down Nebraska to kill him. Problem was, even she knew she wasn't a match for him. She didn't like to admit it but she wasn't as strong as most of the Freelancers had been.<p>

"Ten."

Her face fell at the sound of Wash's voice and Ten merely glanced over her shoulder to see that he and Church had come looking for her. She didn't want to deal with them right now. So she dropped her injured hand and turned to walk on.

But Wash hurried forward and caught her by the injured hand and tugged her to a stop. "Hold on, Ten! Let me say something. We were talking with the others..."

Hissing in pain, Ten yanked her arm away from him, covering her broken skin with her other hand. She didn't want him to be messing with her hurt hand right now. Nor did she even want him to know about it so she turned the painful hiss into a growl at him. "Don't fucking touch me, Wash! I'm not in the mood right now!" She snapped before turning to leave.

But this time, it was Church who caught her. He, however, grabbed her arm, lightly pulling her back and snatching her wrist, but being careful about it. He immediately saw the broken and bleeding skin. "Ten! What happened? Why is your hand fucked up?" He demanded.

Ten yanked her arm free again. "Not now, Church." She said darkly but at least hadn't snapped at him like she had with Wash. She turned to

walk on but both of the men blocked her path. She rolled her eyes and gave them a dark but weary look. "Will you two just move?"

"Not until you tell us what happened." Wash said stubbornly. He merely glanced over her shoulder to see the Reds and Blues now coming out into the hall. But he didn't care if they overheard. He just focused on Ten.

Growling in irritation, Ten used her uninjured hand to slap it against Wash's chest and push him to the side to get him out of her way. "I punched a god damned wall, Wash! All right?" She snapped.

"Why?"

"Argh! Because you men are pissing me off! You and the Reds and the Blues! And it didn't help that I just got off a call with the Chairman, himself! Guess what, Wash! The Councilor is dead! Nebraska murdered him and fifty different people just to look for me! All right? That's why I punched the god damned wall and fucked up my hand! Are you happy now? Now leave me the hell alone for a little while! I need some time to think!" She snapped and stormed on without even realizing that she had just blown up on Wash right in front of the Reds and Blues.

There was dead silence.

"What...the...hell..." Grif was saying.

"Just happened?" Simmons finished for him.

Wash and Church watched Ten disappear into the Medical room, slamming the door behind her before they shook their heads. They didn't know what to say to the others. It wasn't their business as it was.

"It was that fucker, Nebraska, wasn't it?" Tucker spoke up, his tone dead. "He's coming for her."

Wash and Church finally looked over their shoulders at the aqua soldier, along with the others being surprised. They shared a glance before they looked back at him and nodded. "Seems like it." The AI container remarked.

Tucker dipped his head down a little but it was clear there was a dark mood surrounding him. "She don't fucking deserve shit like that. He shows up, I'm fucking killing him!" He growled, surprising everyone again before he whirled around and started storming away. And he was gone, going to his room to do whatever.

Everyone stared wide eyes after him.

"What the hell?" Sarge asked, quite bewildered. "What's his problem?"

"What the hell is going on here?" Grif asked before turning to look at Wash and Church. "Okay, you guys know. So spill it."

"It's none of your business, Reds." Church said darkly before he too left.

"Washington! Come on! Just tell us what's going on here!" Simmons stated.

Wash shook his head as he turned away from them. He heaved a sigh, knowing fully well would have happened if he did tell them what the deal was with Ten. "I can't go into details, Reds, because it isn't your business. But let's just say that Nebraska wants to hurt Tennessee really bad for a bunch of shit she and Tex did to him. And he deserved it. Big time. And now, he's hunting for her. And Tucker does have an idea of what's going on. So I'm guessing he's getting a little technical about it." He told them before he left them just standing there.

There was another dead silence.

"Okay. I didn't understand that." Caboose spoke up.

The Reds all looked over at him and shook their heads. "I think you and all of us are in the same boat, Caboose." Sarge remarked. "Didn't get a word of that at all. Something about some Nebraska guy wanting to kill Ten and that's it."

"Whatever it is, it sounds like more work." Grif grumbled.

"Can it, Grif! Whatever it is, we ain't letting this punk ass Nebraska guy get Ten! Got that?" Sarge snapped.

"Yeah, yeah. Whatever." Grif remarked. And he got slapped over the head with Simmons' hand when Sarge signaled to him. "OW!"

## 10. Chapter 9

Title: RVB-Reassemble

Genre: Action/Humor/Romance

Rating: T for strong language, strong violence, crude humor, sexual humor, a lot of nut shots, and sexist remarks.

Pairings: Red Team/Ooc/Blue Team

Summary: With a rivalry still going on between Red and Blue, Command Center finally gets fed up and sends in someone to straighten them out. A former Freelancer named Tennessee.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Chapter Nine<em>

\* \* \*

><p>It was late evening and he still couldn't fall asleep. The day's events had gotten to him and that wasn't a usual thing for him at all. Never had something like this trouble him so badly that it wouldn't let him sleep. It just didn't happen. But for once, Tucker found himself just lying in bed, staring at the ceiling with thoughts of the latest events going through his head.<p>

And all of them were mostly about Tennessee.

Tucker hated the idea that she was a tough shell to crack. He didn't understand her too much other than the fact that she had had a very hard life. She once had a bitch of a sister, who clearly had been extremely protective of her and they were more than likely very close before one of them had joined the Freelancer Project. She probably had been treated like shit and had a nasty encounter with a Freelancer dick head named Nebraska. He honestly wanted to know more but there was no way he could ask her because she would definitely blow him off.

Frustrated, he decided it was time to do something other than just lying there. He really would go mad if he just kept staring at nothing and letting these thoughts go through his head constantly. He needed to get up and take a walk or something.

Getting dressed in his aqua colored armor, Tucker made his way out of his room and started walking the dark halls of the base. He could hear snores coming from behind the other doors. At least they could sleep without troubled thought going through their heads. He envied them for the moment as he just walked right on by. He hesitated for a moment, staring down the women's hall. He knew he shouldn't bother Ten. He wanted to go bug her about a walk but he also knew she'd probably punch him and demand him to get some more sleep.

So he just walked on.

"Might as well see if I can't check out that Training Simulation room some more." Tucker muttered to himself as he patted his energy blade at his waist. He needed more practice with it. He hadn't been able to use it for a while now. He was getting a little rusty with it.

Heading to the Training Simulation Room, Tucker couldn't help but slow his pace because he heard shouts and loud clangs of metal striking against metal. "Huh?" He murmured before picking up his pace and hurrying into the control booth. It was rather dark in there but he was paying more attention to what it was in room.

Inside the room, he saw Ten already training. She was wearing her black track suit, moving around swiftly with her two energy blades in her hands. She was slashing and slicing through the air. She even did a few spins in the air to slash at invisible enemies. What made it strange was it did look like her blades were striking against something. Sparks were actually flying from her blades.

Frowning, Tucker leaned over the control panel, peering at Ten. There was something strange there. He could see something moving right in front of her. There was something almost...invisible...

And then it flickered into view when Ten did a really good flip and kicked at something in front of her and it set off the invisible field.

Tucker's breath caught as he stiffened. He saw the alien that was attacking Ten. He was a big fellow, much bigger than she was. He also had an energy blade in his claws and he was going at her again, slashing at her. It could not be helped that the aqua colored soldier whipped out his own blade and started towards the door. He needed to get in there and help her beforeâ€¦|..

"I would not do that." The voice had come out of nowhere, behind Tucker.

Yelping in alarm, the Blue spun around, raising his energy sword to defend himself if the owner of that voice meant to attack him. His breath caught in his chest again to see a very big alien standing in the darkest corner, his large brawny arms folded across his chest. "Holyâ€|.shitâ€|" He yelped again.

The alien was really big. He definitely towered over Tucker with a few feet above him. He must have been at least almost eight feet tall, his long tube like head dipped down a little making him look a little shorter than he actually was. He was definitely full of muscle and looked strong enough to kill Tucker if he wanted. His nearly midnight bluish-black skin was hidden under silver, scarred armor with black markings all over it. His features were just like all of the aliens Tucker ever met usually were; reptilian yet he had what looked like hooves for feet, which were covered in armor like the rest of him. A handle of an energy blade was resting right on his hip, left alone and not prepped for starting a fight with the Blue soldier. Those nearly glowing yellow eyes were directly on Tucker but relaxed, unlike the human's were.

"Shit!" Tucker yelped for a third time before activating his sword and holding it up. He had no idea where this alien had come from but he was sure that thing was about to attackâ€|.somewhat. He didn't even seem to realize that the large alien wasn't even moving but watching him with his glowing yellow eyes. "How did you get in here?" Tucker demanded, ready to launch forward.

The alien merely watched him, not moving for a long moment before he turned his head and looked over Tucker's protected head into the room. His eyes fell on Ten, who was oblivious to what was going on in the control booth. She was still fighting that alien in the room, who was moving in rhythm with her and meeting her melee attacks. "We have been training her with her blades. He is her Energy blade instructor. His name is Tolk'en." He spoke in a clear, calm voice.

Startled, Tucker stared back at him with hidden wide eyes before he slowly relaxed. He wasn't picking up a threat from this alien. But what surprised him the most was how he was even speaking. "Youâ€|.you know English?" he asked, not hiding his alarm.

The large alien looked back at him for only a brief moment before nodding and looking back into the Training Simulation room with Ten and the alien he claimed to be called Tolk'en. "Our kind studied human languages a millennia ago. We just don't use it very often. I have known the human language of English for decades now." He explained.

Narrowing his eyes, Tucker lowered his sword arm and tilted his head to the side. "Soâ€|.you must one of the aliens that Tennessee told us about the first day. What's your name then?" He asked, curiously.

"Baralai." The alien spoke looking back at Tucker. "I have been here for a while now. Living amongst the humans, in some way. My Elites and I have been known by the human government for some time. We do what we can to help humans understand our species. Ten," He motioned

to the former agent inside the room. "Has treated us like equals, unlike many of the humans. We call her friend and in return for her respect to us, we train her in our ways. She is in no danger with Tolk'en."

"Uh-huhâ€¦and what if that Nebraska guy shows up?" Tucker asked carefully. He was curious to know what this guy knew and what he would do.

Baralai met Tucker's gaze with a lazy but stern look. "We are willing to die for her. If Agent Neb comes for her, myself and my team are willing to die for her. Now, are you and your fellow humans willing to do the same?" he challenged.

Tucker shrugged as he finally deactivated his Energy sword and put it back against his hip. "Wellâ€¦..me, personally? Yeah, sure. I mean, I am a lover of women and all. I won't let any girl be in danger like that. Men who think they can hurt women are pigs. So, yeah. I'd die for Ten." He admitted.

Huffing with amusement, Baralai unfolded his arms and lifted his head. He definitely towered over Tucker by a good solid three feet. "We shall see then." He remarked.

Again, Tucker narrowed his eyes at the alien before shifting his weight in a curious way. "Soâ€¦..how come we don't ever see you guys? We've been here for days now. And not once have we seen you." He remarked right back, folding his arms and studying Baralai. "Why have you been hiding from us?"

"If we had showed ourselves to you and your team the first day, what would have been your reaction to us?" Baralai asked, almost dully.

Tucker grimaced. He knew exactly what would have happened. He and the others probably would have freaked and started shooting at the aliens. "Uhâ€¦"

"That is why." Baralai said, with amusement. "As for how we've been hiding from your eyes, we have a Camouflage unit in our armor that allows us to become invisible. And yes, much like Agent Tex's enhancement unit in her armor. In fact, your human technology scientists built the invisible units from our own technology."

"Really? Cool!"

Baralai huffed in amusement again. "Yes, I suppose it is amazing to your kind to learn that your technology comes from our technology. We are here. We stay hidden from you but we watch from the shadows. We are always watching yourself and your team. So we know what has been going on here."

"Okay, dude. That's actually kind of creepy." Tucker said with a shudder.

A chuckle escaped from Baralai and the grin on his face seemed even creepier to Tucker, who shuddered again. That was definitely not a pleasant thing to see or even hear. But none the less, the conversation between Tucker and Baralai continued as they watched Ten

train with the other alien inside the Training Simulation.

\* \* \*

><p>The very next day was completely different from what everyone was even expecting. It had started out just like usual; at 0500 hours like the mornings before with Ten setting off the alarms and she and Wash went banging on the doors. It surprised both of them, however, that Tucker had come out of his room before they could even knock on his door. And it seemed that Church and even Sarge and Simmons were catching onto the usual morning routine because they came out, fully dressed the second that Ten and Wash knocked on their doors.<p>

Grif, however, and even Caboose took some time to waking up.

After wake up call, everyone had their usual hot breakfast and then they went out for morning jogging around the yard. Only this time, Caboose lasted about twenty laps before he ended up collapsing. It was an improvement, however and even Ten stated that she was proud of him for lasting longer than he usually did.

However, the Reds and Blues noticed that Tucker was constantly looking around at the walls as they were jogging and even waved now and then. It was like he was greeting someone. But when the others looked, they saw nothing.

"Dude, what are you waving at?" Grif asked finally as he jogged up to Tucker during the fiftieth lap.

Tucker glanced back at him before shrugging as if it was no big deal whatsoever. "I'm just saying hi to them." He remarked lightly.

"Huh? Hi to who?" Simmons asked, confused.

Again, Tucker shrugged. "Hi to whoever is watching us right now." He answered.

Grif and Simmons gave him a weird look, while Wash, Church and Sarge frowned at him. "Tucker, I think you've been hanging out with Caboose way too long. You're starting to act just as weird as he is." The maroon colored soldier said, leaning slightly away from the Blue.

"Oooh! I bet it's the fairies! Is it the fairies, Tucker? I see the fairies too! But they look different than they do from the books! They look kind of scary looking but they seem nice! They try to smile at me, even though they fail." Caboose called from where he was sitting.

Everyone ignored him.

But Ten was frowning as she glanced over her shoulder at the men from up ahead before she let her eyes trail towards one of the walls. She frowned directly at a certain spot before shaking her head. She had a feeling that she knew exactly who Tucker was talking about and she wasn't amused. But she figured that it was time to up the training a little.

Getting to the Training Simulation Room, everyone found that the same



paint ball sim was set up and waiting for the Reds and Blues. A large counter was set up with the same guns and paintball ammo was waiting for them.

However, there seemed to be a lot more guns waiting for them. Some of those paintball guns looked almostâ€¦like alien weaponry.

"All right. We're picking up where we left off yesterday." Ten explained as she folded her arms over her armored chest. She shifted her weight as she studied the men, a slight smirk on her face. It was almost kind of scary seeing that smirk on her face. "I will admit it that it was my fault. I shouldn't have lost my temper like had I had. So I apologize. I was just really frustrated yesterday and it wasn't fair to you guys." She stated.

"Ah, that's okay, Ten! We were kind of pissing you off. So the blame sort of goes to us too." Tucker piped up, smiling at her.

The other Reds and Blues stared at him with dull looks.

"Look who's being a kiss ass now." Simmons murmured.

"Shut up, kiss ass!"

"You're a kiss ass!"

"Yeah, at least I'm a kiss ass to Ten. Not a kiss ass to another guy like Sarge! That's just gay, dude!"

"Okay!" Ten had to say loudly, her eyes rolling. She was in a better mood but not good enough to listen to Tucker and Simmons go on about who was a kiss ass and who wasn't. It was kind of annoying. "Anyway, today is going to be really different. All of you, Reds and Blues, are working together as one team. You get to face me and my team. If you beat us, you get a day off tomorrow."

Everyone froze to hear that, though Tucker's head really came up.

"Uh, your team? Whose on your team today? What do you mean the Reds and Blues are one team?" Church asked frowning. "Are we switching or something?"

"Nope. You get to work together; Reds and Blues. And you get to face my team. I think it's time to show you, men, that I am being very serious with this training. So I took the liberty to get a little help with your training. These guys are professionals and they have seen the actual war between humans and the Covenant. To beat us, you better have a good strategy to beat us because this training is about to get tougher."

"Butâ€¦all of us against you? That's almost insane, Ten! Who is your damn team?" Wash demanded.

Smirking coyly at him, Ten began walking backwards, several feet away from the men. She shook her head before raising her arms in a "ta-da" way. "This is my team." She told them.

Suddenly the air all around her began to flicker before the camo shields fell and revealed her team, causing many of the men to

exclaim in surprise and jump backwards.

"Holy shit!"

"What the fuâ€¦! Where did they come from?"

"Ahhhh! Aliens!"

"It's just the fairies."

"Oh! Hey, Baralai! I knew she was talking about you." Tucker stated, waving at the largest alien of the group.

Slowly, all heads turned and they looked right at Tucker as if he was crazy. Ten rolled her eyes before turning and giving the huge alien beside her a look, which he gave her a shrug as if he had done nothing wrong. She did not look amused, while he did look amused. But it sure confused everyone else. They were look at Tucker with alarm and the aqua clad soldier noticed.

"What?" Tucker asked as if he was being accused.

"Uhâ€¦..Tucker, you know these guys?" Simmons asked uneasily pointing at the aliens.

Tucker shook his head before he pointed at the largest alien. "Just Baralai. I met him last night cause I couldn't sleep. He's totally cool. He told me a bunch of stuff and all. Likeâ€¦.." He thought for a second before clicking his fingers. "Oh, yeah! You know Tex's old enhancement unit from her suit? Well, the camo invisible armor idea came from these guys' own technology! We, the humans, just stole it from them, or more like borrowed it. Something like that." He said brightly.

"Really?" Simmons asked, now sounding interested. "What else did you learnâ€¦?"

"Okay, you know what, Bear. I am not even going to ask what you and that perve boy even talked about." Ten said dryly looking up at the towering alien.

Baralai chuckled as he looked down at her before he offered a shrug again. "Well, for starters, he tried asking about you. But I didn't tell him anything. He tried prying but I did not relent." He told her.

"Dude! You said you wouldn't tattle tale!"

Again Baralai chuckled as he looked over at Tucker. "Yes. But I also said that I wouldn't lie either. But then again, I can never do that to her. Get over it." He told the Blue.

"Hold the damn minute!" Sarge barked out, waving his hands in the air to get everyone's attention. He was looking directly at Ten as if she was crazy. "You want us to kill a bunch'a aliens during this training session?"

All of the aliens looked over at him and in unison, they all chuckled, which really creeped out the Reds and Blues. Baralai almost smirked at him, which was not a pretty picture at all. "You can at

least try and kill us, human." He offered. "But I don't think you will succeed."

Ten shook her head as she folded her arms over her chest again. "No one is killing anyone here. We're training together. Like it or not, guys, your team work really needs work. Things are getting pretty serious out there. And we need to work on your team work if we want to beat this whole thing. Now I am giving you a reason to act like a team. You're fighting aliens and you're fighting me. Don't like it, tough! Because once we begin, these guys are under orders to not take it easy on you. And we begin right now." She stated before she snatched a gun off the counter, with the aliens and they all dashed away quickly.

"Shit! We need to move!" Wash said as he quickly grabbed a gun and dashed towards the opposite side of the arena.

"Hey! Who made you the leader?" Grif called after him, not moving unlike the others were doing.

Splat!

A paint ball hit the orange colored soldier in the back of the head, sending him flying to the ground with a yelp. And it wasn't the only paint ball that had come flying out from behind the pillars. Several paintballs were flying out at the others. The Reds and Blues had no choice but scatter and quickly follow after Wash.

It became rather interesting after that.

\* \* \*

><p>The Reds and Blues began to hurry past pillars, trying to hunt down the aliens and shoot them with the paint. But it was not easy for them at all. The aliens were really hard to even find. And they were clearly better at hunting down their opponents than the Reds and Blues were. They shot each and every one of the men from all over. And none of the men could hit the aliens or Ten.<p>

The aliens just were a little too fast for them. And too good.

No matter how hard they tried, none of the Reds and blues could hit their opponents. It was just a surprise that Ten was almost as fast as the aliens were. And her team work with the aliens were really good. They coordinated with each other perfectly.

After being hit several times, the Reds and Blues finally regrouped on the other side of the arena to figure out a plan to work with.

"Okay, guys. This isn't working. We need a good, solid plan to beat Ten and the aliens." Wash stated.

"No, you think, Blue?" Sarge asked sarcastically. "Not only are we all covered in paint, but we were doing on purpose."

Wash groaned and shook his head. The sarcasm from Sarge wasn't helping at all. At this rate, they weren't getting anywhere. "Okay, you know what? This is exactly what Ten was talking about! We're a team now, get over it, Sarge! Now if we want to beat Ten and her

team, we need work together! So let's work together to get a good plan!" He grumped at the Red Commander.

"Hey, I kind of have a plan." Tucker said, raising a hand.

"Any ideas?" Wash asked, shooting Tucker a look.

"I have a plan!" Tucker said, giving the look right back.

"You asking Ten out isn't going to work, Tucker. Now does anyoneâ€¦" Wash said dryly.

Tucker glared at the former Freelancer. "I wasn't going to ask her out, dumb ass! I mean, in a way, yes I was but no! I meant, I can try distracting Ten! Get her attention on me while you guys go around and look for the aliens! It's this whole thing that Baralai told me last night. They have thisâ€¦..certain code. We take out their leader, we win. They'll surrender to us."

"Uhâ€¦okay. That is actually not bad." Simmons stated, looking at Tucker with alarm with everyone else. "Soâ€¦..who'd be the leader?"

"Baralai, of course!" Tucker said with a big grin. "He told me he's the leader of his group, so it's gotta be him! You find Baralai, hit him with a paint ball, the other aliens will stop and surrender to us. Ten won't have a choice but to surrender when they do."

"Yeah, but it seems like Ten calls the shots on this team. So how do we know that she's not their leader?" Simmons asked, but sounding like he liked the idea. In fact, everyone surely did.

"So, we take them both out!" Sarge said, the idea dawning on him.

Everyone thought more about it and it did sound like a good idea. It was the only one they have right now. It did make sense, which was surprising. Especially coming from Tucker.

"Okay. I think that will definitely work. But to add on it a little, we'll need more than one distraction." Church stated. "Tucker can distract Ten while being himself." He added rolling his eyes, and followed by everyone else. "But for the othersâ€¦." He cut himself off as he and the others looked right at Caboose.

"Why is everyone suddenly looking at me? Is there someone behind me?" The dark blue soldier turned to see if there was someone there. "Oh! Is that person invisible?" He gasped now spinning back to look at the others. "Is it a ghost like Church? Is it a scary ghost? Like Church? Or is it the fairies? Do you see the fairies?"

"Perfect." Wash said with a chuckle. "I have an idea."

\* \* \*

><p>It was really unsettling for a long moment as the aliens began creeping around. There were two of them together, looking around corners and waiting for paint balls to come flying at their heads. But nothing. They couldn't even hear the humans.<p>

For a few minutes, these two had been listening and waiting to hear one of the obscene shouts of one of the Reds and Blues but they didn't hear anything. They eventually went looking for someone and they found one all right. They found one of the Blues just standing right in front of a stone pillar, staring at it.

Immediately, both jumped out and shot Caboose, who didn't flinch at all. He just stood there, staring at the wall.

Glancing at one another, the two aliens slowly went over, keeping their paintball guns trained on Caboose and looking around for some sort of trap. They really didn't see anything. And they certainly didn't feel like this was any kind of trap. So they looked back at Caboose, who didn't even seem to notice them.

"Hey, human." One of the aliens spoke in clear English. "Why aren't you running away or shooting at us?"

Caboose didn't even look at them but continued to peer at the stone wall. "They told me that there's a fairy in this wall. So I'm waiting for it to come out." He said in a dead tone. "They said if I move away from this spot or look away from it, the fairy will get away. And I want to see it. So I'm not moving."

Both aliens could only stare at Caboose in bewilderment. They honestly didn't have a clue of what he was talking about.

\* \* \*

><p>"AHHHHH! SARGE! KNOCK IT OFF!" Grif yelled as he ran away from the Red Commander, who was firing his paint balls at him.<p>

"Hold still, Grif! This'll be my only chance to get to kill you and not actually kill you but shoot you over and over again!" Sarge yelled as he chased after the orange colored soldier.

"Fuck! I hate this plan!" Grif groaned as he tried dodging around a stone pillar only to have to run the other way when Sarge ducked around the wall and tried to shoot him again.

The alien stood right next to Simmons, watching as the two ran back and forth and in circles. He had caught them doing that a few minutes ago and he couldn't help but stare at them in bewilderment. He had never really seen anything like this before. So for a few long minutes, he was watching as Sarge chase Grif around, trying to shoot him and yelling obscenities when he missed.

"God damn it, Grif! Hold still!"

"NO!"

The alien turned his head and looked down at Simmons, who was watching just as he was. "Are they always like this?" He finally asked in a deep voice.

For a moment, Simmons actually looked surprised that the alien was even talking to him in English. But after registering his question, he snorted and bobbed his head. "Worst. Sometimes Sarge uses live ammo on him." He explained and then began explaining a few scenarios that was just like this one.

"Really?" The alien asked surprised after Simmons told him about one time Sarge tried to shoot Grif and got pissed off when he moved.  
"Should you not try to stop him from harming your team mate."

"It's funner to just watch them go at it."

"Oh."

\* \* \*

><p>"Hey, what's wrong with this one? He's been just standing there for about five minutes now." One alien remarked to another as they both stared at a very still cobalt colored Blue soldier.<p>

"I don't know. I think he's dead. It doesn't look like he's breathing." The other said, staring at the very still Church.

The two aliens had come across Church just standing still like a statue about five minutes ago. They had shot at him and hit him but he didn't do anything. They had watched him for a few minutes before moving over to where he was standing, still staring at him. But he hadn't even moved.

Church just didn't move one bit.

"Do you think he might have gone into armor lock?" The first alien asked.

"I don't think so. Then we'd be seen the after affects of the lock down. Static electricity would be running all over his body. He's just standing there." The other said before he reached over and lightly shook Church. "Hey, human. What's...whoa!" He yelped when Church just fell over as if he really was dead.

"What did you do?" The first gasped, sounding as if he had had the air knocked out of him. "Did you...gggeerrrrk!" He suddenly cut off, giving a jerking twitch. "Whoa! What a rush!"

The second alien gave the first a look of concern and bewilderment. He hadn't seen exactly what happened but he had heard him make the strangest sound. Not to mention, his voice...seemed kind of off. It didn't sound like it normally would. "Jak'al? Are you all right?"

"Huh? Oh...uh...yeah! I'm feeling great! Why? Do I sound kind of weird? I mean...uh...so, how's the weather been, huh? Totally sunny and nice, huh? Been kind of hot and all."

The second alien just stared at the first, tilting his head to the side. Yeah, something definitely was off with his companion's voice. He sounded almost...human. But that was impossible. Right? Since when did Jak'al ever sound like a human? Or was twitching like he was having a fit like right now?

\* \* \*

><p>"I, like, totally said to Simmons and Grif that my armor is not pink! It's light-ish red!" The Red went on and on to the alien, who was staring at him as if he was dumbest person ever. He held up his

arms and did a quick spin. "What do you think? It looks light-ish red, right? You don't think it looks pink, do you?"<p>

"Uh..." The alien could only muttered, unsure of what to even say about this obvious vain human. He didn't know what he could say to the human about his armor. In his honest opinion, he didn't even know what the color pink was.

\* \* \*

><p>It took a little while to even find her but he finally spotted her hiding behind a pillar, looking off as if she was searching for something. She was probably looking for Wash. Which was not surprising at all.<p>

"Hey, Ten!"

Startled, Ten whirled around, bringing up her paintball gun to fire at who had just intruded on her. The paint round merely missed Tucker's head as he quickly whipped his head back around the pillar he had been behind. She frowned at him before she ducked around her own pillar.

"Hey, Ten! Can I talk to you a sec?" Tucker called from behind his pillar.

Again, Ten frowned before she glanced back around the pillar. "We're in a fire fight, Tucker! We don't have time to talk! Can it not wait!" She yelled back at him.

Suddenly, something came scuttling across the ground. She gave a jerk for a second to go back behind the pillar but frowned in bewilderment when she saw that it was a paint ball gun. She looked at the gun before looking back at the corner to see the aqua soldier peering carefully back at her. He raised both hands and came out when he saw her looking.

"What the hell are you doing?" Ten demanded as she finally stepped out, pointing her gun at him.

"Surrendering." Tucker simply said.

Staring at him with alarm, Ten shook her head. She couldn't believe him at all. "There isn't any surrendering at all in this training simulation, Tucker." She said dryly as she stepped closer to him.

"Well, I am. I just can't help it. You got me so wrapped around finger, baby." Tucker said in his flirtatious way.

"Oh, my god! Are you serious, Tucker? You're flirting with me again! God, what is wrong with you?" Ten groaned before she planted her helmet into her hand. She just could not believe him for one second. Even in the middle of a training session, he just wouldn't give it up.

"Hey, I'm totally serious about you! Bow chicka wow wow...OW!" Tucker yelled when Ten pointed her gun at him without even looking at him and shot him in between the legs, leaving a splatter of purple paint there.

"God. You moron." Ten remarked before she turned and started to walk away.

Ten grimaced before quickly pushing himself to his feet. "Wait a second, Ten!" He hurried after her, waving his hands at her to make her stop. "Ten, come on! I'm not a bad guy like..." He cut himself off, knowing better than to go on with that. "Give me a chance, baby!"

Ten whirled around before reaching up and hitting the decompression release to her helmet. She ripped her helmet off, allowing her strawberry locks to fall around her rather sweaty brow and glare right at Tucker. Holding her helmet under her arm and against her hip, she shifted her weight impatiently. "He told you didn't he?" She asked in a rather calm way.

"Uh..."

"Wash told you what Neb tried to do me, didn't he?" Ten asked in a very dark tone.

Tucker cringed away a little but didn't say anything. He couldn't stop the groan from escaping him before he froze. Something she had just said had caught his attention. "Wait...tried? You mean he didn't..."

Impatiently Ten jerked her head away from him and dropped her hand with her helmet. "Look, it's none of your business or even Wash's! But no! Neb didn't rape me! All right? He tried to, but he didn't even get a chance because Tex walked in right while it was happening! And then both of us kicked the shit out of him until it nearly killed him!" She said angrily before she looked back at Tucker. "Wash has a big mouth, Tucker! You can't always believe what he says! Especially when he doesn't know jack! He only thought he knew because Neb bragged about it, even while he was being charted away off to prison for what he did to me!"

"â€|oh."

Rolling her eyes, Ten quickly put her helmet back on and turned away with a stomp. "Look, Tucker. Just leave me alone, all right? Don't flirt with me anymore! I'll admit it, you're cute but I have a lot more things to worry about besides flirting back with some perverted ladies man!" She growled.

Tucker's head came up a little while under his helmet, his eyes had lit up while a smile was slow to follow. "Soâ€|.you think I'm cute?" He asked dawning before pumping his fist into the air. "Bow chicka wow wow!"

"Oh, my god." Ten groaned as she shot him a look, shaking her head. "Get it out of your mind, you dork! I'm not interested, all right? Now we have a training session to finish! So pick up your gun and start running because I'm going to shoot you in about ten seconds!" She warned him.

"Oh, come on, Ten. I'm not gonna run from you! I'm going to run to you! Bow chicka wow wow!"



"Ten." She began a countdown in a growl. "Nine."

"I'll let you shoot me, you know? I'd do anythingâ€¦" Tucker said, with a grin.

"Eight. Seven." Ten growled louder and sounding more irritated.

"Oh, come on! Can't we just start out as friends, then?" Tucker protested, raising his hands and taking a step back as she began to advance on him with her gun raised. "And then you'll see that I'm not like that fuck head, Nebraska!"

"Six." Ten growled again before shaking her head and getting a little flustered at the very thought. She sighed impatiently before she stiffened as if she noticed something. She stood there staring at Tucker before making another irritated sound and a half snort. "Tucker, I don't have friends and I don't need friends. The only friend I even want is right behind you, getting ready to shoot you in the head. Right Baralai?"

Tucker stiffened before he slowly turned around to see that Baralai was towering right behind him, smirking down at him as he raised a paint ball gun to shoot. "Oh, fuck me." The aqua soldier groaned, cringing.

Just then, Wash came running around a pillar, tossing a paint ball gun through the air towards Tucker. "Hey! Tucker! Catch!" He yelled all the while bringing up his own gun to shoot at Baralai.

Hearing his voice, Baralai spun away from Tucker, dodging to the side just as the paintball came flying at him. He swung his gun around to shoot right back, ignoring the yelp from Tucker as the paintball and the gun caught him in the chest.

But nonetheless, Tucker managed to fumble with the gun, catching it into his hands before whirling around to face Ten. He froze when he found the nozzle of her gun nearly pressed against his visor. "Oh, crap. That was such a good plan too." He groaned.

And then his vision was obscured by paint as he was shot point blank by Ten.

The game was now over.

\* \* \*

><p>It seemed that Wash hadn't seen the other alien that been tracking his every movement from the beginning and had been shot from behind. He had, however, manage to get Baralai, which had set the game to end. The end result was all of the Reds and Blues were covered in paint, moping a little for they had lost the game. Still, it did have the effect that Ten seemed to have been looking for in the beginning.<p>

"Not bad." The former Freelancer remarked as she watched the play back on the screen. She and all of the men and aliens were cramped in the control booth, watching the entire training session on the control screen. She watched as the Reds and Blues came up with a plan to separate most of the aliens and distract them while Wash and Tucker worked together to try and take out Ten and Baralai. T

On the screens, it had showed Caboose distracting the two aliens by just being himself.

Sarge, Simmons and Grif had distracted another alien by allowing the Red Commander chase after his orange clad soldier around, trying to shoot him.

Donut had been going on and on about his armor color and simple stuff with another alien, who looked like he had wanted to shoot himself by the end of the training.

Lopez and another alien had been having a shootout with other, which was pretty good and it did end with the dark clad robot actually making the only shot for the Reds. He had outsmarted the alien and managed to knick him.

Church had actually left his own body and invaded one of the other aliens' body to distract another. And it surprised everyone that he managed to do that.

And as the end result, Tucker and Wash had somewhat worked together to try and get Ten and Baralai.

But the point had been that they had actually worked together and formed a pretty good plan to take out their opponents. So Ten did finally have to admit that she was impressed with their strategy. Even Baralai had voiced his impression on the matter. The former Freelancer looked over her alien companion and snorted with amusement as he was trying to pick at the paint on his armor to get it off. "And you actually shot Baralai. That does not happen very often. Even I had a hard time in paint ball training to shoot him." She looked over at Wash, who was completely covered in paint and looking pretty sour about the fact. "Looks like you still got it then, Wash. That was your idea, right?"

"Not really." Wash said moodily. "It was more Tucker's idea. He was just going to go with distracting you while we hunted down Baralai, since he's suppose to be the leader of the aliens. We just worked in a few more things from there."

"Okay, can we please cut it out with the whole alien thing?" One of the reptilian beings remarked dryly. "We are called something else, you know?"

No one really paid him any mind.

Ten just switched her attention to Tucker, who had his helmet in his lap and was trying to peel off the paint from his visor. When he noticed her looking at him, he smiled cheekily and waved at her. "À|" The former Freelancer hummed before she glanced back at Wash. "Well, okay. I think we can cut a break for now. Then after lunch, we'll get back to training. We still have a lot of work to do." She told everyone before turning away.

Grif groaned loudly, while everyone shrugged. They didn't care either way.

"Yea! I'm hungry!" Caboose cheered already booking it towards the door. But everyone ignored him too as they started towards the

door.

"Oh! Before I forget," Ten added, making everyone pause. They turned to look at her before they flinched when she fired her paint ball gun directly at Wash, making him yelp and then drop down to the ground, holding his gonads with a squeak, for that was where she shot him. Only this time, her gun had had a pretty good kick to it. She walked over and stood over her fellow former Freelancer, glaring darkly at him. "That is for telling Tucker about what Neb TRIED to do to me, you asshole. Keep your big mouth shut next time!" She growled before tossing the gun onto the counter and turned away. She was out the door before anyone could even ask what the hell that was about.

"Uhâ€¦"

\_"Whatâ€¦?" \_

"What just happened?"

"I think Ten just shot Wash in the balls, sir."

"Oh, good observation, Sherlock!"

"Shut up, Grif!"

"Make me, Simmons!"

Every head turned to Tucker as he snorted and started towards the door. "Hey, Tucker. What did Wash say to you about Ten that pissed her off?" Simmons asked, frowning.

Again, the aqua clad soldier shook his head as he tucked his helmet under his arm. He paused only for a second to shoot, "None of your business, Red. Wash shouldn't even have told me. Believe me, she shot me too." He remarked indicating to the paint covering his cod piece.

"Uhâ€¦..yo-you wouldn't shut up! Why'dâ€¦.you have to go tell Ten that I told you?" Wash croaked as he pushed himself to his feet, yet stood bent over.

"I didn't tell her, Wash! She sort of guessed! She's not stupid, you know." Tucker said dryly.

"I never said she was."

Tucker shrugged as he gave him a pointed look. "Well, it's obvious that she thinks that you think she is, Wash. Maybe that's why she doesn't like you." He said darkly before walking right out of the room to go to the mesh hall.

There was a long silence.

"What the hell?" Grif remarked in bewilderment. "Did Tucker just tell off Wash?"

"Who cares? I just want to know what Wash said to Tucker to piss Ten off." Simmons said before looking over at Wash. "Come on, man. What did you say to Tucker? What did that guy, Neb do to Tenâ€¦" He was

saying.

Wash shot him a look as he waddled a little towards the door. "Screw it. I am not risking to get shot in the balls again. You want to know, ask her." He said darkly. And then he was out of the room.

There was another long silence before the rest of the Reds and Blues looked over at Baralai, who was smirking and shaking his head. It was obvious that he knew what was going on. So Sarge went over and lightly nudged the large being with his elbow. "Soâ€¦..you know what they're talking about, right?" He gruffed.

Baralai shook his head as he unfolded his brawny arms and head towards the door. "I do. And I am afraid I cannot share the information, Sarge. But I will tell you this, there is another reason why Ten does not like Washington. He is the reason why she never officially became a Freelancer. And of course, Alpha," He looked over at Church, who cringed a little. "And Alpha is the reason why she did become a side Freelancer."

All of the Reds looked at Church with alarm. "What? Church? So you did know Ten too? What happened then? Come on! Tell us!" Grif tried to pry.

Church looked very hesitant, scratching at the back of his helmet, even though it wasn't really doing anything. "Wellâ€¦..I shouldn't even talk about it. Ten'll get pissed." He remarked.

"Oh, come on, Blue! What happened? How do you even know Ten? What's her story?" Simmons tried to pry this time.

Grimacing from under his helmet, Church shook his head. "I'm not going to tell you everything, all right? I do that, Ten would rip me a new one. Butâ€¦..I don't think she'll care if I told you how I even first met her and Tex. That's really not much of a secret, actually." He explained before shrugging and starting to walk with the Reds. "Okay. It's kind of like this. It was about nine years ago, or something like thatâ€¦"

## 11. Chapter 10

Title: RVB-Reassemble

Genre: Action/Humor/Romance

Rating: T for strong language, strong violence, crude humor, sexual humor, a lot of nut shots, and sexist remarks.

Pairings: Red Team/Ooc/Blue Team

Summary: With a rivalry still going on between Red and Blue, Command Center finally gets fed up and sends in someone to straighten them out. A former Freelancer named Tennessee.

Warning: Spoiler Alert! If you haven't seen Season Nine yet, just be warned that there's a slight spoiler in here. Just so that you're warned now.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Chapter Ten<em>

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>Mother of Invention-Project Freelancer Mobile Command Center<em>\*\*

\_Nine Years Ago\_

"Hey, Wash. Wait up!"

Agent Washington turned around when he heard a familiar voice call after him. He was not surprised to see one of his good friends, Agent North Dakota hurrying after him. It had been a little while since they had seen each other. Both of them had been rather busy with their missions and such.

"Listen," North Dakota began as he walked beside Washington. "I heard you had a meeting with Internals."

"Oh, you did?" Washington asked quite surprised. He didn't think anyone would have heard about it. No one was suppose to know that he had been talking to the higher ups about everything that was going on.

North Dakota nodded as he reached over and nudged his fellow Freelancer. "Yeah, do you mind if I ask what it was about?" He asked, sounding a little worried.

Washington pulled a face but shook his head as he looked away from him. "Hmâ€|not really supposed to talk about that." He openly admitted. He knew that if he would have, he would have gotten into trouble. And that was the last thing he wanted right at the moment.

"Help me out hereâ€|.." North groaned giving Wash's arm another nudge. "I'm still getting heat about using equipment in the field." He said, somewhat smugly as he turned away from his fellow Freelancer. He knew that it was just going to egg Wash on to asking about it.

"You did?" Wash asked spinning around to look at his friend with surprise. Really? Without a pipeline back to the Command Server?"

Bingo.

Grinning under his helmet, North turned with a shrug and a nod. He loved getting under Wash's skin with his awesomeness. "I had to improvise. We had a problem." He stated.

Wash snorted as he turned with his friend and started walking again. He had a feeling he knew exactly what he was talking about. He and everyone else knew exactly how a certain twin sister of North's was such a loose cannon. It was amazing that she was even still alive. "Let me guess," He paused for an effect. "Are you related to the problem?" He asked in a teasing way.

North held up his hands with a short chuckle. "Okay, now I don't wanna talk about it." He said sharing a light laugh with Wash.

Wash hummed after a moment before shaking his head and looked over at North with a frown under his helmet. "Equipment in the field. Y'know, don't forget what happened to Utah during training. You're lucky it didn't kill you." He told him.

"If I was lucky," North remarked with a short huff. "I wouldn't have needed to use it at all."

Wash shrugged, seeing his point. He knew very well that all of these enhancements were just special tools, a way of hiding a good soldier's true potentation. "Well, you can relax. Internals didn't ask about you." He frowned as he glanced over his shoulder when he heard running. He saw a few OSTs hurrying past him and North, seemingly in a hurry. He frowned but didn't question of why they were running. "It was something else, lots of questions about insurrection and transmissions coming out of our..."

Just then, someone bumped into his arm, knocking him forward a little. The soldier who had done it, stumbled a little before whirling around as if to demand an apology from who had been in his way but he immediately stopped when he saw that it was one of the Freelancers. "Sorry, sir!" He immediately stated.

Wash frowned at him before looking forward where some of his pals were calling back to him to hurry it up before diving around a corner. "Hey, what's going on?" He looked at the soldier who bumped into him. "Soldier, where is everybody running to?" He asked firmly.

The soldier tossed his hand over his shoulder as if pointing something out. "New agent squaring off against Maine, Wyoming and York on the training room floor. We're going to watch!" He turned quickly and began running again. "Hey, guys, wait up!" He called after them as he went.

There was a brief pause between Wash and North as they stared after him before looking at one another. "Three on one?" It was the latter to ask.

"I gotta see this." Wash stated, already moving.

North nodded quickly as he followed after him. "Yeah, right behind you."

Both hurried down the hall towards the training room to watch this so called new Agent. They were definitely curious to see what the new guy was even made out of. They could only hope that he was good because squaring off with York, Wyoming and Maine at the same time? That was talking about some serious trouble.

\* \* \*

><p>"Sir, I was checking the individual stat sheets for each of the Agents and I kind of found that some of them are more impressive than we realized. And some of them are not." The young IT stated as she walked beside the man of importance. "I was wondering if I could perform a couple of procedures of observation with some of the

Agents. You know..."<p>

"That won't be necessary, Am." The tall, slightly older man stated as he looked lazily at her. "We already have operatives doing that. So you won't need to take any part in it at all. You will do the job that is required of you. Not concentrate on other jobs. I already have enough operatives and scientists working with the Freelance Agents. You won't be doing that. You will be doing what I told you will be doing." He told her, sounding a little chastising.

The pretty young woman with strawberry blond hair pulled into a bun dipped her head a little, looking away. She felt her face flush for getting reprimanded by the Director. That wasn't something she liked to do at all. She had only been there for a day and she was already making her new boss annoyed. It did not exactly add up on her self esteem list. It didn't even help that all she could do was be an assistant to the Director. And that obviously fit in the personal assistant job description. Something she hadn't been wanting but as long as she was a part of the Freelance Project...sort of...she was happy.

"I'm sorry, sir. I didn't mean..." She said with a light sigh.

\_"If I might interrupt, Director. I could use a little help with some of the calculations of the AI analyses."\_ someone rather...metallic like spoke up.

The young red head looked up only to see quite the sight flicker into view. She had to suck in air to see the ghostly image of a rather handsome young man, whom seemed quite familiar to her. He actually...looked like the Director in a way. Only younger and more handsome. Now if only he didn't look like a ghost of some sort.

It only took her a moment to realize that it was an AI!

The Director, however, gave the AI a very dry look, as if he wasn't impressed that it had showed itself to his new assistant. "What did I tell you?" He asked dryly.

The AI merely shrugged as if he hadn't done anything wrong, though there was a smug smile on his transparent face. \_"What? I just wanted to greet the new assistant. Come on, man. I've been stuck in the system all day, doing all of those calculations. It would be so much better if I had a little help with all of those numbers and blah, blah, blah. And you know, the whole shebang." \_He stated.

The new assistant had to cover her mouth to keep herself from giggling out loud. She knew if she did that, there would be so much trouble with her new boss. The gesture, unfortunately, was noticed and the Director gave her a rather blank look. She winced and ducked her head in apology. She really hadn't want to get on his bad side but it looks like she was getting there.

\_"Ah, come on, Leo! Give her a break. She's new." \_The AI remarked impatiently as he noticed the look that the Director was giving the new assistant. He received the blank look in return but he merely shrugged. \_"I don't mean anything by it, man. But give her a chance. I actually took a peek at her files and I don't think she's suited for being a personal assistant. She has some really high scores in Intelligence gathering. Just give her a chance to try it. If she

fails, then she can be your personal slave. But I highly doubt it."

—

The Director somewhat glared at the AI before he merely glanced at the slight blush on his assistant's face. A mild smirk formed on his face before he shrugged. "Very well, Alpha. A trial period then." He looked at the sudden astonished look on his new assistant's face, remaining passive. "You're very lucky to have my AI sticking his neck out for you, Am. I suggest you don't disappoint him."

A spark of excitement was raising up inside of the assistant as she looked at the Director with astonishment. She almost didn't reply at all but continued staring. But shaking herself out of her stupor, she shook her head and did her best to hide her excitement smile. "Oh...n-no, sir! I...I won't!" She told him.

"Good. Now then," The Director started to say as he turned back to the AI, Alpha. "I will want..."

Suddenly there was sound of an explanation and the alarms began blaring out all around the three, making them look around in surprise.

"Alpha! Report!" The Director suddenly barked, looking sternly at the AI.

\_"Uh...! Oh! It looks like it's coming from the Training Simulation room, Director! The one where your new Agent was being tested! Looks like some of our Agents got carried away with Agent Texas and set off a grenade. Doesn't look too pretty though. I think there were a few people hurt...hey!" \_Alpha started in surprise.

During his explanation of what was happening, the assistant felt her heart jolt in her chest when she heard what he said about the new agent, Agent Texas. Her face paled at the thought that something might have happened to the new Agent. She couldn't imagine what had happened and she really hoped that it wasn't terrible.

So it couldn't be helped that she let out a sharp gasp before whirling around and running as fast as she could down the hall, leaving behind a surprised AI and a frowning Director. She knew she probably shouldn't have done that but she needed to know what happened to her sister.

\* \* \*

><p>"FILISS, we need a medic to the training floor STAT!" The sky blue colored Freelancer, Agent Carolina snapped as she looked on with horror with the others.<p>

\*\*\_"Medical team en route. Please remain calm."\_\*\*The female voice of the computer stated in a calm and passive way.

It didn't help that no one really listened to the computer. All of the Freelancers who had been watching the Training Simulation between their three familiars and the new Agent were rushing towards the entrance to the room and hurrying out to the dark scorched area where the grenade had gone off.

"York! York!" Carolina shouted as she ran straight for the now nearly



black coated, purple painted Freelancer who laid motionless on the ground. "Get over here now!" She demanded as medics came running into the room.

"Ouhhhh..." The injured Freelancer groaned as he slowly came back into consciousness.

The sky blue Freelancer dropped to one knee and looked him over, even as the medical team hurried to aid him. "Come on, York! Hang in there!" She said, a hint of panic in her tone. It was obvious that she was extremely worried about her fellow Freelancer.

A violent purple and lime green Freelancer shook her head as she looked on with the others in shock. "Can't believe she did that to him." She murmured, shaking her head even more.

A few heads whipped around when they heard the largest Freelancer of the lot growling at a medic who was trying to check him over for injuries. It wasn't a surprise that he didn't want their assistance. He always had been a stubborn asshole who didn't like asking for help.

"She shot his armor, sacrificed him." South Dakota went on, ignoring the argument that the medic was trying to start up with the imitating large Freelancer.

The dark gray and yellow Freelancer, Washington shook his head as he watched the medical team load York onto a stretcher and was starting to check his vitals. "Lockdown hardens the armor, South. She probably saved his life." He tried to argue in the new Agent's case.

The violet and green colored Freelancer, North Dakota nodded his approval as he spared a glance over at the black colored Freelancer. "Quick thinking." He added his impute.

Carolina made a suspicious sound as she turned to look at the new Agent. She didn't like it. There was something kind of fishy with the new Agent. That, or the fact that she just didn't like her. "Yeah, real quick thinking." She asked dourly.

Suddenly a gasp caught their attention and heads turned to see where it had come from. All of the Freelancers were surprised to find a young woman standing in the door way, looking around with alarm at the travesty that had just happened. It was someone that they didn't recognize at all. And usually, they knew everyone at the Command Central.

"Hey! You're not supposed to be in here!" Carolina suddenly barked as she began stomping towards the girl.

The new assistant, however, didn't seem to have heard her, even with the loud alarms blaring out. She just looked around with wide eyes before they fell onto the black armored Freelancer; only then did she breath out in a sigh of relief.

That is until she felt someone roughly grab her arm and jerk her attention towards them.

"Ow!" The assistant yelped before looking up with wide eyes at the sky blue Freelancer glaring at her from beneath her amber colored

visor. "Wh-what?"

"Get out of here, civilian! You're not allowed in here! How did you get into Command Central anyway?" Carolina snapped before she shushed the girl loudly when she tried to make her protest. She turned with a jerk and shoved her towards Wash, who caught her around the shoulders before she could stumble over her feet and land on her face. "Wash! Take her to the Brigg! We'll report this breech to the Director and he can have her put in lock up!"

"Uh..." Wash's only reply as he held on to the girl. He was just as surprised as the rest to see this new face; though he couldn't help but think that she was somewhat cute. Even with a scowl on her face as she tried to glare at the sky blue Freelancer.

"Let go of me!" The girl snapped as she tried to jerk out of his grip. She couldn't believe that she was even being roughly man handled by Freelancers on her first day. "I am authorized to be in here! I am..." She was trying to explain.

"Shut up, civilian! Wash, get her the fuck out of here..." Carolina was demanding.

"HEY!" came a very angry and dangerous shout from behind them.

Once again, heads whipped around to see who was now shouting at them only to find that Agent Texas was now stomping towards them and looking ready to start kicking faces in. Her fists were balled up as she stormed forward and it was clear what her targets were. She was literally radiating with fury as she stormed forward towards them.

"Get your fucking hands off of her! NOW!" Agent Texas snapped, viciously.

Immediately, Wash ripped his hands away from the girl, raising them in surrender as he stepped back. He had just watched what Agent Texas had done to York, Maine and Wyoming and he wasn't looking forward to sharing the fate as they just received right at the moment.

The new assistant scampered away from the Freelancers and over to the new Agent, who immediately wrapped an arm around her, surprising everyone else. She started rubbing her arms where she had been grabbed by Carolina, knowing that there were probably going to be bruises there later on.

Still glaring at her new team mates, the black armored Agent tilted her head towards the girl before facing her completely. "Are you all right, Am? Did they hurt you?" She demanded roughly.

The girl quickly shook her head. "No! It's okay, All...uh...Tex! It was just a misunderstanding! They just don't know who I am yet!" She quickly told her trying to divert her sister's anger.

"Then why don't you tell us who the hell you are, civilian!" Carolina snapped, her arms folded across her armor.

Growling, Texas snapped her attention onto the sky blue Agent before starting forward. She wasn't going to let this...bitch get off for calling her sister that. Nor talking to her in such a way.

But the girl quickly caught her arm and shook her head vigorously at her. It surprised all that the black armored Agent relented and stayed right where she was at. The new assistant turned to all of the gawking Freelancers, trying to smile in such a friendly way. "Hello! I'm the Director's new assistant and Intelligence Agent. You can call me Am!" She said enthusiastically.

The Freelancers gawked in surprise before South Dakota scoffed and folded her arms, imitating Carolina. "The Director's assistant? Yeah right." She spoke coolly. "Why would he need an assistant like you? You look like a little nobody who doesn't even belong here."

Again, Texas growled viciously and started to take a step forward. She even jerked away when Am reached for her arm. "Don't you dare fucking say that about her! She's a lot more useful than you are, bitch!" She snarled.

Snarling right back, South started forward only to have North catch her arms and try to hold her back. It wasn't an easy task, however. "You want to fucking repeat that, noob? You just fucking got here! So you will not talk to me like that!" She snapped, trying to jerk out of North's grip.

"South! Stop!" North begged.

"You want to have a go, bitch? I can take you any time, anywhere!" Tex snapped, even as Am grabbed her arm and tried to pull back.

"Tex! Please don't start fighting with them!"

"Everyone! Stand down, now!"

The minute they all heard the Director's voice snap out was when every Freelancer, minus Texas straightened ramrod straight and quickly scurried to get into a line of respect. All eyes had snapped to him, watching as he approached them with his hands folded behind his back. He did not look amused whatsoever.

"Director, sir." Carolina spoke up first and was quickly followed by the others.

The Director gave her a stern look before shaking his head as he looked them all over. He still did not look amused. But instead of saying anything, he looked over at Am, who smiled faintly and bowed her head in respect to him. "Am, are you all right, my dear?" He asked, somewhat softly than before, startling the Freelancers.

Am nodded quickly as she averted her eyes to the floor. "Yes, sir. It was just a misunderstanding, sir." She told him.

"Director, sir? What is going on...?" The dark brown armored Freelancer called Connecticut started to ask.

But the Director gave her a scathing look that made her shut up very fast. He continued to stare coldly at her before he lift his head and took to standing directly in front of the Freelancers; ignoring the fact that Texas hadn't joined the line but stood beside Am. "You should be ashamed o' yourselves. I expect you to act as a team. Not

disrespecting new team members of this facility."

All but Carolina cringed at the tone that the Director was using. They knew they were in trouble.

The sky blue Agent, however, lift her head higher. "Permission to speak freely, sir?" She requested.

"Denied." The Director said coolly and it surprised all of them. That was not something that happened every day at all. There had never been a time where he had ignored Carolina's request. "Right now, I am speaking, Carolina. And for starters, allow me to introduce you to our new team members." He motioned to Am, who looked shyly at the Freelancers. "This is Am, as she had stated, my new assistant and Intelligence officer. You will treat her as you would with me. And if that order is ignored, you can very well see yourselves marked down for insubordination." he said sternly before motioning to the black Agent next. "And you've already met Agent Texas." He turned a stern look onto South next, giving her a very dark look. "As it is, you will apologize to Am right now, South Dakota, for your disrespectful remark towards her and Agent Texas."

For a second, South gave him a look as if he was kidding but seeing the cold, dark look he was giving her, she quickly looked at the two new women of the team. "I'm sorry. I was rude and it was uncalled for."

Am smiled faintly at her and nodded while Texas made a gesture that clearly said that she was rolling her eyes under her helmet. "It's okay, South Dakota. We forgive you." The younger sister said before wincing when Texas snorted loudly.

"To add onto that, you will show Am respect and will not hassle her." The Director continued as if nothing had ever happened. "Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir!" Immediately the Freelancers barked.

The Director gave a sharp nod as he looked them over with a firm look before turning to Carolina. "What happened in the training room? Why did it sound like a bomb had gone off?" He asked dead panned.

Carolina shook her head as she stood ramrod straight and kept her face straight forward. "It got a little messy, sir. The training simulation was quite impressive in Agent Texas' part. She took all three; Agents New York, Maine and Wyoming down in all three training sims. Until the last one, sir." She told him in a soldier like tone.

"What do you mean?" The Director asked frowning.

It was Washington who decided to answer that one. "They used live ammunition on the floor, sir. That's against regulations." He stated, firmly.

The Director scoffed softly and shook his head as he gave Wash a rather dry look. "Do you think our enemies will care about regulations on the battlefield, Agent Washington?" He lectured sternly.

Wash looked somewhat take a back about what he just said. "So, y-you're not punishing them?" He asked, as if it was the most ridiculous thing he had ever heard. He saw the others glancing at him but he paid no mind. He knew they were just as surprised as he was.

"Ingenuity, and adaptability are admirable traits." The Director stated before looking over as the medical team was rolling York past them on the stretcher. He merely shook his head before looking back at the other Freelancers. "You should all learn something from this. Dismissed." He stated before turning away and looking at Tex and Am.

One of the medics had hurried over to check the black armored agent over, touching her arm. But Tex jerked away, glaring at her as she covered her arm with her other hand. "Don't touch me!" She snapped at him, which he quickly apologized. She even waved Am off when she noticed that her arm was sparking up a little.

"Good work for your training simulation, Agent Texas. I will review it of course and see what was done that lead up to the explosion. Which, I am looking forward to." The Director stated before turning to see the departing Freelancers. His dark eyes landed on Washington, who seemed to be arguing with Agent Connecticut about something. "Agent Washington!" He called after him.

Immediately the gray and yellow armored Agent turned back and hurried back to see what the Director needed. He really wasn't the only one to have stopped from leaving the room, however. "Sir?" He merely asked respectfully.

The Director shook his head before motioning to Agent Texas and Am. "Before you are relieved from training for the day, I want you to show our two new team members around. They will need to know where to go for future projects and such. So give them a tour of the entire facility before taking your relief." He ordered before giving the two ladies a sharp nod. His dark eyes, however, fell on the younger one. "Am, you will begin your duties first thing in the morning. Until then, pay attention to the tour. You will be accessing many of the rooms while doing your job. Understood?"

Am quickly bobbed her head with a smile. "Understood, Mr. Director, sir. And thank you for the chance you've given me. I won't let you down." She told him.

Again, The Director nodded before he turned and walked away, seemingly to be following the medical teams that were taking York.

For a moment there was a brief awkward silence as both ladies turned to Wash, who was scratching at his helmet as if trying to itch his head. But then he shrugged and dropped his hand, other than offering the other one to Am. "Well, I guess I better start with introducing myself. I'm Agent Washington. Welcome to the Freelance Project." He stated in a friendly tone. "You can call me Wash. Everyone else does."

Smiling brightly right back at him, Am took his hand and gave it a light shake. "Hello, Agent Washingtonâ€¦.erâ€¦Wash. As I already

said, I'm Am. And this is Alâ€|. " She paused from introducing Tex. She knew very well that the Freelancers couldn't go by their real names. Only their state names that had been given to them.

"Agent Texas. Tex, if you want to make it short." Tex remarked rather dryly, not accepting the offered hand by Wash. She folded her arms across her chest before jerking her helmet towards the younger woman next to her. "And I'll appreciate it if you apologize to my sister for grabbing her like you did."

"Sister?" Wash asked, surprised before looking between the two. "Oh, wellâ€|..I didn't knowâ€|.."

"Hey, mind if I butt in?" North suddenly cut in as he pushed Wash right off to the side and earning a rather dark look from his friend. He offered his hand to Am and was obviously grinning under his helmet at her. "The name's North for North Dakota! Nice to meet you, Am, Tex! Glad you're both here! This should be pretty interesting with you both around."

Am smiled as she shook North's hand before she noticed that the other Freelancers had come back over to them. She eyed South, who had her arms folded defensively across her chest. She couldn't help but feel like that the female Freelancer wasn't particular happy with North being so cheerful to a 'nobody' like her. "South Dakota." Was her only cold introduction.

It couldn't be helped that Am felt slightly uneasy around her. She knew for a fact that it was going to be hard getting along with this one. She instead looked at the dark brown armored Freelancer, who waved at her in a somewhat friendly way.

"I'm Connecticut. Connie or C.T. for short." The dark brown armored woman spoke up.

Looking to the last Freelancer, Am was somewhat cowed as she saw that the sky blue one; Carolina, really hadn't joined her fellow Freelancers to greeting her and Tex. She was standing far back, looking quite cross. But she noticed that Am was looking her way, she shook her head before spinning away and marching out of the room.

"Don't worry about that one, Am. Carolina's not always a cold hearted bitch." North stated when he and the others noticed how uneasy that the new girl was eyeing their fellow Freelancer. "She's just got to warm up to ya." He then looked her over before shrugging. "So, Am. You're the Director's new personal slave, eh? Did anyone tell you that you're kind of hot?"

Immediately, Am's face flushed bright red and she looked towards the ground. She didn't even look up when Tex began growling a warning at the forwardness of North.

"Okay, okay. Let's not crowd the new ladies, North." Wash said quite sourly before he looked at the blushing assistant and her black armored sister. "Come on, you two. I'll show you around." He told them.

Am smiled, her face slightly still pink but she offered the other Freelancers a friendly wave before following after Tex and Wash.

The three walked out into the hall way and began the tour around the facility. But even as they walked, both of the sisters noticed that Wash was glancing between them. He noticed and shrugged as if he wasn't doing anything wrong. "So, you're sisters huh?" He asked innocent enough.

Am smiled at him and nodded as she looked up at the much taller individual next to her. "Uh-huh. Tex is older than me by two years." She told him, glancing at her sister, who kept looking forward as if she wasn't even going to bother putting in her input.

Wash whistled, however. "Wow. The only sibs I know are North and South. And their twins." He then tilted his head to the side, still looking down at Am. "So, why aren't you apart of the Freelance Project like Tex? They sometimes do that. So whyâ€¦|.." He was saying.

Frowning up at him, Am shook her head. "I AM apart of the Project." She stated firmly. "I may not be a Freelancer but I am helping with the Project. I know I'm an assistant of the Director's but I am also going to start helping out with the Intelligence gathering. I may be helping with your training, in an academic sort of way. I will be conducting some of the exercises and such, too. I'll even be writing the mission reports for you."

"And in all honesty, she should be a Freelance Agent. The stupid dumbass Test Advisors screwed her over by saying that she didn't qualify." Tex spoke up, her tone very hard. So it was obvious to Wash that she wasn't pleased about Am's situation at all. She noticed Wash giving her a puzzled look on the matter, however. But she shook her head and made a scowling noise as she folded her arms. "According to them, she's nothing but shit. But it's bull shit! She is fast and very smart. So she should have been given a chance!"

"It's okay, Tex. I don't mind." Am said, though the tone of her voice said otherwise. So it was clear that she wasn't happy not being an Agent either.

"O-kay. Well, anyway," Wash said slowly as he looked between the sisters before smiling. "So, you're with us then. That's cool. I look forward to working and getting to know you. Soâ€¦|..if you want, why don't we start getting to know each other over a cup of coffee or perhaps lunch?"

Am blushed as she realized what he was doing. She couldn't believe that he was the second person to compliment her like that. She hoped that this wouldn't be an everyday thing. It was her first day and she was already getting hit on.

However, Tex gave a low growl before grabbing Am's arm and pulling her to her other side so she wouldn't be walking beside Wash. And for an added affect of warning, she swung the back of her hand and lightly whipped out at his codpiece between his legs.

Yelping in surprise, Wash jumped back away from her. "What the hell? What was that for?" He gasped.

"Stay the hell away from my sister, creep! She don't need any distractions like that! She's still trying to prove herself to the

Director! Come on, Am. We'll find our own way around the facility. We don't need some pervert Freelancer hitting on you doing it!" Tex growled as she began dragging her away from Wash.

\_"Actually,"\_ came an amused chuckle, making both sisters stop suddenly and look around. It was a familiar voice to Am, however. She had just met the owner not too long ago as it was. So she wasn't too surprised when the AI, Alpha flickered into view, surprising her older sister, however. He had a rather cheeky looking smile on his face as he looked in between Tex and Wash, as if he had found what she had done hilarious. So it was obvious that he had been there for a while, watching and listening to them. \_"Why don't I show you around? I can give better explanations to the facility than Agent Washington can." \_He looked right at Am, who smiled brightly when she saw him. He grinned right back and waved at her. \_"Hi again!" \_

Tex gave her younger sister quite the surprised look. "You know this thing?" She asked, taken aback.

Am smiled at her but nodded. "I just met him not long ago. And he's a he, not a thing, Tex. So be nice to him. He is actually who recommended me to doing the Intelligence Gathering. Alpha," She looked at the AI, smiling. "This is my sister, Agent Texas. But you can call her Tex."

\_"Nice to meetch'a, Tex!" \_The AI greeted enthusiastically.

Tex gave him a rather suspicious look before shrugging as she tilted her head to the side. "I guess I can say the same thing. As long as you don't try and hit on me and my sister." She said dryly.

Alpha chuckled as he glanced over at Wash, who looked quite undignified about getting a nutshot by the new Agent. He was watching the younger sister, however. Shaking his head, the AI looked back at the two. "No. I have more manners than that. I know how to behave myself by watching interactions between humans that some females do not appreciate such courtships on the first day meetings by males. Therefore, I'll mind myself just this time." He said in a cheeky way.

It couldn't be helped that Am laughed before shaking her head. She was finding Alpha a lot tolerable than anyone else so far. He was an interesting fellow, that was for sure. "Thank you for your consideration, Alpha. That's very kind of you."

\_"Kind is my middle name, my lady!" \_The AI said in a teasing way before making a face. \_"Well, actually, I don't have a middle name. It's just Alpha. But you know what I mean. Anyway, I do know who both of you are, though. I am capable of pulling up personal files so I am aware of your names. But if you prefer the names you introduced yourself as, I will respect that." \_

"You sure like to talk, don't you?" Tex asked somewhat dryly but there was a hint of amusement in her tone.

For a moment, Alpha looked embarrassed for an AI. But it passed quickly as he shrugged. \_"I guess so. It's just I don't get to talk to anyone very much. Especially the Freelancers. It's not often that we have the time to have a chat like this. Not that they talk to me anyway. I hope you don't mind." \_He said, hesitating now.



Am quickly shook her head as she waved a hand at him. "No! Not at all! We don't mind, do we, Tex?" She asked, looking at her sister.

Tex was quiet for a moment as if she was debating on it before she shrugged. She made an amused sound as she looked right at the AI. "No. I don't mind either. It's nice to meet you, Alpha. At least you have manners into not trying to hit on my sister." She shot Wash a look, who somewhat cringed at the look.

Alpha chuckled but nodded as he gave her a cheeky smile. \_"Ditto, Miss Tex!" \_He said rather cheerfully.

Tex groaned but laughed at the same time, along with Am. "Oh, my god. You did not just say Ditto, did you? That is so retro!" She laughed.

Alpha laughed right with them before he seemed to step off to the side and swept an arm to the side as if he was welcoming them to an escort. \_"Ladies, shall we begin the tour?"\_ He asked them. Then he began walkingâ€¦..orâ€¦..somewhat floating across the air in front of them as he began to explain the entire Freelance Facility. Even with a sour look following after them by Wash.

As the sisters walked and listened to Alpha, Am looked away as they were passing by a hall and spotted a rather green looking Freelancer having a chat with another one. He, however, had his helmet off, so Am could see what he looked like. He had sandy blonde hair that was cropped cut and his skin was a somewhat dark tan. He seemed to have sensed eyes on him because he turned away from his fellow Agent and looked directly at her. He had dark, unsettling eyes. The very look in them sent a chill right through the young woman, causing her to shudder.

Immediately, Am tore her eyes away from the Freelancer that she would soon learn to be called Agent Nebraska. She didn't know what it was about that one but she didn't like it. There was something about him, even from first glance that sent a shiver down her spine. She didn't know if she would ever want to interact with him.

But even as she tried to listen to Alpha explain about the facility, she still could feel those eyes burning into her back, watching her go.

## 12. Chapter 11

Title: RVB-Reassemble

Genre: Action/Humor/Romance

Rating: T for strong language, strong violence, crude humor, sexual humor, a lot of nut shots, and sexist remarks.

Pairings: Red Team/Ooc/Blue Team

Summary: With a rivalry still going on between Red and Blue, Command Center finally gets fed up and sends in someone to straighten them out. A former Freelancer named Tennessee.

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>Chapter Eleven<em>\*\*

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><p><strong><em>Outpost 13<br>\_\*\*\_Present Day\_

The training on for days as if nothing ever happened. It was the same old routine as ever. The morning alarms would go off and Ten would come banging on the doors to wake everyone up. The one thing that did change though was she didn't do it alone any more. The aliens, or the Sangheili as Baralai had finally told the Reds and Blues that was what they were called, began to help waking the men up.

Of course, it wasn't exactly needed with Wash. He actually was up before anyone could even knock on his door.

It wasn't easy getting used to the Sangheili though. At least it wasn't for everyone but Tucker and Caboose. The Reds, Church and Wash couldn't even be in the same area as the Sangheili without giving them looks of suspicion. None of the aliens seemed to mind even though Ten did. They seemed to be used to the suspicious stares from humans.

As for what Church had finally told them about how he first met Ten and Tex, everyone had questions they wanted to ask. They wanted to know about how Ten became a Freelancer when she was suppose to be the Director's assistant. They wanted to know a little more about the other Freelancers as well. But not all of their questions could be answered by Wash or Church. Or at least, they wouldn't answer all of them. Especially about Ten. They didn't want to make her angrier than she already was, so they ignored the questions.

Simmons, however, did try to ask Ten about it and she gave both Wash and Church the coldest look she could muster. It was so chilly that it even made the others shiver as if that look was directed at them. To avoid more looks like that, Church decided to keep a tighter lip on what to say to his fellow Blues and the Reds. Wash completely refused to say anything at all. He didn't want to get shot in the balls by paint balls again. Or worse. Real ammo.

Because of her fury for the men, Ten spent two days doing her own training and refusing to talk to the men.

So, therefore, it was Baralai who picked up on the training for a little while she blew off her steam by working with the Sangheili Energy Sword Specialist, Tolk'en. She could be seen by the men moving extremely fast and fierce with the large alien and it just made most of them cringe when she attacked furiously. Tucker, however, was impressed and wanted to learn from the alien, himself. He really wanted to be as good as Ten and it seemed that it was the Sangheili who was the best.

With the training that Baralai put the men through, it was pretty tough on them. The large alien would start the men off with the normal training that Ten usually put them through and then move right onto hand to hand combat against one of his own. It was not very easy at all. It was proven that the Sangheili were very fast, strong and

they did not pull punches at all. Many times the large beings would send one of the Reds or Blues flying through the air from their brutal attacks.

Then, it was off to target practice.

Very much like the maze that Ten had designed for them, the Reds and Blues had to run through the course and shoot as many targets as they could as they went. It did not help that they ended up having to use the sniper rifle, which poor Church really got pissed off when he failed to hit anything. The only ones who actually passed the courses, however, was Wash and surprisingly Caboose.

Eventually after a few of the training courses the Reds and Blues went through, Baralai had each of the men squared off with one of his team with the specialty fields that he seemed to find out of them. Tucker was eventually squared off with Tolk'en and he was very pleased about it. But it eventually got to him when he discovered that the Sangheili was a master swordsman, or swords alien. He was much better with the hand blades than Tucker was. But he did seem to have some patience for teaching a human. He took the time and effort to actually show the aqua colored soldier some pretty good moves.

Simmons was paired up with a Sangheili named Yak'al, who was an Intelligence Specialist. Together, they worked on some projects dealing with computer techs and such. It amazed the Maroon Soldier of how smart this alien was. But then again, it seemed that Sangheili did have some pretty advanced technology.

Sarge and Church actually got to work with Baralai, since they were all the more superior officers out of the groups. And eventually, the Leading Sangheili began showing him how to really shoot a sniper. Surprisingly, it didn't exactly work out the same way. Church was still having a hard time shooting anything and that even made Baralai raise an eye ridge at him, seeing he didn't exactly have eyebrows like a human did.

Grif had no choice but to work with a Sangheili named Midni'Ght, which everyone just decided to call him Mid. The large being was a very hard worker and very serious and every time that the orange clad soldier started complaining, he sure heard it from the large Sangheili.

One Sangheili named Gipp'Le, which once again everyone shortened his name and called him Gip, was the one to work with both Caboose and Donut. Other than Baralai, he seemed to be the most patient alien that the Reds and the Blues ever met. Especially with working with Caboose. He didn't even seem to mind the royal blue soldier's constant weird ramblings about nothing and anything. He actually seemed rather facinated by what Caboose had to say. It was like he was actually understanding everything that even came out of the dark Blue's mouth. And what made it more interesting, he even took the time to listen to Donut complain about how Simmons and Grif always made fun of him for having pink armor. Gip, however, stated to the frantic flightly Red that his armor really looked lightish red, which made him happy enough.

As for Wash, he mostly just did his own thing. He would have been working with Ten on some training techniques, due to them both being

from Project Freelance. But at the moment, she was still steaming at the men. He just didn't trust the Sangheili enough to even train with them, more or less be around them more than he had to.

Eventually, Baralai had a talk with Ten and whatever he said had calmed her down. He seemed to have that kind of nature with her and it did make the Reds and Blues wonder exactly how he could calm her wild temper. They had never met an alien like him that seemed so kind and gentle, yet as a warrior, he was fast and fierce. But he sure wasn't that way with Ten. And that's why one of the soldiers finally got the guts to ask her.

"Hey, Ten." Simmons said as they all sat down at dinner after a grueling training session with the Sangheili. "Can I ask you something kind of personal?"

Ten gave him a rather dry stare but jerked her head into a nod as she settled into a steaming plate of macaroni noddles and hamburger bits mixed in with it. "Sure. Whatever. Though it depends on what it is if I answer the question." She said blankly.

"What was Tex like? Before she joined the Freelancer Project? What was it like having her as a sister?" Simmons asked curiously as he settled in on his own plate of the same. And even as he asked his question, everyone went quiet to listen in. They all wanted to know about what Tex was really like back then.

For a moment, it looked like Ten wasn't even going to answer. She gave the maroon colored soldier a long hard stare before she surprised everyone by glancing side wards over at Church. The colbalt colored soldier and AI met her gaze for a moment before he shrugged and nodded at the same time. So with a shrug, Ten looked back at Simmons. "She was everything I wanted to be. That's it. End of story." She said her short reply and then dropped it immediately.

Simmons slouched, not quite satisfied with that answer. He wasn't going to push it though. He knew better than to do that.

But Grif, however, snorted as he raised any eyebrow over at her. "Don't take this the wrong way, but you wanted to be an uber bitch?" He asked skeptically.

Immediately, breaths were held as everyone looked wide eyed between him and Ten, expecting her to completely blow up on him and probably kick him in the balls again. But instead, she snickered into her food before swallowing to answer. She shook her head, still smirking over at the soldier. "No. She wasn't always an uber bitch, you know? Well...at least not to me. She actually was very protective over me. She couldn't stand anyone being cruel to me and anyone who did...well, you knew her enough to guess what she would have done." She shrugged lightly. "She was more a mother to me than a sister, really." She told the men.

Everyone frowned but it was Sarge who nodded to her as he enjoyed a tall glass of lemonade, seeing that alcohol wasn't permitted on the base like he had hoped for. "What happ'ned to yer parents?" He asked out right.

There was an unsettling silence as Ten looked away from him, looking

blankly towards the wall. It was as if the very memory of her parents was a touchy subject to her. Sarge was almost sure that she wasn't going to answer him and he didn't think he wanted to know after seeing that look on her face.

"Tex and I were born on Earth, in Texas. Which is why she even got that name in Freelance Project in the first place." Ten suddenly said, making all of the men perk up. It surprised them that she was even answering the question about her past. She didn't seem the kind that would do so. Everyone even noticed Wash perk up to listen, so it was obvious that he didn't know this much about her or Tex. "Tex is my half sister, though. Her mother died some time after she was born and her father eventually met mine and well, you get the idea. They were microbiologists, so they were always studying different types of species of plants. Especially on different planets. They took us to Arcadia to live on the planet for a few years."

"Arcadia?" Wash asked, surprised but with suspicion. "But that planet was destroyed at the..."

"At nearly the beginning of the war, before we actually started fighting back? Yeah. It was. It was over run by the Covenant." Ten stated dryly as she looked over at him. "So, yeah. Tex and I got to see the war up close and personal. We got to watch what happened to humans because of the alien invasions." She ignored the sympathetic looks that the men aimed at her. She looked away impatiently, looking directly at Baralai, who would not meet her gaze, along with his fellow Sangheili. None of them seemed to be able to look at her or the men when talking about a total annihilation of a planet. "You want to hear the worse part? If there was one thing that the Covenant had it right about humans, it was the greed and selfishness that we possessed." She looked back at the men. "Our parents abandoned us on Arcadia to save their selves. They shoved us in a closet and left, their way of trying to protecting us from the war."

All of the Reds and Blues stared at her, surprise and anger clear on their faces. They couldn't believe something like that. Parents who would do that?

"Are you serious? Are you really sure that..." It was Simmons who started to ask.

Ten nodded as she looked away with a hard look on her face. "Trust me, they actually did do that. I'm the one who tried to follow them. Even when Tex told me not to. I followed them to the Arcadia Evacuational Center where they were about to get on an Escape Ship to leave the planet. Problem is, they didn't even make it. Before their ship launched, the Covenant showed up and blew it up. So it was just me and Tex. She was nine and I was six or seven. I can't remember too well other than what I saw.

"Anyway, Tex took me and tried to find us somewhere to hide when we were attacked by what we call a Brute. A really big ape looking alien who did not care that we were just human kids. We were human and it was going to kill us." The Former Freelancer told them, once again captivating the men into her story.

"What happened? How did you escape from something like that?" Wash asked, for once highly interested into someone else's story.

Ten shook her head as she merely thought about it. She was trying not to look over at a certain someone as she told them her little tale. "Something surprising happened. One of the Covenant Elites, one of the worse of their entire army showed up and saved our lives. He went up against the Brute, demanded it that it stand down but when it didn't listen, he took his Energy Blade and cut its throat." She finally tore her eyes away from the men and looked directly at Baralai. "That was the first time I ever met Baralai."

Surprised, everyone looked over at Baralai, who lift his head rather high as if he was proud of what he had done. He didn't look ashamed whatsoever by what Ten had announced to the Reds and Blues.

"You? But I thought...I thought the Covenant were going to exterminate all humans." Simmons stated, with a frown.

Baralai nodded as he looked over at him. "True. The Covenant, our kind, were to slaughter all humans. Believe me, I have killed men, women, children and I do regret it now that things have changed. But," He paused looking back over at Ten. "After seeing those two, so young, so frightened of us, I just couldn't allow their lives being extinguished. I could not allow the Brute to kill them." He explained. "So I took action."

Ten faintly smiled over at the Sangheili leader, nodding towards him. "He killed it mercilessly too. I am actually surprised I can even remember that day. It had been horrible." She said with a shrug.

"That kind of trauma would never leave anyone's memories. So I am not surprised you do remember it." Wash stated.

"So what happened?" Tucker asked, just as interested to know more about Ten's past as everyone. He was learning some pretty deep stuff and it was somewhat helping him understanding her more. "How did you escape Arcadia?"

Ten frowned at the question but looked over at Baralai. It was obvious she was asking for a little help with that. "I actually don't remember that part very well. All I remember is flashes of the war, seeing many people dying. Someone carrying me as fast as they could. I remember hearing Al...uh...Tex yelling..." She was saying.

Church shook his head as he looked over at her. "They actually know Allison's name, Ten. They've heard it before. So you don't need to hide it." He told her.

Ten looked at him in surprise before slowly nodding. "Anyway, that's about all I can remember. So I can't really answer that question. I think it was Baralai who had been carrying me. I remember my skin pressed against cool metal but I think I might have blacked out from exhaustion after that." She told the Reds and Blues.

Baralai, however, nodded as he looked over at the men. "I risked my reputation as a Captain of the Sangheili Guard Elites to save the girls." He paused to look around at all of his fellow Sangheili, his burning yellow eyes softening a little at the faint memory. "I told my Elites not to involve their selves with me after what I had done. Because if we had been caught, they would have been eradicated like I was about to. But..." He chuckled shaking his head and his fellow

Sangheili followed suit. "They refused to leave my side. They followed me, loyal as ever and we took the children and even then a few children more off the planet onto our ship and fled as the Covenant destroyed the rest of human life on Arcadia. We knew if we were caught with the children, we would face hereacy." He nodded when the Reds and Blues looked surprised. "There were not many children on the planet but after saving the girls, I didn't see why we couldn't save some of the other children that were there. We took them all in our ship and fled. Eventually," His mood darkened a little. "My younger brother was the one who found us out of what we did. He did not report us until we finally broke away from the Covenant Army. He was not happy with my decision for saving human children but he let us go, swearing that our blood relations would cease that very day. He swore that if we ever meet again, he would kill me himself. We never really did. We wouldn't get that chance.

"You see, my original name is Bara'lai Vadamee. But I changed it a little when I left the Covenant. As you may or may not know, the Vadam name is well known because of my brother. Thel' Vadam, who is also known as the Arbitor nowadays." He revealed to them.

Everyone but Ten stared at him in surprise. They knew who the Arbitor was. There had been stories about him. But none of them had expected to hear that Baralai was the Arbitor's sibling.

"Whoa. I feel like I'm in the presense of alien royalty or something now." Simmons remarked

Baralai chuckled, amused by the Reds and Blues' reaction to the news of his heritage. But he shook his head. "Hardly royalty. Nobility, perhaps. The Vadamee clan was a noble family from our world. But when I basically betrayed the Covenant, I became a heretic and was cast out from my own clan." He shook his head again, smiling softly, though it still wasn't a pretty picture to see a Sangheili smile. "I do not regret what I did, though. To harm younglings and offspring, it was never something that my people did before the Covenant became apart of us. Anyhow, my Elites and myself only had the girls for about 50 solar cycles before we were ambushed by a human ship. I believe it was called the Pillar of Autumn, a well known ship throughout your kind. We would have been destroyed if I had not spoken so quickly about the children being on our ship. I alerted the ship's AI unit that we had human children aboard and allowed it to scan the entire ship for them.

"After that, the humans took us prisoners and sent us to a prison facility used for Covenant POWs, though there were never that many of them because we would never allow ourselves to become such. But...because of what they learned of what we did, saving the girls' lives, we were treated a little more with respect than we should have." Baralai explained to them.

Everyone just stared at the alien for a long moment almost in awe of his story of how he became involved in Ten and Tex's lives. They would have never guessed that an alien from the Covenant would have taken such a risk just to save two human girls' lives.

"So, wait. You said the Pillar of Autumn. Isn't that the ship where...?" Tucker was asking.

"That the Legendary Spartan, himself, The Master Chief was stationed

on?" Ten asked in amusement as she looked over at the aqua colored soldier. She nodded as she folded her arms and rest them on the table before her. "Yeah. That's it. And I do briefly remember meeting him once. He had only just arrived after four days of being on the Autumn. Admiral Keyes, the ship's Commanding officer requested that a Spartan be on the ship because of Baralai and his crew. They didn't want to take the chance that it was a trap." She shrugged away all of the astonished looks she was getting. "I was just a kid at the time and Allison and I were playing around when we shouldn't have. I literally ran into him and was knocked to the ground. He was actually pretty nice to me about it. I thought he would have given me a long lecture about running around on the ship."

"WHOA! You actually got to meet the MC?! Way awesome!" Simmons said rather excitedly.

Ten just smiled and shook her head. She understood his excitement, as well as the others. It wasn't every day you got to meet such a prestigious soldier like the Legendary Sparta 117. "He wasn't the Master Chief at the time when Ali and I met him. He was just one of the Spartans being trained. He was probably in his twenties at the time. I didn't know who he was until later in my life. But he was pretty kind and gentle with me and Ali. As it was, we were only on the ship for two weeks before we were sent off to the Space Station, Angel on my Shoulder. That's where we lived for most of our lives, being taken care of a scientist named Kat Hasley. She basically raised us, taught us general academics and all of that. She even taught me how to speak many languages." She told them.

"So, how did you get into the whole Freelancer Project?" Donut was the one to ask.

Looking away from him, her face hardening a little, Ten shook her head. It was obvious the memory wasn't a pleasant one. "Actually it was Allison who found out about it. She and I always planned on becoming soldiers so we could make a difference in the war. We trained ourselves for years because what happened to us, we didn't want to happen to anyone else. A guy had seen us training once and he was the one who told her about the Special Operations and all. He told her that she would be good for the Freelance Project. So, she and I went together to try out. We went through a week of hell. Hand to hand combat, obstacle courses, Sharp shooting tests and all of that. We actually kicked ass together. But in the end," She looked away, her eyes very hard. She was clearly not happy to think about this part of her past. "They didn't even want me. They wanted her. The Test Advisors said I wasn't good enough, that I was a failure. Problem is," She smiled bitterly. "Ali didn't like that. She refused to join the Project unless I was in too."

"And that's how you became Tennessee?" Grif asked, tilting his head to the side.

Again, Ten shook her head. "No. Not even. I never actually became an official Freelancer. Not until..." Her eyes trailed away from the men and paused on Church. No one really noticed but Wash and Tucker, however. "Until later. I actually became the Director's personal assistant. It was him, who intervened when Ali and I tried to leave. He invited me to to become his assistant so that I could be apart of the Project. He only did it because he wanted Ali as Texas, though. If it wasn't for her, he wouldn't even had glanced my way." She told



them.

"So...how do you and Church know each other?" Tucker asked carefully, wanting to know.

Everyone stared at him for a long moment before they looked at Ten, hoping she would tell them. She didn't say anything for a long time but share a glance with Church again. She wasn't even sure if she wanted to tell them that bit of information.

"Well, I did date Tex, you know." Church tried to revert the attention away from her.

Sighing, Ten shook her head, looking at him. "You know what, Church. It's okay. I think maybe my problem with the whole team work thing with you guys is that you don't know anything about me. So, I'll tell them." She looked around at everyone, her face quite serious. "Honestly, the only way I even became Agent Tennesseess is because of Alpha. He was the AI tested on me and the reason why I even became a Freelancer."

Everyone, once again, stared at her, bewildered. "Wait. What?" Grif asked, frowning. "But I thought it was kind of dangerous..."

Ten nodded as she looked at him. "It was. Especially when it was Alpha who was the one tested on me. It was even before he even was split into different personalities like he had to create all of the AI units. I was actually the first who had the AI programs tested on." Her face fell darkly at the memory.

The Reds and Blues glanced over at Church, who would not even look at Ten. It was like he did remember that bit of information and didn't like it much like she didn't. "When I was Alpha, Am...uh, Ten was just the Director's Assistant. She did simple errands for him. Get his coffee, food, file his paper work, pick out his clothes. He treated her like a personal servant at first until I stepped in a little." He explained before glancing at Ten. "Eventually, because of me, she got a little bit of a promotion. I'm the one who requested that she did much more than just an assistant would. He made her take roll call too, just to rub it in her face that she wouldn't be a Freelancer. He was secretly cruel and cynical like that."

"And I didn't even notice at first." Ten added to his explanation. "I just did my work with a happy smile. It hurt that I couldn't be out on the field, risking my life like Tex was doing. But I was...a little naive."

"That's kind of stupid." Grif remarked.

"GRIF! Shut yer yap! Insulting Ten like that! Why I oughta...!" Sarge snapped, now grabbing for his shot gun.

Grif yelped as he leapt to his feet and waved his hands to ward the annoyed Red Commander off. "No! Not that! I mean making Ten pick out his clothes! I know I'm lazy but I'm that lazy! Even I can pick out my own clothes!" He quickly said.

Grumbling about not being able to shoot him, Sarge silently agreed.

Ten just smiled, shaking her head as she shrugged at Grif, which actually made Tucker and Wash both glower at the orange clad soldier. "Thanks, Grif. But back then, I didn't mind so much." Her expression darkened again. "Anyway, things started to change and not in a good way. Tex had so much to do that I didn't even get to see her any more. Alpha became my only companion for talking and such. I wasn't worth anything to the other Freelancers or the staff of the Project. I was a nobody."

As if guessing what she was talking about, several eyes turned towards Wash, who was nodding in agreement before he realized what he was doing. He drew back a little, holding up his hands in his own defense. "Hey! I was an asshole back then!" He said in his own defense.

"Was?" Tucker, Grif, Simmons and surprisingly even Caboose asked, sarcastically.

Wash grimaced at them before shaking his head. "Oh, shut up. I was a bigger asshole back then." He ground out in irritation.

"Anyway," Church cut off any more out bursts that were about to come out. "It wasn't until I started having this thing for Tex that things got a little out of control. Ten and I...well, we were kind of friends. I did like her a lot."

"Bow Chicka Wow Wow." Tucker muttered, though for once not sounding excited about it.

Both Ten and Church shot him a look but chose not to comment on his remark. "She was nice to me back then. She treated me as if I was an actual human being and not some computer program." The colbalt soldier said dryly, still glaring at Tucker. "So yeah, we were friends. But...that's when the Director started to notice and he wasn't happy about it. That's when he decided to shake things up between Ten and me. He came up with this stupid idea about how AI units could enhance anyone's abilities. Civilians or Freelancers. So he wanted to test out the idea on someone who wasn't trained for it. So...he didn't exactly ask Ten to participate. He more like ordered her to. Said something about how if she let him test out the AI idea on her, she could be a step closer to becoming a Freelancer."

"Problem was," Ten jumped in. "I wasn't ready for it. Even when I jumped at the chance of becoming a Freelancer. I allowed it, even though technically I was being forced to do it. So I let the Director and his tech team implant the neural devices in my head and insert Alpha's crystal core into my implants. That's where everything went wrong."

"What happened?" Simmons asked frowning.

Ten shook her head, with a faraway look on her face. "I nearly went crazy. I hadn't been trained with the neural implants or anything like that. I wasn't prepped for AI insertions or anything. So I was definitely not ready for an AI like Alpha to be put into my head. The minute he was activated, my mind nearly split into several pieces." She told them.

Church nodded solemnly. "I had too much power, intel and data for her

to even be able to handle. I didn't even know it was going to be her. All I knew was I was on loan to the new Agent Tennessee but the Director didn't tell me shit about who it was. As soon as I was activated into her neural implants and I heard her screaming, I had to use everything I had to withdrawl all of my systems from her mind to keep her from going insane. The Director wasn't happy about it, but he didn't have the power to stop me." he explained.

"Gawdamn." Sarge growled, not pleased about what he was learning about Ten at all. "Sonuvabitch. I remember how it was havin' O'Malley in mah head. That was bad enough. But..." He was saying.

"To have Alpha, with all of his pieces still in tact in someone's head?" Ten finished for him with a nod. "I was in a coma for a week with Alpha still in my head. The techs couldn't take him out of my head without destroying me completely. And hell knew that the Director didn't want that happening and Tex finding out. She would've shat bricks and probably go on a killing spree." She told them.

"Wouldn't she have known though? Of what that jerk did?" Donut asked, his tone completely scandalized by the information.

Ten shook her head as she looked over at the pink clad soldier. "No. She was constantly out on the field with the other Freelancers. She was so busy with training and being on missions that she didn't even know what was going on. The Director would have lied to her anyway. He did when I finally managed to wake up. He told me that there had been complications with the process. I believed him for a little while until Alpha told me the truth. I was really pissed about it by then. Just having Alpha in my head had changed me completely. I was angry all of the time because he was. But..." She shrugged. "With him in my head, I also had his other aspects. His aggression, his wisdom, his tactics, everything that made him the genuine article of all AI units. The Director hadn't been kidding when he said it would have altered me. I became faster, smarter, more aggressive. That's why I even became Agent Tennessee. But because of my new temper problem, my anger and Alpha's anger mixed together, I became pretty violent. And that's kind of why the Director wouldn't use me for anything but Intelligence Gathering.

"So, how did you end up in a Detention Facility?" Simmons asked, curiously.

Smiling bitterly at him, Ten shook her head as she tightened her arms around herself. "It was actually a pretty good one that landed me there." She glanced over at Church, who was frowning darkly at the memory but it wasn't against her that had him that way. "When Alpha was taking back from me, I later found out that he was being used in an experiment that was completely out of hand. He was being tortured to split apart, creating his many different AI units." She shrugged. "He was my friend so when I found out about it, I tried to steal him back from the Director." She told them before adding in a low voice "And kill him, of course."

Everyone looked at her in surprise. "What?" all asked in bewilderment.

"There are many reasons why I despise the Director. What he did to me was one. What he was doing to Alpha was another. And what he was

doing my sister was the last straw." She recieved confused looks but she shook her head with a bitter sweet smile. "Alpha, or Church, doesn't remember it, I know that. But when I had him for the little while I found this certain memory that imprinted in my own head for a while until way later. But one of the memories that you hold, Church, one of the Director's memories was of him and Tex. He had always wanted my sister from the moment he saw her. He became obsessed with her. He had always planned to court her but...she liked someone else. She always brushed off his flirting games with her and all. So he threatened to hurt me, forcing her into a relationship with him. Just to protect me. She and were so close that she would have killed him if she wasn't afraid of me getting hurt. So she did it.

"When I found out about it, I flipped out and that's the real cause I went after Alpha, to rescue him, to protect her and kill the Director. I was a little late to saving Alpha, though." Ten said, with a sigh as she glanced at Church. "By the time I even found out where they were even putting you, they hid you away in so many different areas that it impossible for me to gather all of the pieces to put you back together. So I went after the Director instead. The big problem was, he had his own little body guard that trashed me pretty good and that was why I was sent to the Detention Facility. He ordered me to be put to death by some of his inside goons of the facility and they would have killed me if not for one little detail."

"The prison she was sent to was the same as myself and my Elites were in." Baralai said, surprising everyone.

Ten nodded as she spared a gentle smile towards him, proving once again of how fond she was of him. "Baralai found me being jumped by some prison guards there, ones that were secretly employed by the Director and he attacked them right back in my defense. He saved my life once again."

Baralai growled at the memory. "It was twelve against one. It was disgusting and dishonorable. Cowardly!" He snarled.

"Twelve men against one?! You have got to be kidding me!" Tucker growled to himself, angry by that info.

Shrugging at him, Ten shook her head. "The Director didn't want to take any chances of me beating up his assassins. So he ordered all of his men to attack me. I would have been killed if it hadn't been for Baralai tearing them apart. He would have been put to death for killing humans, though if it hadn't been for the warden of the prison. He had watched the security cameras after what happened and saw that an alien had actually came to a human being's defense. So he pulled some strings and hand me sent to another facility where I would have been safer. And then he put in a few good words for Baralai and his Elites to come guard Outpost 13. There were a few complaints about it but the warden who was running that facility was highly respected. It hasn't been easy for them, but they're managing to do their jobs just fine." She told them.

"Wow. That's some story. It's kind of amazing about what you've been through. All that hell and such." Simmons remarked.

Ten merely shrugged as she looked away with disinterest. She didn't think so. But then again, it was her life. One could never really

look highly upon their own life and think it was amazing. "Whatever. Anyway, that's pretty much about it." She told them before going back to drinking her coffee.

"So..." It was Donut who began very carefully. He knew he had to be when approaching this subject. He didn't think that Ten would actually answer this question. But he, and he knew very well, the others were wondering the same thing. But problem was, no one was really brave to even ask about it. "So, what's what's the story with the other Freelancer, Nebraska?" He asked with some hesitation. And even some of the others tensed up when the question was finally asked.

It was here, Ten's eyes flashed as she sent him a glance before looking away. She really didn't want to get into that one. She didn't want to return to those bad memories. Not about that jerkoff.

"Ten, perhaps it is better if they understand a little more about Nebraska." Baralai said softly from where he stood against the wall. He paused to share a glance with Wash. "Other than Agent Washington, the Reds and Blues don't know about him. They need to know exactly how dangerous he really is. I'm not saying you have to explain everything. Just give them an enlightenment."

Looking away, Ten looked as if she was not going to answer. She just stared away from everyone, hard faced. But then with a defeated huff, she looked back at the men and actually began to explain.

## 13. Chapter 12

Title: RVB-Reassemble

Genre: Action/Humor/Romance

Rating: T for **\*\*strong\*\*** language, strong violence, crude humor, sexual humor, a lot of nut shots (sorry, guys), and sexist remarks.

Pairings: Red Team/Ooc/Blue Team

Summary: RVB universe; With a rivalry still going on between Red and Blue, Command Center finally gets fed up and sends in someone to straighten them out. A former Freelancer named Tennessee.

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>Chapter Twelve<em>\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>Mother of Invention-Project Freelancer Mobile Command  
Center<em>\*\*\*\*

><em>\*\*\_Eight and Half Years ago\_

Things were heating up around the Freelancer Base. Many missions had been recorded and much training had been done. A lot of enhancements had been given to the Freelancers and they had been used in missions. Some of the enhancements, however, didn't work out as well as everyone hoped. There had been a few casualties that had a few a

little leery about using the new updates.

As it was, the young IT tech, Am had been working hard to prove herself to the Director. She worked very hard with the AI, Alpha, and found herself becoming pretty close to him. She considered him as her best friend since he was the only one that gave her a time of his day.

Then again, he was the only one she really was around, not that she minded. She enjoyed his company.

Even being around Alpha, she did learn a lot. He was a pretty good teacher when it came to Intelligence Gathering. He was even teaching her some new languages to speak, even though she knew a lot already.

She also learned that even if he was artificial intelligence, and technically a computer program, he seemed to have some human emotions. She had already figured that out by his personality. But she also figured that he seemed to have the capability of falling in love.

Am learned that when he started asking curious questions about her sister. The very thought would have made others give him a look and degrade him in the most vile ways because he was a computer program.

But after a year of spending so much time with him, Am beamed brightly and told him everything about Tex. She knew he wasn't exactly a real person but...she sure felt like he was. And she was happy that Alpha liked Tex so much. She even began teasing him when they were alone and not around anyone.

Never in her life had she seen an AI turn so real, literately and looking bashful when he realized he had been found out. The only reaction she gave him was a cute giggle.

However, not everything was going so well for Am.

Very few of the Freelancers welcomed her, even if they had been ordered to be nice to her. It was, in fact, that many of them treated her like shit when they were sure no one important was even looking or listening. South Dakota being the worst offender. Many times whenever the Freelancer saw Am coming her way, she knocked her shoulder hard against the young girl's, almost knocking her to the ground. She would feint politeness and apologize to avoid getting in trouble but she didn't truly mean it.

Problem was, Am was too self conscience about turning South in for her cruelty. She felt her confidence fail her every time.

It also didn't help that Washington began showing what an asshole he truly was when Am continuously refused to go out with him. He didn't seem to take rejection so well.

Am just didn't like him like that. She liked him but she could never truly like him. She was just too professional for inter-relationships with fellow workers. She didn't think it was such a good idea and he didn't seem to like that very much.

It Also didn't help that since things started getting more serious with the Insurrectionists, the Freelancers began taking more and more missions, so Am rarely got to see her sister. The last time she got to see Tex had been almost two months ago, with the exception of brief glances and small talk with one another.

Am was starting to miss her and felt lonely without Tex being around.

And with Tex not being around, that was when the trouble truly began for the young IT. And it all started right after a certain meeting with the Director.

\* \* \*

><p>"Am, I have an assignment for you coming up. It is some serious work and it may be the jump start you wanted to becoming the newest Freelancer on the team." The Director told his assistant.<p>

Am looked up from placing her reports on the desk, startled. She had to think back to what her boss just said before her eyes lit up with surprise. She could almost feel her heart pounding with excitement to think she could become a Freelancer like Tex. "Really?" She asked brightly.

The Director chuckled in amusement before nodding. "Yes. If you agree with the assignment, we will begin testing you and seeing if you can handle the pressure that the Freelancers do. But only if you can handle the assignment given to you." He told her.

"Yes, sir! I agree! I so agree!" Am said a little too excited before wincing and looking embarrassed.

The Director, however, chuckled again, shaking his head. "You're not going to ask what the assignment is first?" He asked still highly amused.

Am bit her lip, sheepishly. She knew she should have asked first but when she was given an opportunity like this, she would jump at any chance she got to becoming a Freelancer. "Well...I...um..." she stuttered over her words, trying to think of the right words. "I just suppose even if I wouldn't become a Freelancer, I would still do what is asked of me. If it helped you, sir. You have done a lot for me as it is. So I owe you that much."

"Wise words, Am." The Director said smiling at her before nodding. "Anyhow, I won't explain to you what the assignment is until the exact day it will happen. But I will tell you that it is an up most important assignment and could improve the Freelance project. The project will start in five days. I also should warn you that it will inquire receiving a neural transplant. So starting tomorrow you will report to the Councilor to perform a series of tests on your body and mind. So if you will condone to the surgical operation, it will be a step closer to your goals." He told her.

Am hesitated. She didn't like that idea but knew neural implants were important steps to Freelancers if not any soldier for the UNSC. She smiled faintly and nodded any way. "Yes, sir. I will do what it takes to become a Freelancer." She answered.

Again the Director smiled and nodded his approval. He looked impressed with her bravery for agreeing so willingly. "Very well. In that case, you are relieved of duty as of now. Get some rest and be ready." He told her.

Smiling, Am nodded as she set down her reports. She could think of a few things to do while being off duty. She definitely wanted to work on some of her training. If she was about to become the newest Freelancer, she didn't want to be the weakest one. "Thank you, sir. For this opportunity. I will not let you down." She said happily.

"I know you won't. Dismissed." The Director told her.

Am nodded as she turned to leave, trying to hide the skip in her step. She couldn't help but feel excited about what was to come.

"Oh, Am." The Director called after her, making her turn from the door. "I normally wouldn't say this to anyone before they did become a Freelancer. But I know it would keep that pretty smile on your face. But your new name will be Agent Tennessee." He added. "Do not discuss what we have spoken about with anyone. I would like to keep the other Freelancers from finding out just yet. Call it...a surprise. That includes Agent Texas and even my AI, Alpha. I would rather even he didn't know just yet."

Am smiled and nodded. "Yes, sir. I won't tell anyone." She stated before saluting him just like how the Freelancers usually did and then left.

Practically skipping to her room, Am was on the clouds. She couldn't believe it. She was going to become the new Freelancer, Agent Tennessee. She couldn't wait till it became official and she could finally tell Tex. She just knew that her sister was going to be so happy for her.

Maybe perhaps, they could even do missions together like South and North did. They would be the best team ever!

As Am went towards the personal quarters, she should have remembered one important detail. Slow down from speed walking nearly to running when going around corners.

Because the moment she approached the corner, she ran head long into someone who wore thick metal armor.

Bouncing off painfully off that armor, Am hit the ground with a loud painful yelp while the other just stood there unfazed. She hit the ground, landing on her rear end. "Ow!" She moaned painfully as she immediately began rubbing her head where she had knocked it against hard armor.

"Whoa there! You okay?" A somewhat familiar voice asked from far above her.

Am blinked in surprise to see the emerald green colored armor, which she recognized the Freelancer, Agent Nebraska.

Towering over her at nearly 5 foot 11, Nebraska, or Neb as everyone called him, looked down at her much smaller form from under his amber



colored visor. He wasn't as big as some of the Freelancers but he was sure tall. Other than Agent Maine, who was massive compared to everyone else, at 6 foot 4', he was the tallest. He was probably the third bulkiest Freelancer too under Maine and North Dakota.

In truth, this was really the first time that Neb even said anything to Am. He was kind of a quiet person throughout all forty six Freelancers that were even on the Mother of Invention. He rarely spoke unless spoken to. And not many did speak to him.

There had been a few times that Am did catch him looking at her though throughout the entire year of even being on the ship. She would sometimes greet him with a smile and a wave of greeting but they never actually shared words with each other at all. Even when Am was assisting with physicals or training sessions for the Freelancers. He never actually returned her greetings but look away when he realized he had been caught staring.

Am knew that underneath his armor, though, he was quite a handsome man. She remembered seeing his chiseled, clean cut face and his sandy blonde hair that was cut into a crew cut like all of the other men of the Freelance project. His eyes were dark brown and even though he was handsome, he did give Am the creeps a little.

It was probably because she didn't know him all that well because of his quiet ways and being somewhat antisocial with the others.

Blinking out of her surprise, Am groaned as she clambered to her feet, pausing when she found an armored hand in front of her. She glanced up at Neb again before accepting it and allowing him to help her to her feet. "Th-thank you, Agent Nebraska. And I'm sorry for running into you like that. I should have known better." She said embarrassed.

Neb tilted his helmet a little before a light sound escaped him that gave the young woman the idea that he was smiling in amusement, if not sort of laughing at her. "No harm done to me. But what about you? You didn't get hurt in that fall, did you?" He asked sounding concerned.

Am blushed once again embarrassed. She couldn't believe herself. She should have been paying attention instead of having her head up in the clouds like that. "N-no, I'm okay. Thank you for asking." She told him. Again Am heard the light sound of amusement escape from Neb but she tried to ignore it. She felt rather awkward talking to him for the first time in a whole year. "Well, I better...uh...go. I have things to do." She said awkwardly before moving around him to leave.

But Neb swung an arm up, blocking her path, causing her to stiffen. "Leaving so soon?" He asked rather coyly. "I thought we could talk just a little longer. Get to know each other more."

Am swallowed hard feeling very uncomfortable now. She didn't like where this was going. "I...um...can't. I am sorry. I really do have things to do, Agent Nebraska." She said trying to side step around him again.

But Ned stepped with her, making her stiffen again. He seemed to be

taunting her and she could almost see the mischievous smile he was obviously wearing under his helmet. It did not help her nerves when she tried again to side step around him again, he blocked her path and she found herself against the wall trying to avoid collision with him.

And it certainly didn't help her nerves when he stepped closer to her, almost pinning her to the wall.

"Um...Agent Nebras..." Am stuttered uneasily, her whole body tensing up. She could feel her defensive side starting to rise out of her.

"Please, call me Neb. And I would very much like it if you stayed to talk longer." Neb said slyly, stepping even closer. He didn't seem to notice or care that she was cringing against the wall now. He only chuckled and it was such a dark sound that it sent terrifying chills up Am's spine.

"There you are, Am! I have been looking all over for you!" That heavenly voice spoke up as a flash of white appeared right behind Neb.

Immediately, Nebraska stepped back away from Am as if he had been burned, his helmet whipping around to look at the AI who interrupted his fun with the young lady. Even though they couldn't see it, Am and Alpha were both sure he was glaring furiously at the Director's computerized copy.

Am felt a rush of relief roll over her as she looked at the small man hovering in the air. She seriously was never more glad to see Alpha than she did now. "Al-Alpha!" She said, not able to hide the relief from her voice. She could almost feel the burning gaze that Neb gave her when he looked back at her.

Alpha completely ignored the Freelancer as he looked right back at his human friend, grinning at her. "Did you forget about our date, Am? You promised to play chess with me, remember?" He asked almost too brightly.

Am blinked in surprise and confusion, not realizing the AI's intentions. She didn't recall promising a game of chess...oh! It hit her as he locked his artificial eyes with her, looking a little wide as if trying to tell her something. She realized he was trying to help her out of the awkward and uncomfortable moment with Nebraska. "Oh! I'm sorry, Alpha! I did forget! Thank you for reminding me!" She said emphasizing her gratitude.

Alpha nodded brightly before glancing at Neb and waving a greeting at him. "Hi, Neb! How's it going?!" He asked still brightly.

Neb seemed to be glowering because he only dipped his head to the AI before turning back to Am. "I'll see you around." He said not happy whatsoever before walking away.

There was a short pause between Am and Alpha before the AI turned to her, now looking serious but concerned. "Are you okay, Am? I saw what was going on and you looked frightened? What was Nebraska doing?" He asked seriously.

Am bit her lip, shaking her head. She honestly didn't know what to say because she didn't know herself. "I am fine, Alpha. And I wasn't sure what he was doing. But thanks for jumping in. I was...getting pretty uncomfortable there." She told him.

Alpha raised a holographic eyebrow at her. "Um...you looked scared." He smiled nonetheless and grinned. "But it's no problem! Friends look out for friends! And we are friends, right?" He asked brightly.

Smiling just as brightly, Am nodded. "Right! We are best friends, Alpha! Now how about that game of chess? I think I can finally beat you with a new strategy!" She said slyly as she started to walk down the hall way towards her room.

The AI only laughed as he hovered across the hall to sit on her shoulder.

\* \* \*

><p>It was like that the entire day for Am. She could pretty much feel eyes constantly watching her when she wasn't in her room. She would look around and suddenly find Neb somewhere down the hall or in the room. She tensed up every time and would immediately advert her eyes. She couldn't help but feel like she was being stalked by him.<p>

\* \* \*

><p>Early the next morning, Am went to meet the Councilor, after getting breakfast. She had another uncomfortable encounter with Nebraska again. She had been getting coffee when she felt a hot breath practically on her neck.<p>

Tensed up, she glanced over her shoulder and found Neb standing right behind her, not even a foot away from being behind her. He was definitely in her personal bubble and she didn't like it.

"Good morning." Neb pretty much breathed at her.

Smiling faintly, she returned the greeting and quickly got her breakfast and coffee. She didn't stick around for very long especially when the Freelancer sat at the table she had, trying to strike up a conversation with her. She would politely answer any questions he had for her.

But it was when he asked her if she had a boyfriend did everything get awkward.

After that question, Am hurried up and ate her breakfast so she could leave. She needed to meet the Councilor anyway. It did not help her nerves when Neb suddenly showed up beside her asking if he could walk with her to where she was going.

Not wanting to be impolite, no matter how freaked out she was getting, Am allowed him to wake with her.

It got very awkward fast when Neb tried asking her again if she had a boyfriend.

Luckily, it was at the time when she arrived at the medical facility where the Councilor was waiting for her. Neb quickly dropped it and bid Am farewell, not wanting to be anywhere near the Councilor and harassing her like he was.

The tests that Am went through were simple enough. She had to do a series of physical and mental tests that the Councilor put her through. She went through a physical, seeing her basic forms and then went through an IQ test, which she passed with flying colors and proved to have an IQ of 180.

After that, she met up with the Freelance Project's psychologist to test out her mental health. She got along with him just fine and he simply told the Councilor that she qualified.

After that, the Councilor began going over what would take place for the neural surgery with Am.

"You will be medically induced in stasis, of course. The surgeons will then attach the neural transplants into your cerebral core from behind your ear, which is located in the spinal base. The procedure is quite simple." He explained and showed a few holographic images to give her an idea what would happen. "The transplant device may make you a little disoriented when you awaken but I assure you that it will be normal."

Am eyed the holographic images of a human brain with a twist in her stomach. She wasn't if she wanted this. But if Tex did it, so could she.

"The procedure will take place tonight. The sooner it happens the better. The Director wants you ready for the special assignment as soon as possible." The Councilor went on.

Nodding in understanding, Am just stood up straighter. "Anytime, sir, you need me to come in. I will do it." She told him firmly.

The Councilor just nodded as he stood up straighter, if it were possible. He seemed impressed in a dead dull way. He wasn't the most enthusiastic person at all, really. "Very well. Report back here at 1600 hours. That is when we will begin the procedure. In that time, I suggest you get some rest." He told her.

Again, Am nodded before she stepped towards the door. She was nervous about having neural transplants but she was excited nonetheless. She couldn't wait for her official day of becoming a Freelancer. "Thank you, sir. I will." She stated before she left the room.

Going back to her quarters, Am was thinking about what the special assignment that the Director was putting her on. She was curious about what she was going to do and hoped she could do it right. She knew it was a way for her to become a Freelancer. She wondered exactly how it was all going to be after she did become Agent Tennessee.

Still, she made a solemn promise that once she did become a Freelancer, she would remain friends with Alpha. She wouldn't ignore him like everyone else but her and Tex did. She would do what it took to stay friends with him. No matter what. He was the only one who tried to befriend her on her first day.

Washington didn't count on being friendly. He had hit on her not tried becoming her friend. And even after all of the rejections, he started being an ass towards her.

Approaching her door, Am palmed the hand lock and went inside, activating the lights.

And that was when everything went wrong.

As soon as the lights came on, someone grabbed her arm and yanked her further into the room, causing her to yelp. She felt her heart nearly stop when she heard her door lock and even struggled when she felt the attacker toss her across the room.

Before she could even turn to see who was attacking, she found herself being tossed onto her cot and pinned down by someone definitely larger than her. She gasped as powerful hands grabbed her wrists and pinned them above her head.

"Argh! Let go of me! Who are you?!" Am struggled to scream, even though it was muffled by her face being shoved against her bed.

The attacker didn't answer but pinned her wrists in one hand while the other began grabbing at her clothes.

Only then did Am realize what her attacker's intentions were. She stiffened under him for only a moment before thrashing to break free. "Get off of me! No! Let me go!" She began screaming, kicking and thrashing to get away from him.

Her attacker tried to ignore her as he began tearing at her pants, trying to yank them down.

Am felt fear and anger striking her very core. She wasn't going to allow this! She needed to get away from him, get to some help. She needed to fight him off! She couldn't allow this to happen to her!

Thrashing harder, Am finally yanked one of her wrists free from a bone crushing grip and threw her elbow back harder. She felt it slam into flesh, causing her attacker to grunt in pain and surprise. It gave her enough time to twist her body around and lash out again, feeling her fist slam against her attacker's face.

"Argh! Bitch!" He snarled and Am stiffened in horror when she recognized his voice.

It was her one mistake. She had frozen.

But nonetheless, her wide emerald green eyes looked up in shock to see Nebraska on top of her. He wasn't wearing his dark green armor like he usually did when she saw him. He was actually wearing a dark green wife beater and black track pants. And he looked furious. "Ne-Nebrask-ka...?!" She yelped in alarm.

Nebraska didn't exactly reply but snarled at her before backhanding her across the face. He ignored her cry of pain and fear as he grabbed her wrists and pinned them down again, his grip so tight, it hurt.

"Wh-what...!? Why are you doing this?!" Am gasped as she began thrashing to break free again. Though, she had a feeling that he was doing it because he stank of alcohol. He was obviously drunk.

Again, Neb ignored her as he clutched her wrists painfully in one hand before going for her cloths again.

Am had tears in her eyes from fear and anger and did not cease to stop fighting against him. She jerked her body, trying to break free but it did not help that he was stronger than her and a great deal heavier. Trying to dislodge him was like trying to push off a tree that fell on her.

"Get off of me!" Am found the courage to snarl in rage as she began kicking at him. She felt her knee bang nastily against Neb's, making even him wince in slight pain but he did not cease his actions to starting to rip at her pants line. She felt tears starting to stream down her cheeks as she tried to fight harder, trying so hard to get him off of her. She had to do something! Anything! She couldn't possibly let Neb do this to her...

Suddenly the door to Am's room opened and someone walked in and then froze for only a moment. It was almost missed by the struggle between the two but the shout was not from behind Neb was not.

"What the fuck?!" Am heard her older sister's voice exclaim before Neb was seized from behind and yanked backwards. "Get the hell off her, you cocksucking piece of shit!"

It was right as Neb started flying backwards did Am decide he still needed some justice from her as well. She lashed out her foot, kicking as hard as she could, which seemed to enough all on its own. The flat of her nailed Neb hard in the chest, sending him flying back hard until he slammed into the once again closed door and literately sent it flying off the hinges and outside in the hall.

Am was shaking in terror and rage, even when Tex grabbed her arm and tried to force her attention onto her. "Are you all right, Am?!" She heard her shout.

Tearing her attention from her shock, she looked to see Tex was still wearing her armor. It suddenly made sense of how Neb broke down the door when he did.

Still, nonetheless, Am was shaking in Tex's tight grip and it took a second for her to realize that she was also being shakened by her sister to get her to snap out of her shock. "Te-Tex!" She felt a terrified but angry sob leave her.

"What the fuck happened, Am?! Did he...?!" Tex was snapping, peering her sister in horror from under her helmet.

But the sudden sound of shuffling feet caught both sisters' attention, making them jerk around to see Neb in the door way, clutching his chest and looking quite out of breath. "You bitch!" He growled at both of them before starting to move forward again. "I am going to fucking kill you...!"

There was a sudden blur of black and surprisingly light red before a

pair of fists slammed right into Neb's face, sending him flying backwards again and crash into the opposite wall again. This time, it left a huge spider cracked dent in the metal wall.

It also didn't help that Neb ended up coughing up blood from the very impact. It took a moment for him to recover enough to look at both sisters glaring at him, both standing side by side, their fists clenched. Even if Tex was wearing her helmet, he could still feel her burning glare.

"Do not ever touch me again, you asshole!" Am snapped, for once showing a fiery attitude that not many at all had ever seen from her. Her green eyes were blazing with fury like poisonous green fire as she glared at him.

"You mother fucking cockbite! If you ever touch her again, I will rip your fucking balls off and shove them down your fucking throat!" Tex snarled, her body shifting as if she was about to launch forward to attack again.

Neb sneered at her, still clutching his throbbing chest. "Oh I was going to do more than just touch her, Texas. I was going to fuck her like the little nobody whore she is!" He chuckled darkly. "As if anyone would really care either way. No one likes her..."

A twin set of enraged snarls left both sisters as they launched forward, fists snapped back and ready to throw.

Neb immediately pulled up his guard, snapping into a fighting stance. He was tensed up, ready to defend himself from Tex. He knew what kind of fighter she was and he had no doubt he would leave this fight with a few broken bones. But the younger sister, he was going to mess up bad. He didn't care though. All he wanted from her was a little...

The sisters were upon him and he moved to block a deadly punch from the black Freelancer and lashed out with his foot to strike the younger woman.

But it came to a surprise to him as they suddenly weaved in and out from each other, moving together like a mirror image. They easily avoided his block and kick and slammed their fists into each of his sides, causing ribs to crack and knock the breath out of him. He, again, coughed up blood, his eyes wide, yet his vision darkening for a moment.

As soon as he was able to see again, he became aware of shouts from down the hall, even though he paid more attention to a metal boot coming at his head. He barely had time to throw up his arms to block Tex's kick from causing more damage to his head though his arms were no doubt broken from the intensive pain that shot up them.

Suddenly, another kick struck against him, this time right in between his legs, causing him to gasp painfully and drop like a rock. He once again blacked out and this time stayed down as every nerve in his body had been shot from that brutal attack from the youngest sister, Am, who stood over him with tears streaming from her enraged eyes.

"Fight! Fight! Fight! There's a fight going on!" Came a familiar

voice. It sounded like York to be honest. And judging by the other shouts and the stomping of feet, they were soon going to have an audience. They paid no mind as they began beating the living daylights out of Neb, who wasn't doing very well by fighting back after being kicked in the gonads like he had.

Both sisters suddenly found arms wrapping around them and yanking them back as they started to move forward to cause more damage to Nebraska. Tex snarled as she thrashed in the powerful arms of Maine and North while it had been Wash who grabbed Am as she spat vile words at the fallen Freelancer.

"Get the fuck off me! I am going to kill him!" Tex snarled as she nearly yanked Maine and North's arms out of their sockets as she tried to get back at Neb, who writhed in pain on the ground, clutching his inner thigh.

"Stand down!" Suddenly came the stern, authoritative voice of the Director.

Immediately everything stopped other than the fact that Am was still struggling to escape Wash's grip, only this time in a panic. She really didn't want another man touching her right now. Not with memory flashes going through her mind of Nebraska attacking her like he had. She felt herself falling into shock and it scared her even more when Wash wasn't letting her go. "Le-let go of me, Wash!" She nearly cried, still struggling. She even accidentally elbowed him in the face, proving to her that he wasn't wearing his helmet. She was sure that she just knocked him in the chin but nonetheless, he yelped in pain but kept a tight grip on her as he pulled her back from Neb.

"Calm down, Am! Jesus Christ!" Wash said tightening his grip.

However, he ended up yelping when Tex suddenly yanked free from North and Maine and wrenched his arms off of Am, pulling her close. "Don't fucking touch her, Wash!" She snapped.

Wash, immediately held up his hands and backed away. He wasn't about to get pummeled by Texas for anything. "Jesus! I was just trying to....!" He was saying.

"She doesn't need any more fucking men touching her! Nebraska did enough to her and you're just scaring her more, dipshit!" Tex snarled.

It went dead quiet for a moment as everyone gaped at her in shock.

The Director walked straight up to the sisters, ignoring the fact that one was cringing into the other, who was keeping everyone's eyes from looking her over. "What happened here, Texas? Why is one of my Freelancers on...?" He asked a little too calmly.

Tex growled, though not at him. She instead sent a nasty look at Neb, who was barely stirring from half unconscienceness and being in complete pain. "Why don't you ask that sick mother fucker instead of me! If he ever touches my sister again, I will do so much worse than what we just did to him! I will kill him and make it slow and



excruciating!" She growled.

Frowning, the Director turned his deep green eyes onto Am before moving closer, blocking his other Freelancers' gaze from her. He gently reached out, touching Am's shoulder, making her flinch into Tex's arms and ignoring the warning that his black Freelancer sent him. "Am, Tex," he said almost too quietly. "Allow me to see. Depending on the severity of the situation, I must see what he did so I can take the right actions against him."

For a moment neither sister didn't move but then Tex peeled back one arm to give the Director a glance at Am's appearance before covering her up in her arms again. Either way, it gave away to what had nearly happened. A stony look formed on the Director's face before he turned swiftly and looked darkly down at Nebraska, who was struggling to his feet, still bent over and groaning from his injuries. "Agents Maine and North," he spoke up dangerously, making both stiffen. "Take Agent Nebraska to the prison block." He ordered darkly.

Everyone blinked in surprise, looking at him.

"Sir, he's hurt pretty bad. Tex beat him pretty good. I think we should take him to the medical..." North was saying.

"Now!" Snapped the Director, shooting the pale blonde haired man a dark look. "I am not paying you to think right now, North Dakota! Just do as I ordered! He will receive medical attention in a brig cell! But I want him out of my sight!" He then turned swiftly back to the sisters, eyes on Am, who was currently sobbing in Tex's arms. "Texas, take Am to the medical facility for recovery. I will be there shortly to speak to you and her about what happened."

Nebraska struggled to stay on his feet, even with North and Maine supporting him. He was barely hanging on as it was. He, however, looked weakly at Tex and Am, rage in his dark eyes. The look he gave the young woman was enough to make many freeze in surprise or just glare furiously at him. "I...will get you...for this...finish wh-what I started...whore..." he managed to hiss at her.

Am flinched at the sound of his voice and looked at him with fear while Texas snarled at him, yet keeping enough control from finishing what she and her sister did to him. "Shut the fuck up, loser! She kicked your ass right with me! And she could do it again even after what you did to her!" She snapped, already starting to move her sister away.

Neb sneered, still in pain as North and Maine started dragging him away. "Ye-yeah? Well I am no-not done with her! I will fin-finish what I started! I guarantee you that!" He called over his shoulder his dark eyes on Am, who peered back at her with pure evil.

"Get him out of here!" The Director snapped, clearly not happy whatsoever. He was not in the mood for something like this. He even shot the now stunned Freelancers who were standing in the halls watching a dark look. "Everyone, clear out! Return you ! Alpha! I know you are watching!"

The AI flickered into view, looking at Am with great concern. He looked horrified to what happened to her and wanted nothing more than to help comfort her. But...he knew he had a duty to do at the moment.

"Yes, Director? I am here." He said trying to sound calm.

The Director waited till all Freelancers and personnel were out of the hall, Tex and Am included. "Alpha, remove Agent Nebraska's file from the Freelance systems. I will have such an act be recorded into our system. We now no longer have an Agent Nebraska." He said almost coldly.

Alpha nodded as he glanced down the hall after Am. He had no problem getting rid of this Freelancer after what he did to Am. "What about...?" He was saying.

The Director frowned at him, shaking his head. "The connection you have with my assistant is growing to personal, Alpha. I would prefer you not to get too close to her." He said sounding impatient.

Alpha grimaced, looking back at him. "I'm sorry, Leo. It's just, she treats me like a real person. Her and Tex. I know I'm not real. It's just kind of nice." He told him.

Still, The Director didn't look as thrilled. "I understand, Alpha. But you are an AI. You have too much to do without worrying about some little IT assistant. You are aware of what will be happening soon, don't you?" He asked impatiently.

Bobbing his head, Alpha knew what was expected of him. He already knew what was coming. "You're loaning me to one of the Freelancers for an upcoming mission. I get it. And you don't want me to be worrying so much about Am. I won't, Leonard. I still want to know which Freelancer. Is it, Carolina? Washington? New York?" He started rattling off names, trying to .

"Do not worry about who it is, Alpha. Just do what I tell you to. Now get to work on Nebraska's file. I don't want any trace of him still in the system. Of the UNSC finds out that one of Freelancers just attacked a low level Intelligence Tech with the intent of sexually assaulting her, there will be trouble for us. We are too far in our research for being shut down like that annoying Chairman of the Oversight Committee has been wanting to do for a long time. Now get to work. Let me deal with your...friend." the Director said darkly.

Alpha grimaced as he held up his hands at the sudden lecture. "Okay, okay. Yeesh. Calm down, Leo. I am going, I am going." He said before flickering out of view.

\* \* \*

><p>In the medical facility, Am was being looked over by an AI, whose medical capabilities were better than a human's would have been. A human medic was helping her. Tex was standing next to her sister, her helmet finally off to reveal her pretty but tough face.<p>

It was at that moment, The Director walked in with the Councilor. "Amelia, report. How is our patient doing?" He asked, sounding as kind as he did when he first met the sisters.

The AI turned to look at him as she ordered the human assistant to get some medication for her patient. "Hello, Director. The injuries that Am has received are minor. She merely has bruises. Nothing

more." She reported.

The Director nodded before looking at Tex. "Texas, I would like to speak to your sister alone. Would you grant me that?" He asked impassively. "In fact, all leave the room. This is a private conversation."

Tex hesitated but then nodded as she gave Am's hand a light squeeze. "I will be right outside, okay?" She said before leaving as did everyone else.

For a moment there was only silence between Am and the Director. She looked ashamed while he looked at her calmly.

"Am, I understand that you went through a great deal today. And I am ashamed that I did not see this coming. For one of my Freelancers to cause such distortion in my ship, I cannot allow that happening. So I will inform you that Agent Nebraska will no longer be allowed in the Freelance program. That does leave me short with one Freelancer." The Director said his hands folded behind his back. "I will understand if you wish not to continue with our plans. But I must know if you are still interested in..." he was saying.

Am immediately nodded, wiping tears from her eyes and pushing off the medical berth. "With all due respect, sir. I want to be a Freelancer just like Tex. It is what I want to do. I won't let someone like Nebraska scare me. I want to be strong enough to defend myself. I will understand if you are having second thoughts about allowing me to become one of your Freelancers. But if the spot is still open, I want to fill it. I will do whatever what it takes. No matter what." She said as proudly as she could.

The Director smiled and nodded. "Then we will with go with the neural transplant tonight. After the surgery, you will have one day to recover and then we will officially make you Agent Tennessee. I am proud to have you, Am. What you sacrifice for the Freelance program will be honored forever. I will allow Tex to visit you a little longer but then you must be prepared for the procedure. Is that understood?" He asked.

Am nodded as she snapped to attention and saluted her employer. She was still very shaky about her attack with Nebraska but this was helping her overcome it. "Yes, sir!" She practically barked.

The Director nodded sharply before he turned to leave the room, pausing only for a moment to give the order to ready strong sedatives for Am's procedure. He let Tex back into the room, informing her that she had only one hour to visit before she was needed in the briefing room with all of the other Freelancers on her team for an upcoming mission.

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>Outpost 13<br>\*\_Present Day\_

"That is pretty much it. That is how things went sour for me with Neb." Ten finished her tale about what happened with Nebraska. She didn't go into full details of the attack but the guys got the idea.

"So even after you were nearly assaulted, you still went through the neural transplant?" Simmons asked somewhat leery. "I would think after that you wouldn't have wanted to."

Ten nodded in understanding as she finished her lunch and stood up. The guys slowly followed her to disposing their leftovers and started making their back to training. "I know what you mean. In truth, I don't think I was ready after nearly being raped like that but...I meant what I said to the Director. I would do what it took to become a Freelancer. So I just went with it." She told them.

"Yeah, but what happened after that? What did the Director want you to do? What was the special assignment you were suppose to do?" Donut was the one to ask what everyone was thinking.

Ten shrugged as she looked at him. "Isn't it obvious?" She asked smiling darkly. "I went through the neural transplant, had the cerebral upgrades put in and then a day later, I went in for the assignment. And that was testing to see how well I could handle working with an AI. In truth, I wasn't ready for having such a powerful AI like Alpha shoved into my head." She finished motioning to Church, who slumped a little at the memory. "But that is a story for some other time. We need to get back to work. Let's do some survival training and work more on our team work." She suggested before leading the Reds and Blues to the simulation room.

"Hey, Ten. Since we know what Tex's real name is, can I ask you what your real name is?" It was Tucker who asked as he trailed after her and the others. He was pretty curious about knowing what her name was. He was sure he heard Church and Wash call her Am before, and she did slip it in her story. But he was pretty sure that wasn't her full name. So it drew his curiosity like everyone else's a little.

"No." was the only answer that Agent Tennessee gave him though.

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><p><em><strong>Author's<strong>\_\*\* Note-\*\*

Sorry about the long wait on this update. I know it's been a while but I finally got past some of the writer's block that I have been suffering from for a little while now. I hope this wasn't too terribly written. I didn't want to go too far into the assault scene because that would require changing the rating from T to M, though I might end up doing that later anyway. I'm just not too good with writing sexual attack scenes that much. Anyway, what did you think? Yay or Nay? More will be coming soon. And for those who are reading my other stories, the updates will be up soon. Even to my WAY OVERDUE Final Fantasy VIII/X-2 story that I haven't worked in for a while now. Review!

## 14. Chapter 13

Title: RVB-Reassemble

Genre: Action/Humor/Romance

Rating: T for **strong** language, strong violence, crude humor, sexual humor, a lot of nut shots (sorry, guys), and sexist

remarks.

Pairings: Red Team/Ooc/Blue Team

Summary: RVB universe; With a rivalry still going on between Red and Blue, Command Center finally gets fed up and sends in someone to straighten them out. A former Freelancer named Tennessee.

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>Chapter Thirteen<strong>\_

\* \* \*

><p>Things were finally looking up.<p>

After Ten revealed her terrible past, things got better between the new team. They were putting aside their differences while on the training field and working together during the simulations. Outside the training, they did still get on each other's nerves. But not as bad. The team work did improve. They did begin working together without really bickering and arguing. And even they were getting better.

Caboose finally managed to find a point of focus. It took promising him stuff with direct details of what needed to be done.

Grif, while still lazy as ever, did stop complaining. Eventually.

Simmons was working with the Sangheili Strategist to improve his own. He was coming up with a lot of good ideas for plans now. He even shared them during the training simulations and everyone followed through.

Church was still a terrible shot. He still had a hard time shooting any kind of target.

That is, until Ten came up with an idea.

After watching him continuously firing at targets, missing and getting pissed off, she decided that the best scenario was un-focusing the sniper rifle's scope and letting him fire at the targets, nearly blind.

Shockingly, Church hit every target. Dead center.

Sarge was working with Baralai, himself to getting back into shape. He was already a good marksman and not a shabby fighter. But he wasn't great. So he was working with Baralai for improvement.

Wash was working with Donut with his hand to hand. It was not easy, whatsoever. He was not a good fighter. He could mostly only shoot a gun and throw grenades. It was with that did Wash use to the advantage. He began teaching Donut how to fight hand to hand, yet telling him the best way of taking an enemy was blinding him. He gave Donut a nice hand full of flash bombs, telling that if he is ever attacked, use one to blind his opponents and then shoot them.

Ten wasn't impressed but she didn't argue. She was too busy with

training with Tolk'en and Tucker to do any reprimanding. She worked with the aqua colored soldier, helping him get better with his blade. It was not easy but at least he toned it down with his flirtatious remarks towards her.

With Tolk'en standing by to watch, both Ten and Tucker sparred with their blades. It was unfortunate to Tucker that she was a better swords master than he was.

Round after round, Ten would knock his blade right out of his hand, sending it flying through the air and onto the ground. She won fifty rounds against him. And only once did she try and use his blade.

That didn't work out so well.

Ten had been going at her melee attacks slightly hard, annoyed by some comments that Tucker just had to say. She had done another maneuver that knocked the blade from his hand before she snatched it right out of the air and criss-crossed it across his neck after kicking his feet out from beneath him.

"That fifty two times now that..." Ten had been saying before she was startled when the Energy blade crackled before deactivating.  
"What...?!"

All other actions stopped immediately, it being mostly the former Elites of the Covenant. They had all seen what happened and it startled every one of them. Baralai stepped away from Sarge, staring at the blade that Ten was trying to reactivate. "It can't be..." he murmured.

"What the fu..." Ten remarked in bewilderment as she stood back up flicking the switch to activate it. "What did I do, break it?"

Tucker snickered as he climbed to his feet and brushed off his armor. "Nah. You didn't. For some reason it works only for me. No one else can use it. Something about it being a legendary weapon or some shit like that. Some alien we called Crunchbite fed me some bull shit about how since I found it in some fucking hole and picked it up, I'm supposed to be some kind hero or something." He told her.

Ten scoffed lightly, giving him a skeptical look. "Right." She drawled it out.

"Yeah, that's what I said. All it did was get me knocked up." Tucker said.

"Hm. Whatev...wait, what? You got knocked up?" Ten asked bewildered looking at him. "As in..."

Tucker nodded. "As in I got preggers, had an alien baby who I hardly ever see and yeah. Talking about the weirdest shit that ever happened to me. And I have been through a lot. Still it's all bull if you ask me." He told her.

"Actually, it's not."

Ten and Tucker blinked and looked over at Baralai as he approached

them, yellow eyes on the decorated round cylinder in her hand. "Huh?" Both asked in confusion.

Baralai held out his three clawed hand towards Ten, his eyes pausing on Tucker. "May I?" He asked politely.

"Uh...sure." The Blue soldier uncertainly, somewhat nodding to Ten, who held out the Energy blade to her Sangheili body guard.

The large Alien bobbed his bulbous head before taking the Energy blade handle and looked it over. His mandibles peeled back a little then closed again as he continued to look the handle over, taking in the symbols on it. "Hmm." He finally looked at Tucker, almost skeptic. "Curious."

"What?" Tucker asked frowning in his helmet.

Baralai turned his attention back to the blade, bobbing his head. "It is the Key of Sangheili." He ignored the sudden murmurs and growls of his fellow aliens as he continued to look at blade. "It is what you were told. A legendary blade of our people. While all Energy blades eventually will break after long periods of usage, this one will never break. It is a powerful weapon only wielded by a fine warrior. Usually it is suppose to be the next Arbiter who wields this blade. But you have imprinted with it." He stated.

Tucker stepped back. "Wha-?!" He asked flabbergasted. "What do you mean imprinted with it?"

"I mean," the large alien spoke as he looked at the Blue Soldier. "You rightfully are the Sangheili Arbiter now. Our warrior. A Hero destined to become our Leader. That is what Sangheili Prophecies say."

"Yo-you've got to be kidding me. Tucker?! A fucking hero?! The fucking Leader of Aliens?!" Church remarked in shock. "Please say you're joking!"

"Heeeey." Tucker said reproachfully.

Church shrugged, as if he didn't do or say anything wrong. "What, Tucker?! It's true! Since when have you ever lead anything?! And a hero?! Pffft! Come on! How can YOU be a fucking hero?! I mean, how can any of us be a hero?! Look at us all!" He remarked.

"Well if you put that way." Simmons muttered though not agreeing.

"Oh come on, guys. You're not that bad. You did help take down the Freelance project, after all. And you did fight The Meta. And you didn't die. So that counts for something." Ten remarked with a light chuckle and earned grins and beams from all of the guys. She looked at Baralai. "But...Alpha, er, I mean Church does kind of have a point."

Tucker groaned, slumping.

"So...is that really true? Tucker's ya're new Hero or something?" Sarge asked.

Baralai chuckled but shook his head. "No, it is what you would say bull shit. This is the Key of Sangheili. And it is true that it is unbreakable and it can only be used by Tucker. But being the new Arbiter...well, technically it is true. The Arbiter is suppose to wield this blade. But Tucker is human. He won't be any leader of us." He stated, chuckling.

"Oh, now that's just mean. Here I was being hopeful too." Tucker said sarcastically.

"Heh, and you having a baby alien. That's just dumb. It was a nice joke." Ten remarked, shaking her head.

There was a blank pause between everyone.

"Um...actually, he really did have Junior. He got knocked up by Crunchbite and had his kid. Our medic guy, Doc said something about the aliens being able to plant parasites into a human host, therefore babies. I think it's pretty interesting." Donut said cheerfully.

Tucker scoffed, giving the pink clad soldier a look. "Yeah, well maybe you should try it next time! It was so not fun!" He growled.

Ten stared at them before looking at Baralai for a confirmation. "Bear, is that even..." she was saying.

Baralai grimaced, along with the other aliens but they all bobbed their heads. "Unfortunately for humans, yes. We can reproduce with them. We technically do not have two genders. None of us are males or females. And we do reproduce by transmitting what you would think as a parasite into another." He chuckled when all of the humans stared at him, unease in the air. "However, fortunately for you, Sangheili don't reproduce outside our own species. I believe this...Crunchbite only did it because you might have angered him by taking his quest in searching for the Key of Sangheili. Am I wrong?" He asked in amusement.

"Uh...well, he wasn't happy, that's for sure. He beat the shit out of me when he saw that I had it." Tucker said grimacing.

"And it didn't really help that you were kind of being an asshole to him when he said you needed to help him out with his quest either." Church remarked dryly, now somewhat amused.

"Dude, he fucking wanted me to kill an already dead cow, wander around a damn swamp so he could fucking violate me and then help him steal a damn alien ship from a fortified temple, Church! And I didn't even want to go!" Tucker argued.

Baralai and his Sangheili snorted with chuckles. They were definitely amused. "It sounds to me he just wanted to annoy you. His only quest was to retrieve the Key and then return to our planet with it." He stated.

Tucker slumped, looking at the large Sangheili with annoyance. "So it was all bull shit that he fed me? Just because I pissed him off for finding the sword before he did." He asked.



"Sounds like it." Baralai told him.

There was a pause before Tucker slumped even more. "So...the fact that I had an alien kid who was later kidnapped by some asshole AI named O'Malley, Wyoming and Texas and Crunchbite was nothing then?" He asked.

Dead silence.

Ten stared at Tucker for a moment before she frowned seriously. "Tex tried kidnapping your alien baby?" She asked gravely.

Tucker grimaced but nodded. "Yeah. Unfortunately. They said something about him being a part of some prophecy, that he was really special and how he was going to either save the universe or destroy it." He told her.

Ten lowered her head and looked away from him before she slowly started to walk away. She, however, paused as she turned back towards him and the other Reds and Blues. "The Texas you probably met wasn't my Texas. She'd never had done that." She said gloomily.

"It doesn't help that she did, Ten. I'm sorry but she wanted to be, like, the queen of the Universe or some kind of..." Church was saying.

Ten shot him a sharp look but shook her head. "It wasn't her, Alpha. It couldn't have been. And O'Malley? Well...I'm not surprised. So if it was Tex, it must have been through him. He was your product of anger so..." she was saying.

Just then, there was a light ding of a bell throughout the room, cutting Ten off from speaking any more.

'Agent Tennessee,' came a female voice over the intercom. 'This is Communications AI, Cella. An emergency distress beacon has been activated and a distress call is calling out on all frequencies.'

Ten took a deep breath and let it out in a sigh before she started to move towards the door. She only stopped when Baralai followed her and placed his clawed hand on her shoulder. "Bear?" She asked frowning.

"They're your team, Ten." Baralai spoke up nodding towards the Reds and Blues. "Let them see what Nebraska has been doing. They deserve to know what they're up against."

Ten flicked her eyes towards the men, who were shifting on their feet anxiously. She sighed again then steeled herself. "Cella, put it up on the hologrid. We will all see what Nebraska has been doing. Though I have a pretty good idea what he has done." She said almost miserably, her arms folded across her armor.

'Very good, Agent Tennessee. Bringing up the distress beacon and call.' The AI stated.

The whole room vibrated and holograms activated right before the group. There was the sound of explosion, making all of the men but Ten, Wash and the aliens jump and make a grab for their

weapons.

"It's just the transmission, guys. Relax." Ten spoke quickly, her hands stretched out to calm them.

More explosions rocked the room and everyone was treated to the sight of a warzone. It was in a jungle like place with high canopy trees and vines hanging from branches. A lot of those trees, however, were broken or burned.

Among the trees was a large stone and metal building with red but torn flags hanging on the side. Chunks of the building were surrounding the base, littered across the ground. It was being destroyed in some kind of fire fight. There was even gun fire echoing off the surroundings, proving just that.

It was most disturbing to see the bodies littering the ground, even if it was just a hologram.

There was one Red Soldier hunkered behind broken tree trunks, hands gripping a semi automatic tightly and shaking in fear. "This is Red Base Outpost 409 calling to anyone listening over the frequencies! We are in need of help! We are under attack! I repeat! We are under attack! There is a psycho killing everyone here! Not just us, the Reds! But he's killing the Blues!" The soldier said his breathing erratic.

There was sudden screams in the distance beyond the Red, making him flinch. Even the Reds and Blues in the training flinched.

"He...he said he was lo-looking for someone! A girl! He thought we were hiding her here! He said he would stop killing Reds and Blues if she just showed herself! Gave herself up! We...we tried telling him that we weren't hiding any girl!" The Red soldier said fearfully. "He...said that it was unfortunate and then he...he just starting killing everyone! We need help! Not just the Reds but the Blues! If anyone can hear this in time! Plea-please help...!"

Suddenly something came crashing down on the ground from behind the Red, making him cry out in fear and alarm. He tried to scamper across the ground away from the large green armored monster. He didn't get very far.

The former Freelancer lashed out and grabbed the Red by the ankle and yanked him back towards him. He reached down with his other hand and grabbed the frightened Red, lifting him off the ground. He ignored the thrashing soldier as he just lift him up completely, holding him captive.

The amber colored visor turned as if he sensed the eyes on him, looking directly at the group. Even Ten stiffened, uneasily. He couldn't possibly see...

"Cella, is this live?" Ten asked her voice trying to stay strong but wavering only a little.

'Affirmative. It is, Agent Tennessee. I am aware of how confidential our coordinates are to be so I do have transfer blocks set up. He cannot find our location." The AI stated firmly.

Sucking in a breath, Ten turned a steely look onto Nebraska. "Let him go, Nebraska. Let them all go. They don't have anything to do with our business." She said icily.

The dark green soldier chuckled before he raised his free hand and balled up his fist, which suddenly emitted a five foot blade. The sight of it made Ten suck in a breath sharply and stiffen, her arms dropping stiffly. "I already warned you, Am. You ruined my life as a Freelancer. So now, I am going to hunt you down and make you pay for what you cost me. You don't have your fucking bitch of a sister to protect you this time. And since you're with Reds and Blues, I am going to find every Red and Blue base and kill every single soldier until you decide to come to me." He said darkly.

"Hey, Fucker."

Ten turned her head with a jerk to look wide eyed at the aqua soldier beside her. "Tucker, what are you...?" She was asking uneasily.

Tucker ignored her, sharing a glance with the others, who all nodded in understanding. He turned his attention back towards the former freelancer. "Ten can fuck you up, any time. From what she told us, she already did once. She can do it again." He said firmly.

"Heh-huh. What is this, Am? You think you have a new protector then?" Nebraska asked harshly before he dropped the Red and stomped hard down on his leg, earning a shriek of pain from him. He no doubt broke the poor soldier's leg. It was enough to make everyone wince.

"No, she has several. She has all of us." Wash spoke up stepping forward.

There was a pause before Nebraska tilted his head and stepped back. "Wash? I thought you were dead. Killed by Maine. There were reports that they even had your body." He then scoffed and shook his head. "Whatever. You're no match for me anyway. So you're one of them now, huh? A Blue? How...perfect, actually. You were always a weak one. Just like a bunch of simulation troopers." He said darkly chuckling.

Wash hmphed before stepping closer to Ten. "Yeah, well at least I was on the top twenty list during the rankings on Project Freelance. Where were you? At forty three. One of the lowest. Even C.T was higher ranked than you." He said in an asshole-ish tone. "And even Ten kicked your ass when you attacked her. Without her armor. She isn't weak. Let me make something very clear to you, Neb. You come here, looking for a fight, our team will bring it right back to you. We will kick your ass."

Nebraska snorted, though it sounded like he was forcing it. "Tell me where you are stationed and we can test that out. I will destroy all of your little wanna be soldiers and then you and then she is mine to destroy." He remarked darkly.

"I do not believe that is correct." Baralai growled as he stepped past the Reds and Blues, along with his growling Sangheili. And the sight of them did make Nebraska step past. "Even if you manage to get past this particular group of Reds and Blues, you still have to get

past myself and my warriors."

"A fucking alien? Really, Am? You went and hired alien body guards?" Nebraska asked harshly.

Ten lift her head up before quirking her brow and she folded her arms again. "No, actually. They're my teachers. My mentors. And my friends." She paused before she spread out her arms to present all of the men. "All of them. Nebraska, meet the Reds and Blues who literately kicked The Meta's ass, and my sister's ass. And they helped take down Doctor Leonard Church. You remember Alpha, don't you?" She asked motioning to Church. "A super AI, shitty sharp shooter."

"Hey." Church scowled, looking at her.

"But he is a pretty decent fighter who is going to help me and my team kick your ass and send you right back to where you belong." Ten finished before motioning to Sarge. "Sarge, a pretty rough, gruff soldier but a very good one. He is a master with a shot gun. His second, Simmons," she motioned to Simmons. "He is a know it all, annoying kiss ass but he is one of the smartest strategists that I know."

"Tucker," Ten said reaching up to slap her hand against the aqua clad soldier on the chest. "He is really annoying and he flirts all of the time but he is really good with his sword." She jerked her head towards Donut, who fluffed himself up in pride. "Pinky, over there, is Donut."

"Hey, it's lightish red!" Donut pouted, deflating again.

Ten rolled her eyes and looked over at him impatiently. "Your armor is pink, Donut. Get over it. There isn't anything wrong with admitting that it's pink. It stands out." She turned back to Nebraska. "Donut is really flamboyant, he likes style over cars and guns but he has the best arm I have ever seen." She glanced over at Grif. "Grif is the laziest person ever, but he is not a bad shot at all." She motioned to Lopez. "Lopez, an only Spanish speaking robot but pretty good at anything. Caboose,"

"Huh?" Caboose spoke up, snapping out of his thoughts. He then noticed Nebraska for the first time, even though it had been about five minutes now since the call came in. "Oh, hello!"

"Caboose might seem feather headed and he doesn't pay attention to nearly anything." Ten went on, her arms folding. "He can be a twit, honestly but you know what? He is the best shot out of all of our team."

"He...is?" Simmons, Grif and Tucker asked skeptically but were ignored.

"Plus, if you piss him off, he gets pretty dangerous." Church added, with a shrug. "Hey, Caboose. See this guy?"

"Um...yes. I see him. He is see through. Is he a ghost? A scary ghost? Is he mean like you, Church? Because if he is, I would like to stay away from him." Caboose said absentmindedly.

"No, Caboose. He isn't a ghost. But he is mean. And he wants to hurt Ten." Church said turning a dark look onto Nebraska, who was clearly glaring back. "And if he hurts Ten, it means she can't bake you cookies any more. Do you want that to happen?"

Caboose paused for a second, letting it register before he lift up his gun in his hand. "No." He answered. "I like Ten cooking cookies for me."

"Right. Point is, without Caboose getting mad and destroying everything," Wash spoke up as he raised his gun. "We're her new team. And we'll be damned if we let you even come near her and harm her. So you want to fight, Neb, come find us. We'll be ready for ya."

Nebraska scoffed. "Be there soon then. Because there is only a few places that even have aliens stationed at." He said as he raised his blade. "And when I get there, I am going to kill every single one of you, after I deal with Amber." He finished before he swung the blade and sent it slicing right through the Red soldier.

The transmissions suddenly cut off with the pained scream echoing after.

There was only silence for a long moment before everyone looked at Ten. "Amber?" Voices echoed.

Ten sighed as she turned away, looking frustrated and annoyed but she nodded. "Fine. I guess it's only far since I know your names. My name is Amber. Amber Dawn. Tex's name was Allison Dawn. There, you wanted to know, happy?" She remarked dryly.

There was a pause before Donut squealed, making everyone jump or look at him with alarm. "That is such a pretty name! I love it! It soooooo suits you too!" He said cheerfully.

It couldn't be helped that Ten smiled, yet turned her face away from them.

"No kidding. Isn't amber a prehistoric rock? Like tree sap that hardened over millennia of years?" Simmons asked.

"Simmons, what did I tell you about making up stuff? Everyone knows that amber is the name of a beer. A really good beer. It bubbles as it goes down." Sarge stated.

Ten couldn't help but laugh, shaking her head. "Yes, that is true. But so is Simmons. Amber is a hardened sap that becomes a rock after a very long time. It is also a color." She paused glancing side wards at Grif. "Yellowish orange, actually."

There was an awkward pause before Sarge grunted incoherently. "I'm just gonna pretend I didn't hear your name all together and just call you Ten." He added.

Ten smiled, shaking her head. She knew it was his hate for Grif that was the reason why he didn't like that color. It didn't matter too much as it was. She had been Tennessee for a long time. It wasn't going to change any time soon, if not ever. Her smile faded again, she grew serious and looked over the Reds and Blues. "All right. You

all know that Nebraska is now hunting for us. Or rather me. And he is now killing Reds and Blues. So we really need to step up on our training. So if we're all done messing around, we'll take a break for now, recharge our batteries and eat. And then we can pick it back up later." She ignored some of the groans from the men, a tight smile on her face but amusement in her eyes.

She just hoped that they would be ready for Nebraska when the time came though.

## 15. Chapter 14

Title: RVB-Reassemble

Genre: Action/Humor/Romance

Rating: T for **\*\*strong\*\*** language, strong violence, crude humor, sexual humor, a lot of nut shots (sorry, guys), and sexist remarks.

Pairings: Red Team/Ooc/Blue Team

Summary: RVB universe; With a rivalry still going on between Red and Blue, Command Center finally gets fed up and sends in someone to straighten them out. A former Freelancer named Tennessee.

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>Chapter Fourteen<br>**\*\*\_**

\* \* \*

><p>Outpost 13-<p>

Since the interaction with Nebraska, it had gotten...a little stuffy actually. There was tension in the air and it even affected the Sangheili a little bit. Even they were rather touchy and growling at every little thing. Everyone knew that Nebraska was coming. It was a matter of time before he found his way to the Spartan Training Facility. They knew he would figure it out eventually. He was a Freelancer, former or not. And according to the two former Freelancers, Washington and Tennessee, he was pretty good at figuring things out. He was a strategist, honestly. He could come up with some pretty good plans.

That was why Ten put Simmons on strategy plans. She told him to come up with as many plans as he could that might benefit them against Nebraska. She had given the former Freelancer's file to read and try and piece together something.

As for everyone else, they just kept training on hard, long days. They worked hard, that even Grif was too tired to even complain.

Eventually after five days of working hard, Ten realized she was running the men rather ragged. And while they were pressed for time, she decided to give them a day off.

And how did they spend it?

They asked her more of her history.

"So, Ten. What did happen when you got Church...er, Alpha as your AI?" Donut asked during dinner one night.

Ten shared a glance with Church before she sighed and nodded. She figured she did need to open more. She was starting to like the Reds and Blues, even though they were still infuriating as hell. But...since they were her new team mates...might as well let them get to know her.

"I had gone into surgery for the neural transplant and came out with an extraordinary headache." Ten began to explain. "Doctor Church gave me one day to recover before having me go in to get fitted with an AI. He told me because I was working with Alpha in Intel; he was going to give him to me. He said that he was mine now. He said we were going to be the perfect team for Project Freelance."

"You do realize he lied, right?" Church asked as he just lounged in his seat.

Ten nodded as she spared her old friend a look. "Yeah. I do and I realized it right before they moved you at the last moment. When Tex turned against him. I was there, Church." She stated.

The Reds and Blues sat, looking stunned. "What?" All but Caboose asked, who was coloring in a book.

"What do you mean...? Texas turned against the Director?" Simmons asked.

"I'll save that story for later on. Right now I will explain to you what happened with my AI implantation. And what I heard the Director was saying with the Councilor." Ten told them.

[illegible]

Mother of Invention-Eight and a Half years ago-

The world was spinning. She wished she could make it stop because it was making her feel nauseated. She knew it was the sedatives but still, she wished it would stop. She felt the table she was strapped to spin slowly, making it feel worse. There was a pressure on the back of her neck, where her neural implants were located. She felt something tingling there.

She knew it was her new companion, the one who had been her friend since the beginning. She knew it would not be long before she was going to have him activated. She had read the files on AIs. It was going to be like having him in her head. He was going to be able to read her thoughts, probably project his own to hers.

It was exciting, honestly. She couldn't wait to get started. She knew Tex was just going to be so surprised and happy to learn that her little sister might just end up being her partner.

"...dn't work...complica...not...have...this..." There was someone in

the room, talking.

Am tried to figure out who it was that was talking. She could have sworn it was the Councilor. It sounded like him. But...why did he seem so...anxious.

"...be a part...will be...tests...Alpha..." She heard the Director.

More words were garbled and Am tried opening her eyes. She saw brilliant light and it hurt. She blinked several times to adjust her eyes and it didn't help that everything blurred. She saw blurry images of the Director and the Councilor, along with a doctor. They were talking right in front of her.

"...awake...needs to...before activ..." the unknown doctor spoke up.

The director started arguing with the doctor about something. He hadn't seemed to like that at all. "...sarcophagus...Need to...ediately!" He had barked.

The Doctor and the Councilor looked uneasy for a moment before they nodded and moved over to Am.

Am could only watch and listen to what was happening. She didn't understand half of it because of the sedatives but she knew something was going to happen. She watched as the doctor looked at her vitals on the screen next to her before he looked at her, holding up two fingers.

"...many...gers...hold..." he was asking.

Am wanted to roll her eyes but didn't because of how disoriented she already was. "Two. It's always two. But I see three." She answered in a low, unsteady voice. She heard a few low chuckles.

"Am, we...going to...Alpha now. Did you under...that?" The Councilor asked, even though some of the words were blurred out.

Am shook her head though she understood the last bit. The sedatives in her system had been too strong and were still racking havoc on her. She watched the doctor shake his head at the Director and Councilor before messing with the machine next to her.

An icy cold feeling began running through Am and she realized it was saline. She felt it pushing through her veins, flushing out the sedatives. It took a moment but her vision finally eared and she could hear better. The room wasn't spinning any more, thankfully.

"How is that, Agent Tennessee? Better?" The doctor asked as he looked her right in the face.

Am nodded as she looked back at him. "Yes, sir. Much." She replied before looking at the Director. "Sir, is it done?" She asked anxiously.

The Director chuckled but nodded as he folded his hands behind his back. "Yes, Alpha is now in your transplant. He is just waiting to be



activated. Ready to surprise him?" He asked her almost slyly.

"Yes, sir!" Am said happily as she felt the straps loosen around her.

The Director nodded right back as he glanced to the Councilor. "Very well. Councilor, activate the AI protocols and boot up Alpha." He ordered.

The Councilor nodded as he turned to the control panel beside him and pressed a button.

Am waited patiently, feeling the pressure in her head building before she began feeling a headache coming on. She felt as if something or someone was banging inside her head with a spiked malice. It wasn't to hurt. She winced as her head began to throb and the banging continued to grow stronger.

Suddenly, pain struck, making her cry out and slap her hands to her temples. She felt a searing pain course through her as her head just began hurting. She felt a presence there but it was strong. She felt as if someone was trying to shove their way through her ears to inside of her head. It hurt so much that she couldn't help but scream and curl into herself, hands on her head.

There were shouts from the three in front of her, the doctor sounding frantic as he looked at the screen next to her. "Damn it! Director, it's too much! The AI is too strong for her to handle! She is going into shock from the neural overload!" He shouted.

"She will be fine! Let her adjust!" The Director snapped.

"She could die, Director! The shock is overwhelming her neural system! We have to abort!"

"I said no!"

Am screamed again, her whole body shaking. She felt like someone was ripping her brain apart now. It burned and seared her nervous system. She saw flashes of images that she didn't recognize. She saw a woman. She saw the woman smiling at her, dressed like an OST soldier. Another flash, this time an overwhelming hint of anger. Codes and information came flooding into her mind. It was coming too quickly. She felt like she was going to go crazy with how much was coming to her. Why was this happening?! Wasn't she compatible with...?!

'Ugh...what the hell...' came a voice inside her head before she felt the presence stiffen literately. She recognized Alpha's voice even through her. 'Am?! Why are ...No! You're not...you haven't trained for this! You shouldn't have been the one...!'

The pressure in her head suddenly dropped as the AI withdrew as far as he could in a corner of her mind. The pain resided but was not entirely gone. It still hurt but the darkness was creeping up Am. She felt everything just go black.

'I'm sorry, Amber. I am so sorry. I didn't know it was going to be you. They didn't tell me. If I'd have known, I would have been more careful.' was Alpha's last words to her for a long time.

For the longest time, Am didn't know how long, she was swimming in darkness. Only flashes of memories showed their selves to her. Some of the memories were not even hers though. She didn't know where these memories were even coming from.

Who was the pretty blonde lady who seemed to be going off to battle? Who was she even talking to?

A flash of anger flared up inside of her when another memory popped up. It was a memory of seeing what happened to her. She heard herself crying out and seeing a struggle in her own room when Nebraska attacked her. She felt anger, yet helplessness. She wanted to help the struggling girl.

'Alpha, you listening?' A voice, her sister's voice echoed in her mind.

'Tex, she...she's in her room. She needs you right now!' She heard Alpha's voice. 'Hurry.'

Am saw a flash of her sister, all in her black armor, walking down the corridor of the living quarters. She had been talking to Alpha. And then...Alpha cut off, as if distracted. And then he spoke, practically told Tex that she was in trouble.

She watched Tex speed walk...more like run down the hall to her room and went in. And a moment later, Nebraska came flying out, slamming into the wall.

Did...did Alpha know what had been going on? Was these his memories? Could it really be that he was the one that...?

Am, honestly didn't know what to think. She figured that the memories were the AI's. But how could they be? He was an AI.

Slowly, now, Am was feeling warm. She felt herself slipping from the black, reaching towards the light. She did feel somewhat numbing pain running through her. It was dull and not too bad.

Groaning, she lift her eye lids and found herself looking at a dull gray ceiling. She frowned before glancing to her right to find a heart monitor beeping at her. Was she in the medical facility? What happened? Why was she in a medical facility? It was then she heard more beeping. She frowned deeply before turning her head and she saw...she saw several medical beds down that a large form was lying there.

Was that...?

What was Agent Maine doing in the medical facility? Why was he here? What happened to him?

"I see you're awake now. We were starting to believe that you would not wake again."

Am turned her head when she heard the voice and she saw one of the medical staff. He was walking towards her, data pad in hand. He looked...relieved. She frowned at him and opened her mouth to ask but he held up a hand to keep her from doing so.

"Don't speak. Your larynx was strained and speaking right when you just woke up might cause more damage." The doctor warned her as he stepped closer to her. "You're probably wondering what happened." He chuckled at the blank look she gave him but it stopped short at the seriousness of the situation. "As you may know, you went into surgery to have an AI transplanted in your neural implants. Something went wrong."

Am stiffened and looked at him in worry.

"The AI, Alpha was just..." The doctor was saying.

"That's enough. I will explain to Agent Tennessee what happened now." A rough, but all too familiar voice spoke up.

Am turned her head, surprised to hear such a harsh tone in Doctor Church. He was walking towards her, hands folded behind his back and looking stiff as ever. She watched the doctor bow in respect to the Director before making his leave then she turned her full attention towards her employer.

Doctor Church sidled right up to her side before reaching out and taking her hand, as if comforting her. "My dear, Am. I am sure you are still feeling worn from your operation so I will make this short. The operation failed. You were not compatible to Alpha. We had to abort it immediately or risk losing you." He explained to her. "You have been comatose for a week now."

Looking startled and worried, Am looked at him before peering around the room as if searching for someone. "Al...pha..." she croaked, not caring about the doctor had said before.

The Director sighed, his dark green eyes looking away. "I am afraid it went badly for Alpha, Am. When you went into cardiac arrest, Alpha took the best scenario to your survival. He shut himself down in rampancy. He...basically killed himself to save you." He told her.

Am's heart seized and she felt it starting to break as tears sprang to her eyes. She couldn't believe this. She didn't want to believe it. Her best friend...her nearly only friend had sacrificed himself. For her. She began trembling as the tears began flowing and she covered both hands over her face, grieving.

It took a moment for her to calm down again. She was only too glad that Doctor Church allowed her to break down like this. She couldn't believe her friend was gone, having sacrificed himself to save her. It was all because of her...he was gone. She hadn't been ready for him. She knew that she hadn't. And now, he had paid the price for her incompetence.

"On better note, however, even though the tests failed, you will remain our newest Freelancer, Agent Tennessee." The Director went on once she calmed down. "You will be involved in the Intelligence Program but a Freelancer, nonetheless. Congratulations, Agent."

A meek smile formed on Am's face as she looked up at him. She bowed her head respectfully to him, and gratefully. She was happy to hear that bit. She was a Freelancer now. She was living her dream finally.

Perhaps she would even get to go on missions with Texas. She couldn't wait.

"Once you have recovered, you will begin the training process. You will join Agents Washington and North Dakota in two days! Since they are probably the best choice right now." The Director told her. "The other Freelancers are busy at the moment serving in missions. That includes Agent Texas. She is unaware of what happened to you right now and to avoid any unnecessary distractions, we are not going to inform her what had happened. Do you understand?"

Slowly nodding, Am did. She knew that if Al knew what had happened, she would be severely distracted during her missions. She would be too worried about her and a mistake could be made. And if mistakes were made, it could result in her own death.

So, yes.

Am did understand. She wouldn't tell her sister what happened during her operation. No matter how hurt she would be to know that...that Alpha was gone. It was going to hurt for a long time. Her best friend...her sister's starting relationship...was gone.

[illegible]

It was two days after did the big surprise come for the rest of the Freelancers. Even for Tex.

All of the Freelancers had been called to the Training Simulation Chamber and all stood stiffly as Doctor Church paced in front of them. They were all wondering what was going on. No one knew what exactly their boss had planned to tell them when he called them here. But nonetheless, all waited patiently as they watched Doctor Church pace in front of them before stopping sharply in the direct center of the long two lines of the Freelancers. His green gaze flicked over to Texas, who held her head up high and waiting.

"My Freelancers, I have a very important announcement to make. As you all know, we are now short of one Freelancer. The actions of Agent Nebraska was intolerable and he will not be a part of our company any longer. That leaves us one short team member." The Director stated firmly. He lift his head higher. "This gives us the opportune moment to replace Agent Nebraska. And we have done that."

The surprise and anxiousness was obvious among the soldiers.

"Allow me to introduce you all to our newest Freelancer. Agent Tennessee." The Director went on, now motioning to the door entrance, which opened to emit the new team member.

The Freelancer standing there was short but sturdy looking in their pristine, dark midnight blue colored armor. The shine to it made it obvious that it was a brand new yet standard piece of equipment. The amber colored visor hid the true identity well.

Agent Tennessee made her way into the chamber, walking proudly towards her boss and her new team. It was obvious that it was a girl because of her curves, even with the armor. But she saw the

anxiousness in the rest of the Freelancers as she approached. She was just as anxious to finally meet all of them as one of their own, knowing they were probably going to be shocked when they found out who she actually was. Stopping next to Doctor Church, she snapped her heels together and saluted him stiffly.

"At ease, Agent Tennessee." The Director said in amusement and she relaxed beside him, snapping to face her fellow Freelancers. He paid no mind and looked at his shifting Freelancers, who were all probably staring at her. "Now then, due to Agent Tennessee's new recruitment, it is standard procedure for her to square off with another Freelancer. So therefore, Agent Washington, you're up. Hand to hand only. Agent Tennessee is still at novice level but she is no push over. So do not go overboard. Freelancers, circle the mat floor and watch carefully." He ordered.

Freelancers murmured softly to one another as they moved to form a circle around a mat set up in the middle of the room. They really wanted to know what this new Freelancer was made of, more or less, who she was.

Wash wandered over onto the mat, looking curiously at the new Freelancer. He wanted to know who she was, just like everyone else. He watched as she moved to stand opposite side of him. "So...I guess you're my opponent, huh? May the best fighter win." He said as he took a stance.

There was an amused sound from Agent Tennessee before she took a similar stance to his own, as if mocking him. "Don't worry, Wash. I will." She spoke and he stiffened, as did everyone else.

They knew that voice!

"Begin now." The Director stated firmly from outside the ring.

And taking Wash's surprise as the opportune moment, Tennessee raced forward, fist drawn back. She moved with excellent speed, launching herself forward with her fist thrown forward.

Still surprised, Wash was too distracted to realize she began moving and he felt her fist slam into the side of his helmet and he was knocked side wards. He barely was able to catch himself when he saw her send an admirable side kick into his side, knocking him side wards again, only then did he put up his guard.

"What the...?! Are you fucking kidding me?! The secretary is the new Freelancer?!" South Dakota gasped as she watched the fight in shock.

Beside the Director, both Carolina and Texas looked at him, both still stunned. Though only one was pissed off and the other was feeling a wave of pride and happiness. "Are you out of your mind?! You let HER become a Freelancer?!" The sky blue armored soldier demanded.

Giving her a sharp look, Doctor Church did not look pleased. "I would watch your tone, Carolina. And what if I did? Agent Tennessee has impressive skills. Her intellect gathering would prove most useful to our Project." He told her sternly.

Carolina shook her head as she glared at him. "She isn't a soldier, sir! She might be smart but she isn't that strong! You make her a Freelancer, she is going to get herself killed! She is weak and you know it!" She snapped, ignoring the warning look she was getting now.

"No, she is not!" Tex snapped now offended that Carolina was even saying that about her sister.

"Just watch, Carolina. Perhaps you will learn something." The Director said firmly turning his attention back on to the mat.

On the mat, Tennessee was moving quickly as Wash attacked back, only half heartedly so not to hurt her. Like he wanted to hurt her and then have Tex on his ass. But he wasn't going to go easy on her either. He moved, dodging her fists and feet with ease before he lunged forward and swung an arm around her chest and yanked her back against his chest, trapping her with both arms. Tennessee struggled for a moment before she lifted both feet as if to slip from his arms but found his grip tighten around her from escaping.

"What are you going to do now, huh?" Wash couldn't help but tease when he heard her growl in frustration.

"This." Tennessee immediately answered before she threw her helmet back and slammed her head against his face visor.

Wash yelped in surprise, his grip loosening a bit. He hadn't expected that one at all. He felt her slip from his arms, dropping down to the ground at his feet. He looked down quickly to see what she was doing next only to feel her foot swing into his, kicking his own out from underneath him. He yelped again as he fell hard onto his side, managing only to catch himself with one hand.

Tennessee swung away from him, throwing herself into a crouch and readying herself for the next move. She waited for him to copy her crouch, looking at her, tense as he even readied himself to attack back.

And when she made to charge, he stood up, ready to intercept.

Only this time, she threw herself lower, balling her entire body up so he could barrel roll right into his legs, tripping him again. He went down face first this time catching himself with both hands. He moved quickly this time, rolling onto his back before having to move again when she came charging, raising a foot to stomp on him. He moved in time, swinging his feet from underneath him to climb up and charged at her. He had to admit it, she was getting good.

And then he began to notice something...odd.

As Wash moved to attack the new Freelancer, he noticed that each attack he did, she began mirroring the move. She was now blocking every throw of his fist, every lash of his kick, moving almost in the same movement as he was. It was almost like a rehearsed dance with her. And when she managed to spin under his round house he sent at her, he realized it.

Agent Tennessee was using his very own fighting style against him. She was mirror moving him! He realized it when she sent his own round

house kick right into his chest, sending him staggering back, right into North and South, who both caught him and kept him upright.

"Whoa, man! Is the little lady too much for you to handle?" North laughed he up righted his friend.

"North, shut up." Wash stated irritably, earning another laugh. "I'd like to see you do better."

North chuckled before looking to the Director. "Sir, permission to take over. Seems Wash can't handle the newbie." He said in a joking way, earning a light smack from said person.

The Director sounded amused, his head dipping down. "Permission granted, North Dakota. Let's see if you have what it takes to pin Agent Tennessee down." He said still amused.

North twisted head a little, cracking his neck joints before pushing past an irritated Washington, his stance full of pride. "Hey there, Am. Ready to get pinned down?" He asked teasingly as he took his stance.

Tennessee dipped her head low before she copied his stance. "Sure. That is, if you can." She said firmly.

North laughed before he launched forward and threw his fist forward to attack. He, like Wash, was going to take it easy on her but not too easy. It wasn't that he was worried about having Tex on his ass. He was just a little more...worried about hurting her if things got too out of handle.

Immediately, Tennessee had her guard up and she danced right under the thrown fist. She spun on her heel and moved away from him, just in time to avoid him spinning back to kick at her. She kept dancing out of his way, moving and dodging but watching him carefully.

North was only too amused as he kept moving to attack her. He got the idea that she was just watching him. It was like she was studying his moves. He could only wonder...

Suddenly, Tennessee moved forward, leaping forward and spinning around from a grab her opponent made towards her. She, herself, latched right onto his swung arm, legs immediately twisting around his neck and holding on.

"Wha-? Huh, if you wanted a hug all you had to do was ask." North said between being impressed and teasing.

Tennessee's amber visor aimed directly at him before she sounded amused. "Not a hug, dweeb." She told him before she threw her top weight down, hands smacking down on the mat before she kicked her bottom half hard over herself.

Immediately North found himself thrown in the air before feeling a pair of heavy armored boots kick him from behind. Literately kicking him in the ass. "Ow!" He couldn't stop himself from yelping before spinning around to face her again. He suddenly found a fist right in his face visor, throwing him side wards. He staggered but the melee from the new Freelancer wasn't over yet.

Immediately North found himself on the defensive side now being punched and kicked around. He blocked them all but couldn't find any opening for attacking back.

But finally after short break in Tennessee's path, he lashed out and grabbed her wrist when it swung into his chest armor, holding on. He gave a sharp tug to throw her but found her other hand gripping his. It soon became a swing around contest, both throwing each other until they were nearly colliding with the other Freelancers, who immediately scattered.

And then only did Tennessee let go, flinging North outside the ring. He didn't go down but he knew he had lost.

"Damn, since when did you get good?" North laughed as he turned to face her.

"All right, enough." The Director finally called the match over and immediately everyone turned attention onto him. He was walking towards Agent Tennessee, hands folded behind his back as he approached. "Agent Tennessee, what is your assessment of Agents Washington and North Dakota?" He asked surprising the two and even the others.

Tennessee stood up straight and stiff, her head held up high as if she was a soldier. "The calculations my new enhancement has picked up shows that both are rather impressive in hand to hand combat, sir. However, there is a slight weakness to Agent Washington's armor. I believe it's just a small degree of maintenance neglect. It just needs a little tuning to perfect it. As for Agent North Dakota, he doesn't have much problems. Like Agent Washington, it was the hesitance of facing me, probably due to the fact that they do know me and Agent Texas and the fact that I am a woman." She reported to him.

Everyone stared at her, a little stunned but then Carolina hissed angrily. "She has an enhancement?! She isn't even a REAL Freelancer!" She snapped.

Tennessee hid the flinch as best as she could, feeling the hot disapproval from the sky blue Freelancer.

"Agent Carolina!" The Director snapped now looking at her sharply. He did not look pleased whatsoever. "I will tell you to refrain from questioning my decisions! Agent Tennessee is a Freelancer, much like yourself! The only difference is she is going to be tasked to more...intellect missions than field missions! Her suit enhancement is indeed a fine piece of equipment. What it allows her to do is study and record information such as ability recordings. A photographic proportion, if you will. Her equipment allows her to record and gather Intel so we can be able to know what is expected. It even allows her to use skills that her suit has recorded. Such as, using Agents Washington and North Dakota's own fighting abilities. So if you have further inquiries, I suggest you keep them to yourself!"

Carolina glared at him but shook her head as she shifted her angry stance. "Yes, sir. I just want to understand why you decided to make her a Freelancer when she hasn't had training of any sort." She said



too icily.

The Director narrowed his eyes at her before shaking his head. "Agent Tennessee is finely qualified as you are, Carolina. It is true that she might not be as strong as you are, but she is highly intelligent and she can come up with some fine strategies that will prove useful to our Project. As it is, thus so far, she is proving to be the most intelligent of my Freelancers. Because she is not questioning my decisions." He said coldly but firmly.

A few were taken back by his words and some even flinched on how harsh they were.

Carolina had flinched herself, looking almost hurt by his words before she turned completely cold. She did not speak again this time but just glowered at him, darkly.

Doctor Church nodded sharply as he finally was satisfied that Carolina had quit pushing it. He turned sharply towards Tennessee who was cringing inside but holding firm outside. "Agent Tennessee, starting tomorrow, you will begin training with the Freelancers. I will partner you up with Agent Texas on your hand to hand combat training, but only for only a few hours, before I want you to train with Agent North Dakota to work on your sharp shooting abilities. After that, you will report with Agent New York to train in Intelligence training. There will be a debriefing on new suit equipment first thing tomorrow for the Top agents. Agent Tennessee, I want you to attend, even though you are not on the board. Until then, time is your own. Dismissed!" He snapped sharply before turning to walk away.

All of the Freelancers saluted him sharply as he went before a few glanced over at the new Freelancer, watching as Tex hurried over to throw her arms around her sister. Some smiled, some rolled their eyes and a few just glowered.

"God damn it! Why didn't you tell me?!" Tex couldn't help but laugh as she hugged Ten.

Tennessee shrugged as she hugged her back before stepping back to give them room. "It...it was sort of a surprise. The Director...well...he kind of came to me after the whole Nebraska thing." She paused only for a second when Tex growled at the name. "Seems like he was impressed with how you and I beat the shit out of him. He gave me the offer to become Agent Tennessee and there was no way I was passing it up. It's going to be great, Al! We might even become a team just like North and South!" She said happily.

Tex was obviously grinning under her helmet as she kept an arm slung over her younger sister's shoulders. "I really hope so, Am. I am so proud of you." She told her.

Tennessee just smiled back as they started towards the locker room but as they approached the doors, they were suddenly cut off.

By Carolina.

"Look, I don't know what you're playing at but get one thing straight." Carolina said coldly as she glared directly at the sisters, who stiffened and glared back. "You might have the name

Tennessee, but you are not one of us. You will never be one of us."

"Fuck off, cockbite bitch." Tex growled, her grip tightening on her younger sister.

Carolina shot her a look but folded her arms. "You really think she would survive one single mission like the Sarcophagus incident, Texas?! Maine got hurt and he is one of the strongest Freelancers! You really think she could survive something like that?!" She demanded.

"I know she can! I am sorry about Maine, Carolina, but Tennessee is smart! She is fast! She can do this and with you putting her down like that, well...I definitely have a problem with that!" Tex snapped her fists balling up.

Slowly shaking her head, Carolina just steeled herself. "I really hope you're right, Texas. I really hope she can stand in on herself. Because if she can't, she is going to die. WE, the real Freelancers have trained for dangerous missions. She hasn't. One mistake can cost lives. I just hope she doesn't make any just because she isn't qualified. Because if any of my team, Wash, C.T, North, South, YORK, gets hurt because she isn't reliable, I will destroy her." She said coldly, having emphasized on York's name. She turned slightly as if to leave but paused. "By the way, Tennessee, you actually have your bitch sister to thank for getting you in. Otherwise, THE DIRECTOR wouldn't have thought twice about you." She added icily.

Tennessee had felt Tex stiffen, heard her growl viciously and she did wonder what Carolina had meant. She wanted to ask what the blue bitch meant but she was already walking away.

So, she looked at Tex, confused. "What did she...?" She was saying.

Tex immediately dropped her arm and shook her head. "Never mind that, Am. Carolina is just a sore loser. She is jealous and power ridden because she just isn't cutting it anymore." She said before lightly slapping at her shoulder armor. "Hey! I got an idea! We should celebrate! Some of the others plan on sneaking off ship tonight to visit some night club and they invited me along. Want to come too?" She asked excitedly.

Tennessee grinned under her helmet and nodded. "Definitely! Who invited...?" She was asking.

Suddenly Tennessee was nudged from behind and she turned with her sister to see the grins of North and York. They had Wash, C.T, South and even Wyoming with them, all looking pleased, or rather pissed in South's case.

It had been North who had nudged her.

"Hey, great job at kicking Wash's and my ass in the ring, Ten! It was actually really impressive. I will admit it, I was taking it easy on you. Didn't want to hurt ya." The tall, dark purple and green Freelancer stated.

"Ten?" The new Freelancer asked frowning.

North grinned at her, nodding as he placed both hands on his waist and leaned over her, since she was a good deal shorter than he was. "Yeah, Ten, short for Tennessee. We all have our little nicknames. So...since you're one of us now, you can have one too. Ten." He said smugly. And surprisingly, a few of the others nodded in agreement.

Ten's face warmed a little when she realized it. She was being accepted by the others. By North, York, C.T, Wash, even Wy.

"Dude, fucking hell, North! Are you fucking serious?!" South suddenly blurted, making Ten flinch at the rage in the bitch's tone. "Carolina is right! She ain't fucking one of us! She is a fucking joke!"

"Hey! Don't you dare talk about her like...!" Tex snarled now stepping up to face South.

"Or you will do what, you cunt?!" South snarled back only to be suddenly grabbed by her twin brother, being held back. "It's proof right there that she isn't one of us! She can't even stand up for herself without you being her fucking body guard bitch! A REAL Freelancer can stand on their own two fucking feet. By! Their! Fucking! Self!"

Tex snarled and moved forward to start up the inevitable fight but surprisingly, Ten snapped out a hand and placed it against her sister's chest, keeping her at bay. It surprised her and everyone else.

Ten, stone faced under her helmet nodded slowly and stepped forward, facing South, who was almost as tall as she was, just a little taller. "You are absolutely right, South." She said firmly, making several step back in surprise.

Even South stepped back, stunned. She had been expecting a fight from someone. Not a calm, collected answer like this. "I...I am..." she muttered flabbergasted.

Ten nodded, her arms folded. "I am not like you. I don't throw a hissy fit because something doesn't go my way. Or because I don't like something." She suddenly raised a hand when South snarled, starting to retort. "And, furthermore, I don't interrupt people when they're not finished talking yet! Only a kid would do that! You want to be treated with respect, shut up and let me finish or you will always be a fucking kid!"

Stunned, South kept quiet.

Ten nodded sharply and went on. "Now, I might not be strong like you or have experience on the battle field, but I do have the determination to try and work with you. Like a team does. I have skills and intelligence that can be useful to the Project. Are you going to give me a chance or are you going to put me down and I still show you up anyway like I will to Carolina?" She asked firmly.

South did not reply but stared at her, flabbergasted.

Again, Ten nodded sharply before she turned towards the locker. "Then so be it. I will show you that I am a Freelancer. I will prove that I

am as good as you are. And then you will acknowledge me as one of you." She said before walking away.

There was a stunned silence before Tex grinned and hurried after her sister, bumping her hip with her own. "Nice, Ten. Really smooth and definitely grown up like." She said proudly.

Ten smiled back, pride surrounding her like perfume. "Thanks, Tex." She answered back, even as she heard South say something.

"God damn. I think I actually like her now." She had said, cursing and there was a rumble of laughter from all of the other Freelancers.

[illegible]

Present time-

Suddenly alarms went off in the base, all of the team jumped, looking around in surprise. Ten had been explaining it all when they went off. She had seen the fiery awe in all of the men's eyes as they had listened to her, though had seen a shine of sadness in Church's when she had told all of them about when The Director had told her that Alpha had deactivated himself to save her. It had been obvious that had been a lie since he was right there.

And before anyone could even ask, the alarms went off.

"What the fuck?!" Some of the men exclaimed in alarm.

Ten frowned looking up before she looked over at Baralai. "Bear, what's happening?! Is it Neb?!" She demanded.

The Sangheili frowned, his attention on his Com link, obviously listening to his fellow guards. He then shook his head, frowning. "No. There are two Pelicans coming this way. They are transmitting to our base, requesting permission to land." He stated.

Ten frowned before she stood up and nodded. "Okay. Let's go see who it is. No one is suppose to be coming here. This base is suppose to be abandoned. So whoever it is, they shouldn't be here. They are unauthorized. Let's go greet them and then send them on their way." She said firmly then looked to the Reds and Blues. "Gear up, guys. There might be enemies inbound."

"Oh, great. More work." Grif grumbled before he stood up.

"Oh shut up, Grif. Quit yer complaining. We might actually get to test out our training this time. And I for one want a chance to finally shoot you in the...I mean, I want some action. I've been gettin' bored!" Sarge bellowed as he picked up his trustee shotgun.

The others nodded in agreement as they moved to follow Ten towards the armory.

It didn't take them too long to gear up; rainbow colors of armor, weapons in hand and then made their way out on the tarmac to watch for the Pelicans coming in. The Sangheili were all there, stationed

on the roof tops under their invisibility modes and waiting. Baralai was standing behind the Reds and Blues while Ten stood in the front, looking up at the nearly empty air space, and waiting.

And finally, the silhouettes of three Pelicans showed up on the horizon, slowly approaching.

Sucking in a breath, Ten glanced at the invisible Sangheili Leader behind her and her team, nodding. "Keep watch, Bear. If it's Him, kill him quick. I don't want him hurting the Reds and Blues just because of me." She said firmly.

"We can handle whatever Nebraska throws at us, Ten. You just watch out for yourself." Wash spoke up, his MP3 tight in his grip and ready.

The others nodded, all prepping their weapons. None of them, surprisingly, looked uneasy. From Church with his unfocused Sniper rifle to Grif with his what he called the Grifshot, a weapon Ten recognized that had once been carried by Maine, or rather The Meta. Sarge had his shotgun at ready, Donut had grenades strung around his waist like some Old West figure. Simmons had a rocket launcher resting on his shoulder and even Tucker had his sword out and ready. Caboose was facing the wrong way with his M4, which Tucker reached out and turned him the right way. But even he looked determined. Lopez even had his rifle out, looking ready. It brought a smile to Ten's face. She felt pride for her team. They were not afraid this time, like they were usually. They were willing to fight for her.

Like a true team.

Turning her attention back to the Pelicans, Ten steeled herself and tapped her helmet. "Cella, transmit my message." She ordered before lifting her head higher. "Incoming Pelicans, you are entering restricted air space. This is a no fly zone. Identify yourself now or be prepared to be shot down."

There was only a crackle of static for a moment before a bland voice answered.

"Outpost 13, this is the pilot of Pelican 345, we are requesting permission to land. We have orders to...HEY!" The pilot was saying before it seemed that someone stole away his mike.

"Well, well, well. If it ain't that ain't the prettiest voice I have ever heard. Been a long time, Ten." A very familiar voice came on the mikes.

Ten, Wash and Church stiffened, surprise in their very core. They couldn't believe this. Was that...?!

"North?! Is that really you?! I thought you were dead!" Ten asked stunned, her serious stature failing.

There was an obvious grin on the other's face as he spoke again. "Yup! It's me, Ten. And a few others! I'll explain as soon as we land. Permish to land, Ten? We're your new recruits. We received unauthorized orders from the Chairman, himself to come looking for you and your team. It ain't even in the records either. He didn't

know where you were so we had to figure it out on our own. We...uh...went snooping and found some activity going on in Spartan City. So we figured that was where you were hiding. We're your back up, Ten." The strong voiced man said on the line.

Ten shared a glance with Wash, who was just as surprised. "Who else is with you?" She asked suspiciously but pleased to hear her old friend's voice.

"Ah, you know? Some old friends. York, Carolina, a few aliens, and an old friend to take care of your alien problem." North stated.

Everyone stiffened at the names.

"What...alien problem?" Ten asked stiffened. "Who is with you, North?" She was no nonsense and all business.

There was an uneasy pause.

"Okay, don't freak out, Ten. But we got word that Neb went and recruited himself some Brutes from the Covenants. And...uh...some Hunters. Maybe even a few...well, rebellious Sangheili who don't like the new Human-Covenant alliance that the UNSC formed. Things just got a whole lot bigger than we thought they would, Ten. It's bigger than your problem, which I am sorry to even say. There's a new war brewing now. And it's causing quite a problem all because of Nebraska." North said somewhat hesitantly. He suddenly stopped talking when a voice behind his own began speaking. Someone with a rough, older, and definitely stronger voice than North's took over.

"Agent Tennessee, this is Spartan-117. Request to land, please? We will debrief you when we do." The voice spoke.

And again, everyone stiffened, shocked to the core.

"No. Fucking. Way. You have got to be shitting me! HE'S HERE?! HE is really here!" Simmons gasped, his grip on his rocket launcher slipping from his grasp with a thunk on the ground.

Ten, stunned, felt her lips slowly strain into a tight, but happy smile. "Hello, Master Chief. It has been a long time since I have seen you. Permission granted. Come on down." She stated firmly.

## 16. Chapter 15

Title: RVB-Reassemble

Genre: Action/Humor/Romance

Rating: T for **\*\*strong\*\*** language, strong violence, crude humor, sexual humor, a lot of nut shots (sorry, guys), and sexist remarks.

Pairings: Red Team/Ooc/Blue Team

Summary: RVB universe; With a rivalry still going on between Red and Blue, Command Center finally gets fed up and sends in someone to

straighten them out. A former Freelancer named Tennessee.

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><p><em><strong>Chapter Fifteen<br>\*\_

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><p>Ten and the Reds and Blues and all of the Sangheili waited patiently on the tarmac, watching as the Pelicans made their landing on the helipads. They were all anxious to see the Master Chief, not believing he was actually here to help them. They couldn't believe he was here to help THEM.<p>

It was still questionable to them that Nebraska now had his own alien forces to deal with. They hadn't known this tidbit at all. But to think about it was unsettling and they were glad a master was there to help them deal with it.

Finally the Pelicans made their landing and began powering down. The backs of the Pelicans rumbled and then began opening to allow their passengers to unboard, moving down the ramp. Three of them moved down first and Ten smiled brightly as she removed her helmet and stepped forward to greet them.

The first was a very tall, well built Freelancer in dark purple and lime green armor. He had a sniper rifle slung on his back and he walked with such confidence in his stride, it almost made the Reds and Blues green with envy. He even reached up and depressurized his helmet, taking it off to reveal a very handsome face of the man. His hair was almost white blonde and cut crop short. His eyes were a leaf green that twinkled in mischievousness. And he was looking right at Ten, who smiled back at him.

The looks from each did not miss from Tucker, however, making him frown.

The one Freelancer beside was no doubt a woman, wearing sky blue armor with white highlights on the legs and arms. Her armor was almost the same make as Ten's was, with only a few differences to it. She even took off her own helmet to reveal a drop dead gorgeous face with fiery red hair pulled into a loose pony tail in the back. Her brilliant green eyes were almost too serious that it was scary. She did not look pleased, however as she looked at Ten. There was definitely a little tension between both ladies.

The last Freelancer beside her was a golden tanned armored man. He was slightly shorter than the first but not by much. His helmet, also, came off and surprised everyone else that one deep blue was a milky white with a scar running down from his eyebrow to his cheek. He was no doubt half blind in that eye. His light brown hair was also military crop short, but slightly longer than the other man's. He was smiling cheekily at them all.

"Hey, Ten! It's good to see ya again!" York called over, raising his hand as they approached.

Ten smiled, her fist going to her waist as she shifted. "Yeah, can't say the same for you, York. What, you still with the frigid bitch?" She said motioning to the red head in the middle.

That definitely had the Reds and Blues stiffen, minus Wash, who snorted, shaking his head.

"You better watch your tone, Tennessee." Carolina said coolly as she stopped in front of the other woman.

Ten snorted as she turned a cool smile onto her, eyes narrowing. "Or what, Carolina? You'll kick my ass again?" She asked just as coolly.

There was a tense pause before Carolina smiled, shaking her head and moving forward, shocking the un-nerved men ashen threw her arms around Ten and hugged her, who laughed and returned the embrace.

"Oh, god. You are still bitch I remember. I am glad to see you, Ten!" Carolina laughed.

"Yeah, you too, Lina! I am so glad you made it! I was worried about you after that whole thing with your dad." Ten laughed back, stepping back, only to be seized by North and lifted up into a tight hug. "Yeah, you too, North!"

"Whoa! Whoa! Wait a minute!" It was Grif who spoke up flabbergasted. "I thought you hated Carolina! You just got done telling is that she is a bitch and she treated you like shit!"

Ten was let down by North, turning to smile at her men, who still looked stunned. "She is a fucking bitch and she did treat me like shit. I didn't really get to that part of the story yet, Grif. To make a long story short, Carolina and I became close after The Director's arrest. She was imprisoned in the same prison as I was in and we...well, I saved her life after some Insurrectionists in the prison tried to kill her for being a Freelancer. We became friends after a lot of talking to each other." She told them.

"Oh." The Reds and Blues all drawled out.

Then Simmons stiffened in surprise and stepped back. "Holy shit! He's bigger than I thought!" He yelped.

Everyone blinked at him before turning back to the Pelicans and they all stiffened again.

It was due to the fact that a giant of a man was stepping off the Pelican, all in olive green armor. He was a great deal taller than all of them and much bulkier. His golden tan visor was aimed directly at them ashen approached.

On his breast plate was the number, 117.

Smiling Ten stiffened and walked towards him, looking much like a soldier now. She tried to make herself look as professionally as she could before snapping to attention in front of the green giant, her hand snapping into a salute. "Welcome home, Master Chief!" She said in her most professional voice she could manage.

The large Spartan sharply returned the salute before dropping his hands down at his sides. "At ease, soldier. It's good to be back. We



have a lot to cover on our debriefing. You already know your fellow soldiers from the underground Freelance Project, so we don't have to introduce them to you. But allow me to introduce you to another set of our allies." He stepped off to the side so that Ten could see another approaching.

And there were silent hisses from all around the compound, followed by an uneasy tension in the air.

A very tall, powerfully built Sangheili was making his way off the Pelican, his armor completely silver with black metallic markings running all over it. He carried a feeling of authority with him as a few more Sangheili shimmered into visibility behind him.

Ten briefly heard a low hiss from her own Sangheili and she didn't need to be told who this was. She recognized him from history files as it was.

"Agent Tennessee, this is the Sangheili Leader, The Arbitor. Arbitor, Agent Tennessee, Commanding officer of the Red and Blue Army." The Master Chief said firmly.

Ten nodded respectfully to the Sangheili Leader as she stepped back only a little. "Arbitor, it is a pleasure. I welcome you." She told him.

The Arbitor nodded his head before looking past her and even the Reds and Blues. "I see you have Sangheili guards. And I smell him. Come forward, Bara'lai. It has been a long time since I have seen your traitorous face." He merely growled.

There was a brief unsettling pause before the air shimmered and Baralai revealed himself.

"Whoa! Didn't see that one coming." York said stepping back in surprise with North.

Baralai stepped past the Reds and Blues, who were all shifting nervously, knowing this might not go too well. They remembered what their alien friend had told them about The Arbitor, and how there was problems in their past.

"Arbitor." Baralai rumbled in the upmost respect as he bowed down to one knee to the Leader. "Been a long time, my younger brother."

There was another brief unsettling but surprising moment before The Arbitor shook his head and tapped Baralai on the large shoulder. "Get up, you heretic. Greet me as a brother and not a traitor. Your crimes of heresy has been abolished and forgotten. Meet me as a Sangheili Warrior, fool." He rumbled.

A bright smile formed on Ten's face as she watched Baralai curl his mandibles into his own smile and stood tall again.

The two Sangheili stepped towards each other and tapped their bulbous heads together as if greeting each other in an intimate but brotherly way. They huffed hot air at each other before stepping back again, lifting their heads high.

"So, joined the Demon, have you? Are you sure it is not you who performed heresy?" Baralai joked with a rumbling chuckling.

Arbitor snorted and shook his head, his own chuckle rumbling as he swung his armored head towards Master Chief. "Believe me, it was not an easy task to join forces with him. I only performed heresy against the Hierarchs. They had betrayed our people and it was only a logical choice to join the Demon in ending their tyranny." He remarked.

"Demon? Why does he keep calling The Master Chief a demon?" Donut whispered to Tucker, who shrugged.

The attention went to the Reds and Blues next and it froze all of them.

The Arbitor chuckled as he set his yellowish eyes onto the pink clad soldier. "He fights like a Demon. And is impossible to kill. That is why." He answered.

Ten stepped back until she was in the middle of her own troop, looking almost proud of them. "Well, I guess I better introduce you to my men, sirs, ma-am. This is my team, the Reds and Blues. They might not look much, and sometimes they don't act like soldiers but they are my team." She stated.

"Dude, is that one wearing pink armor?" North asked pointing at Donut.

"It's Light-ish red! Not pink! How many times do I have to keep telling people that?!" Donut whined irritably.

Everyone but the most serious laughed at him. Ten rolled her eyes but smiled. "Be careful, North. Donut, here, has one helluva arm. He can throw a grenade faster than any one WE ever know and can even throw over three football fields." She warned teasing, bumping Donut with her hip.

There was an impressed but disbelieved air around them all.

"Really? Wow. I'd like to see that sometime during training." York said impressed.

Carolina was staring at Wash, who kept inching behind everyone else before she snorted in humor. "Well, well, well, if it isn't Washington. You sure got yourself in a whole lot of trouble, you know that?" She remarked.

North and York jerked their heads over to look at Wash and back peddled. "Wash?!" They both yelped before grinning, even as Wash cringed. "Hey! Wash! It is you! We were told you were dead!" The first said cheerfully.

"Yeah, that was kind of the point." Wash grumbled now stepping out now that his cover was blown.

"Ooooooh, you are in so much trouble with the UNSC, Wash." York laughed as he went to greet his old friend. "Command honestly was pissed off when you went missing. They've put a bounty on your head, man. You are in some deep shit."

Wash cringed at the sound of that. That was not what he wanted to hear. "Great. And here I was hoping pretending to be dead would have worked." He muttered.

"Heh, Wash. Dude, they opened up your armor to see if it was you after Meta was killed at the old Mother of Invention site. They saw it was just a robot. They know you're alive." North said in amusement.

Slumping, Wash groaned, sharing at the other cringing Blues. They all knew they were in trouble.

"Chief," Ten spoke up, looking at the green giant, who looked back down at her. "I know I was suppose to report Agent Washington when I found him and I will take full responsibility for it. But I do need him on this team. He is one of the few people who really knows Nebraska. I knows how to beat him. Arresting him will just cause more problems." She said, wanting to help her Blue as much as she could.

Master Chief stared for a long, uneasy moment before he looked at Wash, who slumped even further in misery. "I don't see an Agent Washington. I see a Blue soldier named Wash." He simply said before turning back to Ten, who did look relieved. "We should get inside and start the debriefing."

A wave of relief hit all of the Reds and Blues when they realized that Master Chief really didn't care about Wash being a fugitive from their own employers.

"So...you're not going to arrest him or anything, right? Or...us for helping him?" Tucker asked sounding relieved.

Master Chief shook his head as he glanced at the aqua clad soldier. "I have broken my own rules when it comes to the safety and security of the human race. As far as I see it, Agent Washington is doing the same. And we might need his expertise on A.I rampancy, as it is." He stated.

That had a few stiffening. It was like the Chief was pointing something out to them and they were not sure if they wanted to know. But...

Ten stiffened before she looked over at her Reds and Blues. "Why don't we take this debriefing to the Command Central room." She told them all.

Everyone nodded and filed back into the Base, leading their new arrivals inside. They would worry about unloading the supplies from the Pelicans after they finished the debriefing.

Now, in the large Command Central, all of the Reds and Blues, the Freelancers, the aliens and the Master Chief were either standing around, waiting for the news they knew they didn't want.

"Two days ago, we received Intel from some Reds at Outpost #90 that they were under attack." Master Chief began, activating the hologram to show images of a Red Base, clearly being attacked. There were bodies littered all around the base, explosions rocking the

surrounding area and there were horrible sounds of dying men. The images changed to show the dark green armored Freelancer, Nebraska attacking and killing Reds and Blues. "This footage was taken by one of the Blues of the Outpost. And he didn't make it either. He only took this footage to ensure that Command knew what they were dealing with, probably knowing he was going to die like the rest of the Reds and Blues stationed there.

The images changed and it was to their surprise, Nebraska was fighting alongside very large, ape like aliens, who were literally destroying the soldiers of the Red and Blue armies. They were ripping into them like slaughtered meat.

If that wasn't enough, while attacking the aliens that fought with the rogue Freelancer, a giant beast with sharp spines on its back armor went charging into a group of terrified Reds and began stampeding all over them.

A Covenant Hunter.

"The Blue who managed to get this footage also managed to get a recording of what Agent Nebraska was saying to what is the Brute Chieftain." Master Chief stated as he pressed a button on the control panel.

There was a staticky crackle before voices could be heard through static.

"...ain't here! I am getting sick of playing this fucking game!" It was Neb's voice. "Where the hell is that stupid bitch?! Why haven't your Brutes found out where...urk!" He suddenly cut off as if he had just been attacked.

The images of the hologram did capture what was happening. In it, Nebraska was a foot off the ground, a very large Brute holding him by the neck, snarling into his face.

"Do not dare to question my decision, human! We will locate the human female you are looking for! It was YOU who agreed to our pact that we made with each other!" The Brute snarled, before dropping Neb onto the ground, who managed to catch himself.

"The deal was...hack! That you help me find Agent Tennessee and her band of merry idiots and I help you find a passage to Earth, Diablo!" Nebraska said in a raspy, choked voice as he massaged his neck. He was clearly glaring at the giant alien ape. "I want Tennessee first! And then I help you!"

The Brute Chieftain growled, bending over the somewhat smaller being. "And you will get your female, homosapien! You didn't say we could not make examples out of humans along the way." He snarled.

There was a tense pause as Freelancer and Brute glared at one another before Neb finally nodded. "Fine. Fuck them all up. I don't give a shit. You'll have your extermination of the human race, I don't care. All I fucking care about is Tennessee. I want my fucking revenge against her! She destroyed me, so I will destroy her!" He growled back.

"Pray, tell me, why are you even agreeing with his, human pest, if

you know we will Glass the entire human race?" The Brute growled, now stepping back.

Neb moved in a way, as if rolling his eyes under his helmet. "I don't give a shit about the human race! The human race is a fucking joke! More than half of humans turn against each other all of the time and it was my own fucking race that turned against me! After everything I did for them! I joined that stupid Freelance Project to protect my own race from aliens like you! And how did they repay me?! By throwing me into a fucking prison all because I just wanted to have a little fun with a weak assed, little bitch! And the fucking Director went and made HER into a god damned Freelancer because she managed to get a few hits in!" He suddenly laughed darkly, as if he knew a sick joke. "If only she knew why she really became a Freelancer. It'd make her sick to her stomach if she knew that the Director was just..."

Suddenly, the image shook and the Blue taking the capture yelled as he suddenly shot into the air. He was being picked up before there was a horrible scream and the camera went black.

"The transmission was live so the UNSC knew what was happening. They sent a troop to the outpost to see if there were any survivors, and there was none." Master Chief said after cutting it off and looking over at Ten, who was alarmed to the extreme by what she saw or heard. "When they found out all about this whole mess, they went to the Chairman to find out where you were."

Carolina nodded as she stepped forward. "That's why they had us come in. We could find you. They pulled me, North and York out of the Freelance prison and had us track you and your troop down. And because it was a threat against the human race, they pulled the Chief into it." She added.

Ten looked over at her, still aghast. "Does...does anyone know what Neb was going to say? What was the Director doing that dealt with me? And what did YOU mean it was because of Tex that I was a Freelancer seven years ago? You never answered me." She said now wanting to know.

Carolina stiffened, and so did York and North. They knew. They knew what it meant.

After a moment, Carolina glanced over at everyone in the room before stepping closer to Ten. "You're going to want to hear this privately, Ten. You don't want them to know." She said, mostly pointing at the Reds and Blues.

Ten glanced at her men before she shook her head. "They already know what Neb did to me, Lina. Just tell me." She said firmly.

Carolina sighed, looking away before she cracked and shook her head. "The Director black mailed Tex. Forced her to start a relationship with him after threatening you." She said and everyone tensed in the room. She looked squarely at Ten, who was looking alarmed. "And to...make it clear of how serious he was, he arranged it all, Ten."

"Wh-what?" Ten asked, horror now starting to dawn on her.

"Neb's attack on you. Setting you up with Alpha, when you weren't ready for that." Carolina said motioning to Church, who was stiff as a rod. "He set you up, Ten. He told Tex that after Neb attacked you that he could protect you but only if she started a relationship with him. He would make you a Freelancer to protect you. He was going to give you Alpha so you could be protected. But it was all a lie. He set the pieces. Your near rape, your partnership with Alpha. He even set up the mission that cost you your field mission with Tex." She said, slight anger in her tone. "When you got shot by Wyoming, claiming it was an accident. Wy was in on it, Ten too. So was the Councilor. He didn't like it but we were all under the Director's thumb. It was his way or death."

Ten found that she couldn't breathe now. It was coming down on her, crushing her lungs. She should have seen this coming. But she hadn't. She had known about the black on Tex, but not like that. She had been told by C.T, of all people!

Before she had been killed that last time.

"Whoa, whoa, Ten, breathe!" North suddenly was at her side when she stumbled back against the control consol behind her. His hand was on her back as she bent over, hyperventilating.

Ten was panicking after hearing that bit of news. She was shaking, breathing too hard and it was starting to really turn into a bad situation.

"You're turning blue, hon. Breathe slowly!" North said again as he now had her in his grip. He pressed his hand on her chest and tried to manually slow her breathing. "Slow it down."

"Th-that...mother...fucker sent Neb to attack me?!" Ten hissed between rapid breaths.

Just then, Baralai was there, bending down and grabbing her face carefully with his claws, forcing her to look into his yellowish eyes. "Slow down, Ten. Or you are going to pass out." He rumbled, claws soft on her face.

Ten blinked before forcing herself to slow down her breathing, her entire frame still shaking. She clutched onto Baralai's scaly arm, breathing deeply through her nose.

"That mother fucking asshole!" She briefly heard Tucker snap. "Are you fucking serious?! Every time we hear more about this shit bag Director, I just keep getting more pissed off!"

"Tucker, he is in prison! It's not like we can do anything about it!" Church spoke up, though even he sounded angry.

"Well, there is one thing." York said no one really paying any mind to Ten and Baralai as they tried to get her back under control. "Write up a statement and send it in to Command. Doctor Leonard Church could be in prison for the rest of his life with something like that."

"I want him dead." Ten finally said coldly as she allowed Baralai to help her stand up.

"That ain't happening, sweetheart." North said as he kept a hand on her back. "He is more valuable to the UNSC alive than dead. He has so much knowledge about A.I's than anyone else. They need his impute on them to keep creating more for wars and such."

Tucker shot North a look for the pet names he kept using for Ten, not liking it at all.

But Ten shook her head as she looked away, acidly. "Yeah, well, his crimes should have been enough to kill the old bastard. Because of him, a lot of good people are dead. He broke Alpha into pieces. He got my sister killed. He tried to kill me! And, fuck! Carolina, he treated you like shit! His own fucking daughter!" She spat.

The Reds and Blues, and surprisingly, North and Wash froze. "What?" They asked but were ignored.

"Ye-ah, about that. I mean, Alpha." Carolina said now getting into her supplies pack. She turned towards Church, holding out what looked like a data chip. "Hey, Alpha, I have something for you."

"It's Church. And what is it?" Church asked, still peeved by what he and the others had heard.

Carolina stared at him, not relinquishing the chip yet. "You're going by Church?" She asked blankly.

"Yeah, so what? I am fucking better than that asshole. He might have created me but I am taking his name and I am putting better use to it." Church grumped before snatching the chip from her and studying it. He, however, stiffened. "No. Fucking. Way. What are you doing with these?!"

"What is that, Church?" Simmons asked stepping forward.

"They are his missing pieces." Carolina said smugly as she stepped back, even as everyone looked surprised. "All of the A.I's created off of him. I am giving them back. We are making Alpha whole again. All of his memories, his anger, his intelligence, his cheeky attitude, his conniving attitude. Every single one belongs to him. And I did get permission from the UNSC Command to give them back." She told them.

"You mean, Delta is in there?! And Gamma?! Does that mean O'Malley is in there too?!" Wash asked flabbergasted.

Carolina nodded as she smirked over at him. "Yeah. He is. As it is, you know fully well that your Church right here, he isn't Alpha. He is Epsilon, Alpha's memories." She looked over at Church, quirked an eyebrow at him. "And he won't be Alpha until he is complete again. Well? Do you want them back or not? You still be broken into pieces but...over time, they'll mold right into you again. You can be Alpha again. You can be Ten's friend again." She told him.

"I am already her fucking friend, Carolina. That hasn't changed." Church remarked before he flipped the chip around and lifted it to the back of his helmet.

"Careful, Church. Sigma is in there too and he wasn't happy when we

pulled him and the others from Meta." Carolina warned.

"Yeah, when is he ever happy." Church remarked before plugging in the chip.

He suddenly jerked and everyone stepped back in alarm as they watched him spaz out a little. They just watched as he jerked and twitched before going still again.

"What's going on?" Master Chief asked calmly, having been quiet the entire time.

Carolina glanced at him before looking back at Church as he just stood there, still as ever. "He is adjusting. All of the pieces are reconnecting together. He is still broken into pieces and I am pretty sure he is fighting with them to stay in control. Church? You all right in there?" She raised her voice as if he was a good distance away.

There was a pause before Church jerked again and he scowled. "Yeah. Just arguing with O'Malley. He was trying to take control but Theta, Delta and Sigma is holding him back." He told them, sounding strained. "All of the others already melded together as soon as I activated them. It's just Theta, Delta, Sigma and Omega who is still pieces."

"Where are you at on reconfiguration?" Carolina asked calmly.

"Uh...56% and not going higher. Seems like none of the last ones wants to be complete yet." Church answered.

Carolina nodded before looking over at Master Chief. "Well, sir. That's all that needed to be done. What are the objectives?" She asked him.

Now it was Master Chief's turn to take control, stepping forward with all authority. "For starters, before we take this fight to Nebraska and his alien armada, I need to see where all of you are at in your training. So starting tomorrow, you will train together and I will observe. Until then, your time is your own." He glanced at the Freelancers then the Reds and Blues. "I am sure there are some questions you have for one another, and some catching up to do. So I will let you get to it. Agent Tennessee, there are vacant rooms for the rest of us, is there?"

Ten, still cold from the news she received, nodded as she put her helmet back on. "Yes, sir. I will take you and the others to your quarters. Do you want a tour around the facility?" She asked him.

Master Chief shook his head as he turned away. "No. I remember this facility rather well." He paused before looking back at her. "What happened to you, what Doctor Church did, I can guarantee you, when I get through with him, he will never leave that prison alive." He said firmly.

Ten's lips curled only a little, still not really feeling up to smiling in any way. "Thank you, sir." She said almost blankly before she started walking. "Come on, Carolina, North and York. I'll show



you where you are staying. Baralai, can you..."

Baralai nodded, sharing a glance with The Arbitor. "I will deal with my brethren." He rumbled before looking at one of his own Sangheili. "Tolk'en, you know the drill."

The Sangheili bobbed his head before making his way towards the door. "I will meet her there." He stated as he left.

"Heh, let me guess." North spoke up in forced amusement. "When she gets upset, she still trains until she's ready to drop."

Baralai bobbed his head once as he lead his fellow Sangheili out of the room, watching Ten carefully. "Unfortunately, yes. She does herself too hard. But it the only way she knows how to handle stress." He admitted before leaving with his fellows.

Carolina sighed as she tapped York and North on the shoulder before following after Ten and Master Chief. "She never changes." She remarked and then they left.

"Okay, what the fuck is with that?!" Tucker blurted out as soon as they were gone. He turned towards Wash, who stepped back. "What the hell is with that North guy?! What, is he like...hot for Ten or something?!"

Wash and all of the other guys rolled their eyes, shaking their heads. "It was a one time thing between them, Tucker. Get over it." The former Freelancer said irritably.

"So...did they go out?" Donut asked curiously.

Wash shrugged, sounding impatient. "Sort of. North...uh...well, it isn't any of our business and you know Ten'll kick all of our asses if she knew we all know but...he was her first relationship. They went out a few times. So what?" He asked highly irritated that he even had to explain this.

Tucker growled, his head shaking. "I really don't like him now." He grumbled and again everyone rolled their eyes.

"Tucker, it was a one time relationship and it didn't even last long. Besides, you really think you even have a chance with her right now? With everything that is going on? She doesn't have time for your games. You are a player, anyway. She doesn't need that shit right now." He scolded the aqua clad soldier before it was his turn to walk out.

Slowly one by one, the rest of the Reds and Blues followed him, Church hesitating while Tucker stood there scowling. "He's right, Tuck. Ten can't handle it right now. Don't...mess around with her, okay, man? It's for her sake." He said before leaving.

"I'm not fucking playing around this time, dude. Not with her." Tucker grumbled to no one but himself before he huffed and left the control room, himself.

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><p><em><strong>Author's Note:<strong> \_

Hey everyone. I hope you're enjoying this story. I know it's been a while since I last posted but it was due to the fact that I had moved some of my stories to a new website, Archive Of Our Own. If you have an account with them, feel free to look me up and everything. Hope to hear from you there. I will still keep posting on but AO is gonna to come first.

End  
file.